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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 8, 1959 40 CENTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Gary Beban
and the
UCLA miracle team



It's an Old Forester kind of day

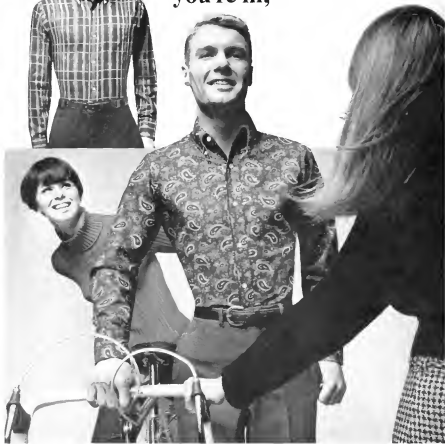
The bite of autumn. The rustle of an evening breeze coming on. And soon there'll be the fine taste of a great bourbon. At the end of a good day. An Old Forester kind of day.



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Shapely Shirts
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The great American dream is to put your boy through college. But, if you're not around, there might be only one school open to him.

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Prudential understands that few investments will yield as high a return as a college education for your son.

It will be like handing him over \$180,000. Because that's how much more a college graduate earns, in an average lifetime, than someone who just finishes high school.

But those college years can cost you from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year. So, unless you have an awfully rich wife, it'll take some planning to have that kind of money on hand.

WHY TAKE CHANCES? Sure, you can gamble that you'll have enough money to swing it when college comes.

But a far better way is to set up a Prudential college insurance-and-savings program. Under this program the cash value grows and grows into a fair-sized nest egg... money you can use for college expenses.

This same Prudential plan will, of course, provide the funds—if you're not around to do the

providing. So your boy won't have to miss out on college or the benefits that go with it.

PROTECTION THAT DOESN'T HURT.

Your Prudential man knows that preparing for college can be harder on fathers than on their children. But it needn't be. He can show you just the right Prudential plan to protect your son's college future without forcing you to squeeze every last penny.

And all this for a very simple reason: Prudential understands.



Prudential understands

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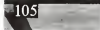
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Next week

SUPERBILLY VS. USC. This is one way to describe the week's top college game: Texas and Bill Bradley against Southern California. Dan Jenkins writes on the pressures and the game.

SAY GOODBYE to the '900 hitler, once a symbol of baseball excellence. Jack Mann offers evidence to show that hitting is a dying art, and he details all the unhappy reasons why.

"TUX LAKE!" was the common cry during Clive Garmen's salmon-fishing trip to Norway's Driva River, but the Scotch flowed like the Driva and strawberries were a season



It does all the work, but on Saturday night which one goes to the party?

Once upon a time there was an ugly little bug. It could go about 27 miles on just one gallon of gas. It could go about 40,000 miles on just one set of tires. And it could park in tiny little crevices no bigger than a bug. It was just right for taking father to the train or the children to school. Or for taking mother to the grocery store, drugstore, dime store and all the other enchanting places that mothers go when

everyone else is working.

The ugly little bug was just like one of the family. But alas, it wasn't beautiful.

So for any important occasion the ugly little bug would be replaced by a big beautiful chariot, drawn by 300 horses!

Then after a time, a curious thing happened. The ugly little bug (which was made very sturdy) never got uglier. But the big beautiful chariot didn't exactly get more

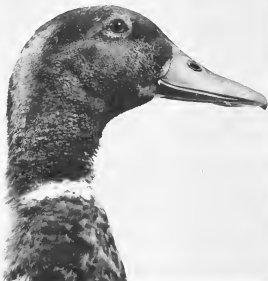
beautiful.

In fact, in a few years its beauty began to fade. Until, lo and behold, the ugly little bug didn't look as ugly as the big beautiful chariot!

The moral being: if you want to show you've gotten somewhere, get a big beautiful chariot. But if you simply want to get somewhere, get a bug.



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Here's why your new car should have wheel covers of Crucible stainless.

The wheel cover in the picture was made in 1962. And after four winters of getting soaked in slush, smacked with flying pebbles and assaulted with snow-removing chemicals, it still looks pretty good.

All we did was wash it with soap and water before we took the photograph.

What must a wheel cover be made of to take all that?

Stainless steel. Preferably by Crucible.

Stainless not only resists rust and pitting on the outside, it puts up a tough fight on the inside, too.

For example, if you scratch a wheel cover made of Crucible stainless steel, the exposed surface combines with air to form an invisible new skin. It's the skin that makes stainless stainless.

So don't worry about rugged stainless steel wheel covers. Rough'em up. Scuff'em up. They can take it.

They'll keep on looking elegant and expensive right up to the day you trade in your old car.

Just hose them down once in a while.

Crucible Steel Company, Pittsburgh Pa.





You're swallowing our family pride

...and joy!

Each time you cup your lips, lovingly, around a frosty glass of Falstaff and draw up its flavor to tease your tongue, cool your thirst and mellow your spirits... you've swallowed a little bit of our family pride.

It all started 'way back in the 18th Century. One of our ancestors became hep to hops.

And we've been beer buffs, ever since.

In St. Louis, for three solid generations, members of our family have been Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Chairmen of the Board and Directors of Falstaff Brewing Corporation.

Also, the errand-boys, truck-loaders, vat-tenders, malt-watchers, hops-pickers, kettle-cleaners.

We start 'em young...and we start 'em low. That way, we can be sure every member of the family knows how to keep Falstaff...the Choicest Product of the Brewers' Art.

So next time you pour a bottle of golden Falstaff, and watch it foam with excitement, eagerly awaiting the crisp, cool satisfaction of your thirst...

Think for a moment...

You're swallowing our family pride...

And making us prouder than ever!

which cord gives a tire the best directional stability and roadability at higher speeds—rayon or nylon?



Tom McCahill finds out the hard way... it's RAYON!

American Viscose recently asked Tom McCahill, internationally known car-handling authority, to test tire performance during quick lane changes at speeds of 35, 45, 60 and 70 mph.

Four different cars were used during the test and matched sets of tires were tested on each of the cars. One set was made with rayon cord, the other with nylon cord. McCahill was not told which tires he was driving on during any of the tests.

Here are the highlights of Tom McCahill's statement: "...At speeds of 60 and 70 mph, differences in

directional stability and roadability were very marked. Nylon, which handles very well at lower speeds, seems to get definitely worse as the speedometer climbs. However, rayon cord tires appear to give definitely better control as the speed goes up."

The McCahill tests were performed as part of a continuing test program which American Viscose has been conducting in connection with the development of DYNACOR rayon—the new tire cord that provides a combination of durability and stability unmatched by any other tire cord... even nylon.

*Correlation evidence of Tyres Inc.



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Kentucky
Tavern was
barreled
for an 8
year nap**



**That same
year this
man was
a rodeo
rider
in Texas**



**8 years later...
Alex Cord met
Kentucky Tavern—
the Old Smoothie**



SEAR ON SAVING BACKIN BY MICKEY MACH

8 years made a big difference. Alex Cord became an important star and Kentucky Tavern became America's smoothest tasting Bourbon. Why settle for a 4- or 6-year-old Bourbon when you can have the Old Smoothie...8-year-old Kentucky Tavern.

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How do you know whether or not you want to do business with a man until you talk to him and have a chance to see if he's your kind of person? That's why a Mutual Benefit agent offers a 7-minute interview.

In seven minutes, he's not about to solve your problems, though he may very well spark a couple of ideas that will save you money.

The important thing is that you will have a chance to see that he knows his stuff and to size him up. To determine if he's a person you would find it easy to talk to.

If you're interested in further discussion, invite him to stay. Otherwise, he'll be on his way at the end of seven minutes. Or, if you're too busy to see anyone right now, write for our free booklet, "What you can expect a Mutual Benefit agent to do for you."

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

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We built the Rolex Explorer because there isn't any watch repair shop on top of the Matterhorn.



This is the watch we engineered for the lonely places.

We carve its case out of a single block of Swedish steel so there are no seams to come apart.

We test it at minus 50° and plus 150°F. We subject it to an underwater pressure of 330 feet.

We then have an official Swiss Institute for Chronometer Tests double-check the accuracy of its 26-jewel movement for 15 days and 15 nights.

If it passes, the Institute gives it a certificate guaranteeing "especially good results."

Then, and only then, do we sell it.

The Explorer sells for \$190 (with authentic Rolex bracelet, \$195) at fine jewelry shops. Other waterproof*, self-winding chronometers from \$175. **ROLEX**



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The look of the Irish

You have it in this
Irish County Coat

by
**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

Here's a tweed so Irish you can hear the brogue! Ballylawn is its name. And it's straight from the old sod. Onto Mr. Murphy's back, as you can see above.

It's pure virgin wool...pure comfort. Tailored in America by the needle-and-thread leprechauns of HS&M, who work

their own grooming magic.

Not a tailoring detail is overlooked. That's no blarney. Notice, for instance, how the bold plaid pattern matches at the seams. Precise "underbasting" does it. The tailor first joins each part with soft white thread for exact placement. Then he sews them

with hundreds of tiny stitches. Later, he removes the basting thread. On the outside, it seems as though there's no seam at all. Sure'n the look you buy is the look you keep.

Who put the Irish in young Mr. Murphy's sportcoat? Hart Schaffner & Marx, that's who!



**"I don't care if it peels potatoes!
I don't want to hear about
another copying machine!"**



Perfectly understandable. Every time you open a magazine, you see still another ad for still another copier. Which makes it tough when you have something really unusual to talk about.

Like Mr. Bruning's new 2100, the most versatile console copier yet. Look what it can do:

It copies up to 11 x 17-inch originals—that's two facing pages in most magazines. Good, sharp quality copies.

It copies bound documents up to 3½ inches thick.

It has a continuous copying selector for more than 10 copies.

It has a manual feed for copying odd sizes like 9x14.

It makes offset masters and translucent diazo masters up to 11 x 17 inches from clipped and stapled papers, computer printout, etc.

It does not peel potatoes.

If this sounds like the 2100 should be working for you, give your Bruning man a call.

You'll find him listed under Bruning or Addressograph Multigraph in the telephone directories of 155 major cities. Or write Department A, Mt. Prospect, Illinois.

I only have eyes for Bruning



Bruning
Division of Addressograph Multigraph Corp.

SHOPWALK

Sailing is beating and reaching and running free; nobody loves a tiller

LEARN TO SAIL IS ONE WEEKEND road to the ad in the *New York Times*. "Instructors include national champions . . . no classroom time . . . all courses take place aboard an actual sailboat." As I dialed the phone number given at the bottom of the ad I could almost feel a cool breeze and hear the lapping of the water. A few days later I received the brochure from the Skoane School of Sailing detailing the courses: Basic Sailing, Intermediate Sailing, Coastal Cruising, Advanced Coastal Cruising, Ocean Racing, Advanced Ocean Racing. Headly reading. Since my closest proximity to a sailboat had been a *Love Story* viewing of *Mattar* on the *Bonini*, I concentrated on what the brochure had to say about Basic Sailing. "Aboard a high-performance catamaran, the student learns the basic fundamentals of sailing. He raises the mainsail, takes the tiller and learns to sail to windward and before the wind. He becomes familiar with the boat's response to the helm and learns how to 'come about' and 'jibe around' . . . That's what goes on in the morning. In the afternoon, if student and boat are still afloat, he is introduced to the sleep-around a 20' full keel boat. Under main and jib, he practices 'beating,' 'reaching,' and 'running free,' learns how to maneuver in and out of crowded areas and stabs up to a dock or mooring. He sails a triangular course against a stop-watch; and, under the supervision of an instructor, corrects any deficiencies in techniques that are disclosed."

On the morning that I took my first lesson at Oyster Bay on Long Island, I did all those things—on the boat did it. "Beat," "reached" and "run free" without much help from me, while David Skoane, the director of the school, explained my deficiencies in technique, which were total. Aboard also was Jim Roberts, a bridge designer from Lexington, Ky., who seemed to understand immediately the difference between halyards, lines, sheards and sheets. While he and the skipper discussed the merits of a genoa sail, I practiced making half hitches, double half hitches and bowlines (Mr. Skoane had printed out early on that my mechanical aptitude left something to be desired). We were out on his Bristol, a 27-foot speed drifter aimlessly, for there was as yet little wind. "Some days," sighed our instructor, "nothing comes up but the van." He is a stocky, weather-beaten man, who started his School of Sailing three summers ago when a venture in boat building failed. "You have to be pretty smart these days to lose \$157,000 in six months." Buying one of his own boats (a racer-cruiser Sea Witch)

he started giving lessons. Today his fleet includes two Pilots, one 17-foot Explorer, the 22-foot Sea Witch, the Bristol, a 30-foot Seawind ketch and one Alberge 35. Since 1964 he has taught close to 1,000 would-be sailors and received two applications this year from as far away as Saudi Arabia.

I gave up knots temporarily and transferred my ignorance to holding the tiller. Suddenly, what had been a dead stick in my hand became a living, rising antagonist. The sails filled and the boat heeled sharply, skimming over the water.

"We're sailing!" yelled the bridge designer. I seemed to be heeling perpendicular to the water, starting into its green depths.

"Fall off there. You're luffing," shouted the skipper. Instantly I pulled the tiller toward me, and the luffing stopped. "Nicely done," praised Skipper Skoane. I relaxed. A moment later the boat luffed and came about accidentally. When all was well again and we were back on what was referred to as a proper tack I got a lecture on the vagaries of the wind. "Always keep your eye on the wind sock." It occurred to me that on amateking that morning I had not known a wind sock from an Argyle. Now I learned that sailboating, like living, is full of contradictions. You know where you want to go, but you must tack first in this direction, then in that to get there.

"You're luffing again," said Mr. Skoane. He peered into the cockpit, where I had left a few incomplete half hitches, double half hitches and bowlines. "The floor of the cockpit should never look like a spaghetti factory," he said. I gave the tiller to Jim and meekly coiled the lines. At the tiller again an hour later, we tacked into Cold Spring Harbor for lunch, that is, I tacked, luffed, jibed, headed for the shallows, then straight into the wind. A man in a powerboat stared in fascination as we finally made it to the dock. "What's his problem?" I asked.

"That's the harbor corp," said Skoane. "He wonders what you think you're doing."

It was almost sunset when we returned to Oyster Bay. "Tomorrow is my day off," sighed Mr. Skoane, who sails across Long Island Sound some 20 times a month.

"What do you do on your day off?" I asked. He smiled, as though the absurdity had just struck him. "I go sailing," he said.

This largest and most complete school of sailing on the East Coast operates from two facilities: Greenwich, Conn., and Oyster Bay. The courses, given seven days a week, begin April 30 and end in mid-October, and are primarily for adults. Tuition begins at \$39 (plus a \$10 registration fee) for the basic and intermediate classes. Coastal Cruising and Ocean Racing for advanced students range in price from \$47 to \$84. For brochures and complete information write directly to the Skoane School of Sailing, Box 307, Bay Avenue, Oyster Bay, N.Y. 11771.

You haven't lived until you've luffed

JEANETTE BRUCE

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If you don't find the name of a dealer near you, contact: Imported Vehicles, Ford Division, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan.



Prices quoted are manufacturer's suggested retail prices, at East Coast P.O.E. The West Coast P.O.E. prices are: two-door Cortina Deluxe with 375 cc. 4-cyl. engine, \$1,812.48. Station wagon, \$2,189.45. Ford GT, \$2,298.43. Cortina modified by Lotus only \$3,927.56. Dealer's list charges from P.O.E., sales tax, title, license and other local laws apply. Also \$200.00 delivery charge. Dealer's list prices are subject to change without notice. Dealer's list prices are subject to change without notice. Dealer's list prices are subject to change without notice.

Ford's Cortina goes domestic.

Ask any car buff and he'll tell you that Ford's Cortina is at home on the track winning races and rallies all over the world. In fact, he may find it hard to believe that Ford's Cortina also comes as a family wagon that's perfectly at home at your home. But we found a way to tame a winner without breaking its spirit. And give you up to 30 miles to the gallon of gas.

First off, it's not what we take away from the world's most successful racing sedan that makes it a family wagon. It's what we add: a tailgate with 65.2 cubic feet of load space inside.

But you get a lot more than a racy reputation and space in Ford's Cortina station wagon. You get foam-padded bucket seats. A built-in ventilation system that can change the air inside the car even with the windows up. A washable vinyl interior. A safety-padded instrument panel and twin padded



sun visors. Even a special locking feature that makes this family wagon's doors virtually "child-proof." (It disengages the rear door handle mechanism so they won't open even when you pull on them.)

Also front disc brakes and a four-speed all-synchromesh transmission like its winning Cortina cousin back on the race track.

A lot of car for a little money. You can give Ford's Cortina station wagon a home for only \$2,101.10*. If you prefer a trunk to a tailgate, we have a four-door sedan for only \$1,884.43*, and a two-door sedan for \$1,765.49*. Our not overly domesticated GT sells for \$2,121.58*. And the really hot one, the Cortina modified by Lotus, is available at \$3,419.70*.

The name of your nearest Cortina dealer is listed on the facing page. Look him up and test drive Ford's Cortina: our lowest priced total performance car.





Announcing Motorola's most important advance in TV since the advent of color. The X-11 Solid State Signal Sensor.

Now, a dramatic step toward greater reliability in television. Space age, solid state circuits now replace vacuum tubes in the critical signal receiving section of this Motorola black and white TV.

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Woven for us and us only to keep water out, let air in, to wash and to wear, and to feel better—softer—than any other material of its kind. Feel it.

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Like the well-made little pocket on the inside.

Or the piece of shirred elastic on the sleeve (on the sleeve!) so that every inch of the jacket fits.

And the double yoke lining.

And the lushly lined sleeves which there's no sense even talking about.

There is one thing, though, we're not too happy with and that's the name.

We call it a golf jacket. But it looks just as good and feels just as comfortable 4,000 feet over Greensboro as it does 400 yards from the green.

A golf jacket. That's like calling an airplane a horseless-carriage-with-wings.



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If you want more than time, get a
H HAMILTON

SCORECARD

SPARE THE ROD

Based on last week's action in the Nationals at Forest Hills (page 105), there are many things that are obviously wrong with U.S. tennis, but perhaps the most annoying is that our players continue to behave like spoiled brats. Dennis Ralston looks tormented when things are going well, is peevish and sulky when he begins to lose. Cliff Richey stomps and rages around the court. Ditto Clark Graebner. Marty Riessen, once a model of deportment, hurls his racket in disgust. When Billie Jean King, the Wimbledon champion, learns her second-round match is to be umpired by a man she dislikes, she petulantly goes through the motions and loses.

The U.S. would do well to look to the foreigners. Australia's Fred Stolle overruns a lob, swings at the ball, misses and breaks into a foolish grin. Manuel Santana of Spain shouts *¡OK!* when an opponent whistles a shot past him. Englishman Mark Cox gets a rotten call from a linesman at set point and merely shrugs his shoulders.

So what is the United States Lawn Tennis Association doing about this? At midtournament it awarded Ralston the annual William Johnston Sportsmanship Award.

ROZELLE'S CARROT

Now that Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, has turned down Pete Rozelle's request that pro football be granted immunity from antitrust statutes, Rozelle has once again threatened to cancel the supergame between the NFL and AFL champions. As he has said before, Rozelle last week reiterated that the game is merely part of a total package including a common draft, expansion franchises, standard player contracts and television contracts, and if there is doubt about the legality of any one of these, the entire NFL-AFL merger is "in jeopardy."

As we have said before (SI, June 20 *et seq.*), the only benefit accruing to the

fans from the merger is the supergame, and we can't quite see why its existence should depend on privileged legislation. In fact, the game would make more sense without any merger. Rozelle, of course, is seeking to rally public support for his cause by dangling the supergame in front of us like a carrot.

But, says one of our more idiosyncratic colleagues, who needs his old game? If it does come off next January, the NFL will win it by three touchdowns and ruin all the interminable saloon arguments about who really plays the better brand of ball. And then what is everybody going to talk about? Whether Rocky Marciano in his prime could have licked Joe Louis in his prime?

3:50

Who has run the world's fastest mile? If you say Jim Ryun, with a 3:51.3, you're wrong. It's Kipchoge Keino, who last week revealed to John Lovejoy, our correspondent in London, that two years ago in a training session in Kenya he ran the mile in 3:50.

Says Lovejoy: "What Keino said he had done was to run five 440-yard laps without any intervals—meaning without stopping—clocking the first three in 2:52, and the fourth lap in 58 seconds, to give him a mile time of 3:50. Even more amazing, he claims he went straight on to do the fifth lap in 60.4. There is an ingenuous quality about Keino that makes it impossible to doubt his word, but his English is by no means perfect. So to assure that he had been understood correctly, the details of his performance were checked back with him twice, the second time by being typed out on a piece of paper, which was shown to him and translated into Swahili, his native tongue, by the official traveling with him."

A few years ago experts would have dismissed such a claim as so much mumbo-jumbo, but such is no longer the case. Keino has run the world's second fastest mile in competition: 3:53.4, and that

was achieved with notoriously uneven laps of 60.1, 58.0, 56.9 and 58.4. He is a hopelessly naive tactician and by his own admission is unable to start in top gear. Indeed, Keino is disenchanted with the mile, saying it "is over too quickly," and he intends to concentrate on longer races. But the memory of that 3:50 run on the grounds of the Kenya Police College, where he is an instructor, is obviously haunting Keino. As he told Lovejoy last week: "I think if I continue in one mile, I can get it."

AUTO SUGGESTION

The star of the West Virginia football team is a running back by the name of Garrett Ford. The broadcasts of West Virginia's football games are sponsored by Chrysler-Plymouth dealers. Louis Oliveto, president of the region's Plymouth Dealers' Association, has a suggestion for Sportseater Jack Fleming, who doubtlessly will be obliged to talk "Ford" throughout the game. Says Oliveto: "He can say he runs like a fury."

HIGH HOPES

As Augustus Post, one of the grand old men of ballooning, once said: "Any balloon flight is a prolonged emergency." But for a group of frantic balloonists in Nashville, a state of emergency existed



before they had a chance to get off the ground. They had got hold of an oxygen tank, had sewn together a 30-foot hose and had begun work on the balloon proper when time ran out.

The idea was to feed the oxygen to a fire, which, hopefully, would then give off a terrific amount of heat, the hot air would be conducted through the hose to

continued

inflate the balloon, which would carry its designers, inmates all of the Tennessee State Prison, over the walls. Alas, the scheme was foiled by guards returning to duty in the prison's tailor shop, where they discovered the oxygen tank (stolen from the welding shop), the hose and the uncompleted balloon.

"I believe the idea was crackpot," said Nashville Meteorologist Harold J. Smith, "and I doubt if the prisoners were expert enough to know exactly what they were doing. But the truth is, it could be done. The element of surprise would have been to their advantage."

A SOUND SOLUTION?

For the past five years Japanese long-line fishermen operating in the Gulf of California have taken more than their share of marlin, sailfish and totaiva. Now the Mexican sport fishermen intend to fight back. Tom Jamison, a sport-fishing-fleet-owner from Guaymas, has this plan, see. The sportfishing boats will encircle the Japanese fleet and blast rock 'n' roll over the waves. Jamison figures the big sound will scare off all fish within a radius of five miles. What Jamison hasn't taken into account is that they might get hooked on the beat.

CAES AND CADDIES

The earnings of professional golfers have increased notably in recent years, but caddie fees have not kept pace. This inequity came to light last month at the Philadelphia Golf Classic when Don January, who received the winner's check of \$21,000, paid Caddie Mike Brett \$500, or somewhat less than 5% of his purse.

Although several of Brett's co-workers felt January was a cheapskate he was, as it turned out, rather liberal. Says a veteran caddie at the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club, where the Classic was played: "If January gets a rap, then many others deserve it more. It's a crime what a lot of them—half of them—pay. One guy won over \$3,000 and paid his boy \$80. Another made nearly \$2,000, paid \$60 in cash and said he would send more when he found out what he had won. He already knew. Listen to this: a guy was cut after 36 holes, but he played four days and gave the boy \$30. Then there was So-and-So. He's made \$60,000 this year. He paid \$50."

According to the caddies, only Jack Nicklaus and Arnie Palmer have been known to pay over 10% regularly, but

then they are millionaires and can afford that kind of largess. In all fairness, making the tour is an exceedingly costly business, however. It stands to reason a caddie should at least get the minimum wage of \$1.25 an hour. Perhaps the PGA at its annual meeting next month should consider setting some sort of uniform tournament caddie fee.

NO SHOW

There are, in the main, two kinds of show betters: the smart money guys who bet \$10,000 or so on a "starker," or sure thing, for the obligatory 10¢ on a dollar profit, and women, whose motives are enshrouded in the essential mysteries of their sex.

On September 6 at New York's Aqueduct, Hirschbald, a previously undefeated and inappropriately named 3-year-old gelding, was bet down to 3-5 in the Attention Purse. He showed some early foot but faded in the stretch to finish sixth in a seven-horse field. When the tote board lit up, it was accompanied by one of the deepest roars ever heard at the Big A. Bold and Brave paid \$7 to win, \$4.20 for place and \$11.60 for show; Understanding paid \$7.20 for place and \$25.20 for show; and Sparkling Johnny paid \$17 for show.

The show pool, enriched by smart money and dumb breads, was \$70,602. Of this, \$60,717 rode on the weary, faithless Husband.

GO, SALUKIS, GO!

As the following pages attest, college football is here again, and so are all those Tigers, Wildcats, Bulldogs, Bears, Yellowjackets, Eagles and Panthers. Taking the field this fall will be 25 Tigers (including Princeton, Auburn, LSU, Clemson, Memphis State, Missouri and Hampden-Sydney), 20 Wildcats (among them Northwestern, Kentucky, Arizona, Kansas State, New Hampshire, Davidson and Bethune-Cookman), 18 Bulldogs, 14 Bears (not counting Bruins and Grizzlies), 13 Yellowjackets, 12 Eagles and nine Panthers.

No imagination? Think God. Could you imagine more than one Gorillas (Pittsburg State), one Kangaroos (Austin College), one Salukis (Southern Illinois) and one Anteaters (University of California at Irvine)?

THE ANSWER TRUE

For the first time since the turn of the century, tandem bicycle races were an official part of the World Indoor Bicycle

continued



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Use the area code—and you can
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These pants got "West" written all over 'em

The tough, rangy look of Lee Westerners. Low-cut. Lean-legged. Cowboys wear 'em around the ranch on payday, or for heading into town for a stock show or rodeo. But Lee Westerners aren't just for show. Lee builds 'em tough enough to work in—western style. Westweave®, Lee's power-packed Sanforized polished cotton, has a deep-woven strength that won't wash out...won't wear out. For the real western-bred pants and jackets, look for Lee with the authentic branded label.

Lee

Lee westerners
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SCORECARD *continued*

Championships, which took place in Frankfurt, Germany recently. The only reason the tandem events were scheduled is that they are on the program of the 1968 Olympics. Indeed, when the French criticized the "fossils who run the Olympics" they invariably pointed in derision to "their grandpa tandem bike races."

But when millions of Frenchmen (who can't be wrong) watched their compatriots, Pierre Tremm, 22, and Daniel Morelon, 21, whiz across television screens at 45 mph to win the 1,600-meter event, they changed their tune. Crowded the French sports daily *L'Equipe*, which had heretofore roundly assailed the "old fogeys" who staged tandem races: "[Our boys] have given a new vigor, a new popularity and a new youth to the tandem of our grandfathers by hanging a gold medal on the handlebars. They have led us to rediscover the athletic qualities of this bicycle." In a word, to *amateurs passionnés de cyclisme*, World Champions Trenton and Morelon looked sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

MISALLIANCE

The following item appeared in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* last week under the headline WEDDING BELLS:

"Two Duke football players were married this summer—Junior Tackle Malcolm Trumblehead and Senior Guard Roger Parker."

THEY SAID IT

- Alex Karras, Detroit Lions captain, who was suspended three years ago for betting on games, asked by the referee to call the flip of the coin before a game: "I can't do that, sir. I'm not allowed to gamble."

- Lieut. General Sir Kenneth Darling, commanding officer of Captain John Ridgway and Sergeant Charles Blyth who rowed a 22-foot boat from Cape Cod to Ireland in 91 days: "An interesting way to spend the summer—and very cheap."

- Hayden Fry, SMU football coach, on his 5-foot-5 quarterback, Ines Perez, and his 5-foot-6 receiver, Zeke Sanchez: "We're going to put them both in the game at the same time and throw under people."

- Ralph DeLeonardis, Pacific Coast League umpire, accused of blowing an easy play at the plate: "Well, I blew it the way I saw it." **END**

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THE GREEN CRUSHER

Beginning the defense of their NFL championship, the Packers played perfect football as they shocked Johnny Unitas and the Colts with interceptions and rocked them with vintage blocking and tackling **by TEX MAULE**

When the Baltimore Colts lost the playoff for the NFL's Western championship last year, they were without John Unitas and Gary Cuozzo and still it took Green Bay most of an overtime period to beat them. Understandably, the Colts have been anxious to prove that the story would be different with their famous quarterbacks in action. Last Saturday night, before a record crowd of 48,650 in Milwaukee's County Stadium, the story was indeed different. In the opening game of the NFL season the Packers gave the Colts an infinitely worse beating than they did last December, and in so doing established themselves solidly as favorites to repeat their 1965 championship.

"They played an almost perfect game," Baltimore's Don Shula said after it was over. He smiled a wry, sorrowful smile as he considered what the Packers had done to his club in their 24-3 victory.

The only flaw to be found in his statement is the "almost." If the jolly green giants of Green Bay made any mistakes, they were undetectable. This was probably the best defensive performance by the Packers in several years, and in the second half the defense was matched by a brilliant offense.

"This one is a gut-twister," Willie Davis said in the unusually subdued Green Bay dressing room before the

game. The All-Pro defensive end grimaced. "I couldn't sleep all night. I kept trying to tell myself this was just another game, just one of 14, but you can't kid your stomach. It knew."

Guards Jerry Kramer and Fuzzy Thurston drew diagrams on a blackboard, working out blocking angles. Backs Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung lay on the floor, relaxing, their heads in their dressing stalls. "The Colts have been mouthing off a lot," one veteran said. "I heard that every time one of them gave a talk during the off season he had a picture showing we missed the field goal that put us into overtime in the playoff game. They say they've been waiting a year to get us again. Well, they've got us. But we got ourselves ready, too. Only we didn't start until last Wednesday. Sometimes you can get too high. I think maybe they are."

"It may be easier with Unitas," said one of the Packers. "When they went to Tom Matte in the playoff we had no idea what to expect. We know what they do with Johnny Unitas."

The speaker was not Vince Lombardi. What Lombardi said was, "It boils down to this. If Johnny Unitas is hot, no one can beat them. If he's just good, we have a chance. If he's only fair, then we'll take them."

Unitas was hot for all but the last two minutes of the first half, but that brief

letdown was fatal to Baltimore. Pouncing on Unitas passes, the Packers won the game in those moments on two beautiful interceptions that were returned for touchdowns. Until then the Packer defense had held off a strong Baltimore attack by fencing dexterously with Unitas, giving him short passes but denying him the deeper routes and, when necessary near the goal line, foreclosing the short passes, too.

At one point in the first quarter, on fourth down with a yard to go on the Green Bay 19-yard line, the Colts decided to try for the first down instead of an almost certain field goal. Unitas sent Fullback Jerry Hill into the middle of the line on a play that had gained three yards not long before. This time the big, agile Green Bay ends, Lionel Aldridge and Davis, read the play and pinched in hard, slamming Hill for a one-yard loss. "Looking back, that was a key play," Shula said. "That really hurt us."

Just as the second period began, the situation re-occurred. Confident no longer of penetrating the Packer defense, the Colts sent Lou Michaels in to kick a field goal on fourth and two from the Green Bay 19. It was the only score Baltimore was to get.

But the Colt field goal had an immediate effect on Green Bay. It aroused what had been a torpid attack. Quar-

continued

The Packers' merciless defense engulfs Baltimore Fullback Jerry Hill as he tries a first-half plunge. Colt running was bottled up all evening.





terback Bart Starr deftly shepherded the Packers from their own 22 to the Baltimore eight. That drive was killed when Michaels broke through to block Don Chandler's field-goal attempt.

"I thought that might break their spirit," said Jimmy Orr, one of Baltimore's top receivers, who was injured and unable to play. "But they came right back. You can knock 'em down, but you can't stomp on 'em."

On the fourth play after the blocked kick Green Bay came bouncing back. Linebacker Lee Roy Caffey, a swift 250-pounder who once played in the Texas A&M backfield, intercepted a Unitas pass over the middle that was intended for Johnny U's most reliable receiver, Raymond Berry, and rumble 52 yards for the first Packer touchdown. "It was a great play," Shula said. "He read Johnny's eyes." "I was just dropping back into the hooking area," Caffey said. "Berry was running a post pattern, and I think Johnny was rushed out of his rhythm. He's a rhythm passer, and he threw before he wanted to. The ball came right into my hands. Then I just remembered how it used to be when I was a fullback."

Caffey's memory was good. Helped by strong blocks from Henry Jordan and Ron Kostelnik, he dashed into the end zone without being touched. It was a shocking development for the Colts, but for the time being they did not lose their poise. That loss was to come later. After the kickoff Unitas began another short-passing attack and moved to a first down. But on third and four from his 39 he made the error of doing the obvious.

"He had been throwing a square-out to Raymond in that situation," said Rob Jeter, the Packer corner back who was covering Berry. "When it was third and four, five or six yards, he liked to go to Raymond, and he had stuck me a few times. I figured the square-out, and I laid back a little and waited. And he did it."

"It was a lousy pass," Unitas maintained, but it wasn't really. Berry was reaching for the ball, thrown so that he could shield it from Jeter with his body, but Jeter nipped in front of him and took the pass with a clear field ahead. Jeter merely had to sprint 46 yards for the second Packer touchdown.

Jeter is a small, very fast man, who played flanker for Green Bay until Lombardi put him at corner back last year. "You know, I think my hands got better when I moved over to the defense," he says. "I just couldn't relax my hands as a flanker. Man, I could not catch that ball. But now I got confidence."

"He did the same thing a year ago in a game with the Colts," said the Green Bay defensive coach, Phil Bengtson. "But he got so excited about intercepting the ball that he fell down. He was right in front of our bench and everyone was yelling at him to stand up and run, and he just couldn't get his legs under him. Somebody finally fell on him after he had crawled six or eight yards. But he's different this year."

Although the Colts were down 14-3 at the half, they hardly seemed a beaten team. "I thought we could still win the game," Shula said. "We were moving the ball well, and we were running well, too. But then Starr's running destroyed our defense in the second half."

The Colts had outgained Green Bay 158 yards to 103 in the first half and, more important, had kept the ball for 34 plays to the Packers' 22, so Shula's optimism was not unjustified.

"You have to beat them at their own game," Orr said. "That's what we were doing." They were, that is, until Starr got the Green Bay offense moving. At the beginning of the third quarter he put together one of the drives that have become Green Bay's trademark—a steady, precise and overwhelming series of plays that swept aside the Baltimore defense time and again. It started mildly enough, with Jim Taylor gaining four yards and Hornung one, making it third and five on the Green Bay 26-yard line.

Knowing that the Colt defense would expect a short-pass pattern for the first down, Starr called a hitch-and-go to Boyd Dowler, and the towering end gained 25 yards on the play. Two plays later Starr hit Dowler again, this time sending him on a slant into the heart of the Colt defense.

Having created a Dowler complex in the Colt thinking, Starr used him as a decoy on his next call and threw to Hornung for a 12-yard gain and a first down on the Baltimore 27.

The first time Starr ran was on the

next play. He ducked into a hole in the middle of the Baltimore pass rush and trundled sedately for 13 yards and another first down. This was not a planned maneuver but an improvisation.

Starr's run put the ball on the Baltimore 14. He tested the Colt defense with a quick pass to Hornung, who was open at the five, but this was one of the few passes Starr threw badly and it fell incomplete. On the next play he sent Taylor through a good hole in the Colt line pried open by Kramer and Tackle Forrest Gregg. Taylor, who looks quicker and stronger than ever this year, gained six yards.

Whatever small hope remained for Baltimore died with the next play. Starr flooded the right side of the field with receivers, looked briefly, found none of them open and ran again. He loped eight yards for a touchdown, diving awkwardly between defenders for the score. That made it 21-3, and the Colts were cooked. Don Chandler's field goal later in the quarter completed the scoring.

Lombardi had been a fidgety, nervous man during the long afternoon before the game as he watched the Clay-Milwaukee fight on television in his Milwaukee hotel suite. He admires Clay as an athlete. "Clay's great," he said. "He could play anywhere."

But after the game Clay had been forgotten, and even the impact of the tremendous victory over Baltimore was fading. Lombardi does not dwell on past triumphs, however recent.

"This could be the year of decision," he said. "If we can get through this season all right we'll be up there for a long time, I think."

Although the Packers won the championship, last season was, for Lombardi, a rebuilding time. The rebuilding has continued this year. The Packers have eight rookies, an unusually large number for a championship team. Vince spent much of the preseason schedule testing them.

"I had to look at them to see what I had," he explained. "You have to stay ahead, keep building. I won't be able to play them much in league games, but eventually they'll be there when I need them."

Just the stuff for a man who has everything.

END

Twisting away from the Colts' Dick Szymanski with the first shattering Packer interception, Caffey has clear field for 52-yard touchdown run.

PAINFUL SEARCH FOR A PENNANT

Baseball enters the stretch—and here come the colorful Dodgers, their eyes on the flag and their elbows in ice baths. A fight flares, laughter cools it, and the world champions stagger on—maybe all the way **by JACK OLSEN**

Look at the Dodgers. See how they run. Slow-ly. See how they pitch. Pain-ful-ly. See how they hit. Weak-ly. See how they win. U-sual-ly. Question: How?

Look at the Dodgers up in their plane, high over Colorado, late in the night. A gentle turbulence barely rocks the wings; cabin lights are dimmed and a certain amount of sonorous breathing can be heard. Still, there is action. Phil Regan, John Roseboro and Willie Davis are playing low ball poker, and Regan is winning again. Maury Wills is making good on a promise not to drive everybody berserk with his customary five-hour bongo recital; instead, he is playing non-stop guitar. Nobe Kawano, the clubhouse man with a heart of gold, and James (Junior) Gilliam, the ballplayers' ballplayers' ballplayer, continue a running game of gin rummy that goes back almost to the Harding administration. Jim Lefebvre, a switch-hitting bat boy who made good, and Wes Covington, an old pro who has found a new career as a holler guy, play a heated card game called crazy eights; anything involving Covington is likely to be heated. Sandy Koufax makes one of his rare appearances as a gin player, and gets knocked out of the box 39 to 21 under an arcane scoring system understood only by the participants.

A man from the front office looks anxiously at the dark shapes of clouds coming up under the wings and speaks in a low voice about the world champions of baseball: "We're known as a speed club, but except for Willie Davis we haven't got as much speed this year as the wrestling team at Wellesley. We're known as a pitching club, but the only overpowering pitcher we've got is Koufax, and with him every start may be his last. Stars like Maury Wills and Don Drysdale are having knee problems. So

we're not winning on speed; we're not winning on stars; we're not winning on overpowering pitching. People say, look at the ball club; they can't be winning at all; it's an optical illusion, another one of Bezzie Bavasi's card tricks. But of course we're winning, and what we're winning on is the oldest thing in sport. We're winning on spirit. . . . Yeah, they do say that about every winning ball club. But without spirit this team would be the Los Angeles Cubs."

Look at the Dodgers in the clubhouse. See the boxes of baseballs and the players signing them. See the endless supplies of bubble gum, both normal and sugarless, the cases of soda pop and beer. See the bandages, hypodermics and bright-colored pills. Look at Reserve Outfielder Al Ferrara sauntering around in a protective undergarment and a 20-gallon Mexican cowboy hat. John Roseboro dresses underneath the latest addition to his locker: a picture of an eight ball. Pec Wee Oliver hums one of the selections from his new Roulette album, while his manager, Tommy Davis, beams approval. Koufax sees big-hit, no-field Dick Stuart fumbling with his glove, and shouts the length of the clubhouse: "Come on, everybody, let's get some laughs. Stuart's gonna field ground balls." Stuart laughs; of all the jokes in the world, he likes the ones about himself the most. Off to one side, Ron Perranoski is trying to put a writer on: "You want some funny stories about the bullpen? There's nothing funny goes on in the bullpen. The only funny thing that happened down there this year is I showed up." Perranoski struts off, smirking.

Walter Alston sits in a corner and muses. "Listen to 'em," he says. "They're loose. They're ready for everything. Either you have spirit or you don't. We're lucky to have it. It doesn't come from

me or the coaches. People talk about managers getting a team up. Well, once in a while you can have a meeting and get them up a little bit, but baseball is played day in and day out and after you've had about five pep talks in a row it starts running right off their backs. Nobody in the world can make a dead-ass ballplayer get excited. These guys don't need that. They're competitors and they hate like hell to get beat. There're times when I don't know whether this is the best team in the league or not. But I know they're not gonna give up. On top of everything else we've got some young kids who seem to get better under pressure. Kids like Wes Parker and Jim Lefebvre. You'd expect young kids like that to choke a little. They do the opposite. And we've got enough veterans like Gilliam and Roseboro and that kind of guy who's been through everything."

Look at the Dodger office. See the deep-pile rugs, the *objets d'art*, the handsome paintings of pennant-winning Dodgers all up and down the halls. See the money. See the smiling man behind the big desk under the picture of Lincoln. He is Emil J. (Buzzie) Bavasi, Owner Walter O'Malley's trail boss, and remember not to trade any of your stamps or coins to him. Bavasi is just finishing a talk with Ron Fairly, players' representative and perfect gentleman except when he pops out. "I was just telling Ron," Buzzie says, "that when I start a season with these 25 men I know that I've already got 25 games in the bag because each one of those guys is gonna do something to win a ball game. That's the kind of club it is. They take turns winning games. And that makes every one of them as good as Henry Aaron or Willie Mays when their turn comes. There's not a one of them that doesn't give 105%." Walter Alston is one

of the reasons. He treats every man up there as if he were over 21. There are no children on this club. He doesn't fine 'em; I don't think there's been a fine this year. Once in a while they'll have some drinks or stay out late, and Abston doesn't do anything about it because he knows they had a reason to do it, and he knows the next day they'll still be giving him 105'... You never hear him tell any player what to do with his private life or his free time. And the men'll do anything for him."

A loud outcry in the hall signals the arrival of Lou Johnson, the outfielder whose gentle innocence has earned him the nickname "Sweet Lou." "Hey, come here, you," Buzzie shouts. "What're you here for?"

"What am I always here for, Tiger?"

"Money."

"Right again. Money. And now I gotta run into you. You're bad news. I'm on a hitting streak. Last night I got two hits, and now I'll go 0 for 40, and I can't afford it."

Buzzie points at Johnson with a fancy new ruler and Sweet Lou grabs it. "What's this?" he says with feigned anger. "You sitting up here playing with a ruler with pictures of the St. Louis Cardinals on it? Well, damn! We out there fighting like hell and you sitting up here with a St. Louis Cardinals' ruler. Man, you really bad news."

The Los Angeles Dodgers of 1966, the latest representatives of the most successful franchise in postwar National League history, are like a fighter who comes into the last round reeling and winded and firmly convinced against all logic that he is going to knock the bum out. "This ball club is like a single individual," says the crudest first baseman, college graduate and student author, Wesley Parker, a young man who overcame the handicap of coming from the right side of the tracks to wind up as a journeyman major-leaguer. "This club is like a human being. It has a cheerful personality, and it goes out and plays that way. Sure, once in a while the ball club gets grouchy, but that's rare. With guys like Lou Johnson and Wes Covington around, we stay loose most of the time."

"The day Covington joined this ball club the spirit went up 100'," says Bavasi, "and the same thing happened last year when we got Lou. The minute Lou

continued



Don Drysdale, sidelined by his chronic bad knee, came back to pitch nine shutout innings.



Don Sutton, best Dodger rookie in years, takes the Kouvfax ice treatment for his sore arm.



Buzzie Bavasa shows his ball club's spirit.

comes into sight I gotta laugh. He says, 'Hello, Buzzie,' and I'm falling on the floor. Even his problems are funny. You know, Lou never had much money, playing in the minors, and some of his bills didn't get paid on time. There was one from a clothing store in Milwaukee. I called him up and I said, 'Lou, you gotta pay this bill. It's three years old.'

"He says, 'Gee whaz, Buzzie, I had to have clothes for my little boys.'

"I said, 'How old were your boys when you ran up this bill?'

"He says, 'One was 4 and one was 8.'

"I pulled out the bill and I said, 'In other words, they didn't wear 42 long?' There it was, right on the bill: 'Two suits, 42 long, \$385.' But Sweet Lou, he just doesn't understand money. Money is another country. You open up your wallet and give him everything you've got and he'll be back for more tomorrow. Last year he comes to me for World Series tickets for his wife, so I handed 'em over and I said, 'That'll be \$48.'

"He said, '\$48 for what?'

"I said, 'Everybody has to pay for them, Lou. Drysdale and Koufax were just in here, and they had to pay for 'em, too.'

"He thinks it over for a minute. Then he says, 'She ain't going,' and he

walks out. Now, how you gonna get grim with guys like that around?'

Covington, the other major morale builder on the Dodgers, is a born handler of money, umpires and words. He owns properties in just about every city he's played in, holds a real-estate broker's license to boot and is one of the three or four Negro ballplayers firmly in the running for jobs someday as major league managers. "The funny thing is, we almost didn't get him," says Bavasa. "I'd always heard that he was trouble. So one day he was turned loose and he got on the phone to me and asked for work. A guy like that just hates to quit playing ball. So I said, 'I've heard too much about you. You talk too much about things that aren't your business.'

"He says, 'Gee, that's not so.'

"So I said, 'Well, that's what my boys tell me. All except Gilliam. He says you're the greatest and we ought to take you on.' But I said, 'If we do, you gotta promise me you'll only speak when you're spoken to.' So we signed him and he's been absolutely great. On top of his spirit and hustle, he's won a couple of hall games for us by getting on base. We've been fortunate to have him."

Covington joined the team at the end of May and started out like a man who was lucky to have an independent income. When he was one for 29 and just about the most ineffectual ballplayer outside the Little League, he was standing on the top step of the dugout yelling and clapping with his customary élan, shouting declarations of war at every opposing player who came within earshot, impugning the integrity of umpires good and bad and exhorting the Dodgers to pull up their socks and get on the stick, except that his exact choice of words was far more Biblical and biological. "Come on, Stuart," Covington shouted at the sardonic first baseman. "Yell it up a little."

Stuart turned slowly to his slumping teammate and said in even tones, "We, if you weren't so damned valuable to this ball club I'd punch you right in the nose."

Soon after, Covington broke out of his slump (although he remains no threat to the Brothers Alou or even the Sisters Dolly in terms of batting average) and took on the role of undisputed leader of the Dodger cheering staff. "He keeps the bench alive," says

Walter Alston, who usually sits quietly at the third-base end of the dugout. "That's worth something."

"Yeah, it's worth something," says slow-talking Lefty Phillips, the bespectacled pitching coach whose relaxed manner has steadied the pitching staff through some of its darkest days. "But sometimes he's too good at talking it up. Sometimes we're getting the other guy's pitches and when we try to signal our batter he can't hear us over Covington."

Of his own reincarnation as a human foghorn, Covington says, "I used to have spirit when I was with the Braves, but when I left Milwaukee and went to those other ball clubs, I allowed association to do something to me. I got in a rut with the type of ball clubs I was with after the Braves. I'd get so down in the mouth. You can be a fighting individual, but when you're getting over-matched day in, day out, it takes some of the sting out of you. But playing with a contending club does something to a man, mentally and physically. You shape up fast. You play your best, you have pride in what you do, where you go, how you dress, the people that you associate with."

"Sure we have pride," says the red-headed Ron Fairly, one of the team's steadiest hitters. "Last year nobody poked us to win anything, and when it was all over, there were 19 ball clubs behind us. We've won three world championships in Los Angeles, so we know what we can do. We don't choke; we play relaxed hall out there. Sometimes you wouldn't believe how relaxed it can be. One day I'm under a pop-up that's up above everything, and there's two outs and the other team has runners on base running like hell. And Gilliam comes running over the minute the ball's hit and he says, 'Lotta room, Ron, you take it.' The ball's on its way down about 600 miles an hour and Gilliam says, 'It's coming now. You're right under it.' And just before I make the catch, he says, 'Now don't get hit in the head.' Runners crossing the plate like flies, and he's trying to make me laugh."

The Dodgers' capacity for jollity, as the long season grinds on, has had to survive a series of injuries that would have sapped the morale of a traveling troupe of Pierrots. Until a few weeks ago there was an apt cartoon tacked to



Busterpos Was Covington (right), here clowning with Outfielder Al Ferrarese, gives Dodger morale a boost after he joined the club in the spring.

the press-box bulletin board. It showed a catcher and a pitcher in emergency session on the mound, and the catcher was saying something like, "Give him as much of a curve as your bursitis will allow, right in on that jammed wrist of his, but not too hard because of my bone chips." The cartoon was funny until the Dodger clubhouse began to look like a city-hospital emergency room on Saturday night, then the cartoon mysteriously disappeared. To be sure, the Dodgers are not the only team in baseball with the medical problems. Every manager can point to injuries toward the end of any season, but the Dodgers have carried the cliché to a ridiculous extreme. Maury Wills has been playing infrequently, and when he does start a game it is said that the Ace bandage people declare a dividend. The pitching staff was on a walking-wounded basis for several weeks. In one recent four-game stretch Claude Osteen started and had to quit in the sixth with a pulled thigh muscle. Koufax was forced to retire with the miseries after six innings; Don Drysdale reinjured a trick knee and turned himself over to the medics after two innings, and Don Sutton, whose 12 wins make him the most successful rookie pitcher in Los Angeles Dodger history,

knicked up the flexor muscle on his pitching arm and was taken out in the third. The result of those foreshortened pitching appearances was four straight wins, high tribute to a bullpen which features Tiger castoff Phil Regan, winner of 13 games, savior of 15 and composer of a Dodger fight song, *The Ballad of the Blue Berets*. To relieve the strain on the suffering pitching staff, Alston called up Bill Singer, strikeout leader of the Pacific Coast League, and Nick Willhite, a sometime major-leaguer whose hernia enabled him to fit perfectly into the scheme of things. Characteristically, the Dodgers tried to kid their way through the agonies. "I understand we're also recalling Dr. Ben Casey," said Fairly, and somebody else observed that the pennant was in the hands of Sharp and Doherty.

When Sutton hurt his arm, Dodger doctors ordered him to undergo the same treatment that has preserved the mighty wing of Sandy Koufax. The arm is encased in a long section of inner tube and dunked into a bath of ice water and ice, a Chinese torture that Koufax hears with typical equanimity. Not so the young Sutton. Taking one of his first treatments, he began inching his arm slowly out of the water until little more than the tip of the elbow was im-

mersed. Koufax walked into the medical room, saw what was happening and gave Sutton's arm a full dunk. "Do it right!" Koufax said, winking sideways at an observer.

"Who's doing this, you or me?" Sutton asked.

"I've got more experience than you," Sandy barked, shoving the arm down again.

"Yes, sir," said a bemused Sutton, and began inching his arm out of the water the second Koufax was out of sight.

Sandy's own arm remains the great X factor, not only for this season but for the Dodgers' future years as contenders. Every time he throws a ball, teammates wince and arthritis sufferers all over the country share his pain. "It's become a frightening thing," said a longtime press-box habitué. "We know what's gonna happen, we know it's got to happen, and we all live in some kind of quiet terror about it. One of these nights the best pitcher that ever lived is gonna throw that left arm all the way up to the plate. That's gonna be it. Finished. The end."

Koufax still gets all kinds of medical advice, solicited and otherwise. The letters trickle in: "Dear Sandy, if you will

continued

rub a mixture of oil of cloves and paragon on your elbow you will be cured like I was. I had arthritis for years and now this remedy has helped me plus my doctor. God bless you Sandy." Koufax lives on a regimen of guts and Butazolidin, the pain-killing drug that sometimes is used on horses. Often the pain is so severe that spectators in the last rows can see him wince. His lips draw up in a tight line, and the cords on his neck stand out. And when you ask him about it, he keeps to his steady line: "No, it didn't hurt any more than usual." It never hurts any more than usual, to hear Sandy tell it, and one suspects that it never hurts any less than usual, either. The profile in courage that is Sanford Koufax goes right on taking steady turns, complaining about nothing except getting underest in gin.

But all the team spirit and raw courage in the world only add up to what the gamblers call "zip," nothing, a dead sparrow and piece of string, unless they can be translated into wins on the playing field. Everybody knew that the Dodgers were winning a lot of one-run games (32 wins and 16 losses through last week),

and one-run wins are a good test of spirit, but it remained for some enterprising statisticians to show the harnessed correlation between the intangible of emotion and the fact of winning. The Dodgers, it developed, have scored the winning run in their last time at bat in 26 of their games, or roughly one out of every three wins, a record that was brought to the public's attention by the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* in a chart appropriately named **DOUGHER LAST GASP-O-METER**. In seven of the last 11 such victories the key run has been knocked in or scored by Junior Gilliam, the Dodgers' contribution to sartorial and gerontological splendor. Gilliam was simply going up to the plate in the last inning in his usual businesslike style, looking for what he calls "sock-me-outs," a term which puzzled certain Dodgers. One day he returned to the bench and told Fairly, "He threw me one of those sock-me-outs."

"What the hell is a sock-me-out?" Fairly asked.

"Well, you know, when the pitcher gets a little tired and he throws one down the middle? That's a sock-me-out." It

was not the first time Gilliam had enriched the language and added to the gaudy of the nation's. On a sultry night long ago in backwoods Florida, he walked into a country pool hall, laid down a \$20 bill and announced to the house: "Who wants some of the devil's action?" Since then he has been known to the Dodgers as "Devil." For equally sound reasons, Phil Regan is known as "the Vulture." "He goes out there in the late innings of those tie ball games and pounces on the wins like a vulture," Koufax explains. Maury Wills is "the Mouse" and sawed-off Jim Baraheri is "the Rat" or "Jockey" or "Runt." Willie Davis is "Three Dog," a name that derives from a night at the greyhound races during spring training. Ron Perranoski is "Nom-chalanski," for obvious reasons; Claude Osteen is "Gomer," for his resemblance to television's Gomer Pyle; Tommy Davis is "T.D.," and John Roseboro, a solid bastion and unsung team leader, has been honored by five nicknames: "Rosey," "Gabby," "Dad," "Old Folk" and "Rosenberg."

Last week, in a memorable game of the 1966 pennant race, Sandy and the Mouse

A bad moment for the Dodgers and another great one for Willie Mays came in the 12th inning of a tie ball game when Mays, scoring from



and Old Folk and Devil and Sweet Lou and Three Dog and the whole jolly cast of characters went out to engage the San Francisco Giants before 54,993, the largest regular-season crowd in Dodger Stadium history, and just to prove that they are not a bunch of laughing machines, the Dodgers did everything wrong, even in the spirit department. Players failed to give themselves up for the team, three errors were committed, 13 were left on base, and the man from Mars, Willie Mays, was given the opportunity to steal the ball game by going from first to home on a routine single, topping off this Cobbesque maneuver by kicking the ball out of the glove of that famous immovable object, John Roseboro, or Rosenberg, or Old Folk, or whatever his name is. To add another imperfect touch to an imperfect night, the gay abandon on the Dodger bench evaporated in a near fist-fight between two old friends and neighbors, Maury Wills and Tommy Davis. In the 10th inning, with the game tied and tense and the Giants at bat, Captain Wills held up the old two-finger signal to remind Left Fielder Davis that there were two outs. When Davis came into

the dugout, the Mouse said, "How come you didn't acknowledge me out there?"

With no further ado, Davis exploded. This has not been the two-time batting champion's most satisfying year. Leading the team in hitting, he is still platooned, a stratagem that makes no sense to him, even though Walter Alston has built a successful career on an uncanny ability to move players around effectively. All the bitterness and tension boiled over in the usually quiet Davis, and he began screaming at his good friend Wills in a voice that could be heard 10 rows back: "Don't give me that —! Don't give me that —!"

Wills, whose own year has been one of painful enterprise, was squaring off when Nate Oliver, Wes Covington, Dick Stuart and Al Ferrara jumped on Davis and pulled him away, still shouting. Wills left the dugout to hit, announced on the way that he would be pleased to take Davis on after the game and added, "You ought to button your lip."

Back in the clubhouse, after they had handed the game away like the St. Louis Browns instead of the Los Angeles Dodgers, nobody had the strength to fight. At

first, everyone spoke *softo voce*. Nobe Kawano went about his task of knocking the dirt out of six dozen spikes without so much as a glance to the side. Walter Alston, calm as always, retired to his office. When reporters asked Roseboro if Mays had kicked the ball out of his glove, that gentles of men snapped, "How the hell do you think it got out?" Professional ballplayers are not known for whooping it up in the dressing room after a loss, but they are also not known for remaining in the depths of depression simply because one night's work goes awry. Least of all the Dodgers. Slowly the gibes and gambols returned, voices picked up a few decibels, and Davis and Wills, T.D. and the Mouse, let it be known that the shouting incident was forgotten.

"A game like this would discourage an ordinary ball club," Captain Wills said. "We're not an ordinary ball club." Then the club that is not ordinary, and the pitching staff that is at death's door, hobbled onto the field and shut out the Houstonians four straight times.

Look at the Mouse. See how well he sums things up.

END

First on a single crashed into Catcher Roseboro, knocked the ball from his glove and triumphantly looked to the umpire for the "safe" call.



A MUSLIM MINISTERS TO A



SOUTHPAW

A new Cassius Clay, wrapped in clerical sobriety, administered a fierce beating to Germany's unorthodox Karl Mildenberger, but the fight went 12 rounds, obscuring the point of the champ's sermon **by MARTIN KANE**

With his new ministerial demeanor, the Rev. Muhammad Ali approached his boxing engagement with Karl Mildenberger, the European heavyweight champion in a most unaccustomed manner. On Mildenberger's unimpressive record he should have been of good cheer. But he was somber rather than joyful, curt rather than loquacious, and there were some who even found him surly, though this could be laid to the fact that he was overacting again. In any event, there is a new Cassius Clay for the world to contend with, and it is not nearly as much fun as the old one. The reason for the change? Perhaps Ali has been advised by the Black Muslim hierarchy that, in view of his draft board troubles, he had better cool it for a bit. A part-time cleric of two years' standing, it just does not look well for him to go about yowling, "I am the greatest."

It turned out that Muhammad did well to take a less than cheerful view before the fight in Frankfurt, Germany's Waldstadion (Forest Stadium), which can accommodate 80,000 spectators for boxing and in this case drew between 50,000 and 60,000 at prices that ranged from 25 marks (\$6.25) for standing room in the outer reaches to 300 marks (\$75) for ringside. He preached a rather poor sermon. The quoted odds were 10 to 1 in the fighting parson's favor—which meant, in fact, that there was virtually no betting—but Mildenberger, who says his Muslim name is Karl Ben Milde, performed bravely if not particularly well.

The German never had a genuine chance and won only two rounds—the third and the ninth on this scorecard—but he made every round interesting. Clay's style forces the challenger to be the aggressor, and as the champion circled and backed, flipping out a jab here and there, Mildenberger plugged relentlessly forward, scoring now and then to the head and the belly, but paying a pretty price for his aggressive ways in lumps and cuts.

Mildenberger is a southpaw, which means that his jab and hook are deliv-

ered with the right hand, but he forgets from time to time that he is a lefty, which means that he boxes from a square stance. On these occasions, he looks very much like Floyd Patterson without the peekaboo. To the eye it is an awkward style. It is also uncomfortable to contend against. Joe Louis watched it one evening at Mildenberger's training quarters in the beer garden of Bad Soden's Hotel Weigand, where Mendelssohn composed and Tolstoy wrote, and he could not stand the pain of it. He took off the next day for Hamburg and a mutual admiration reunion with Max Schmeling. "He holds his hands together," Joe said, "and he should stick the right one out, being a southpaw." Mildenberger did stick the right one out now and then, but since he does everything with his right hand—writing and howling, for instance—except box, he cannot be accounted a natural southpaw. He is not a natural fighter either—just a very courageous and aggressive one.

He was a trifle lucky, too, in that Clay's customary sharpness had approximately the cutting edge of a butter knife. Clay missed repeatedly with wild looping rights that Mildenberger ducked with perfect ease, and he scored mostly with a jab delivered while in retreat. What won the fight for Clay was primarily a solid, straight right hand that he showed all too infrequently.

When he did use it, it worked. In the eighth round Clay caught Mildenberger with a right to the head that buckled the German's knees, and as he started to fall where he stood, Clay pushed him to the canvas. Referee Teddy Waltham, general secretary of the British Boxing Board of Control, gave him an eight count. Another right dropped him in the 10th, causing him to flounder. One wondered if he could get up, but he was on his feet at four. Three seconds later the bell rang.

In the end, at one minute, 50 seconds of the 12th round, Mildenberger was caught with another straight right, and though he did not fall, he was so clearly stunned and helpless that Referee Waltham rightly stopped the fight. By that time Mildenberger was a bleeding mess. There is scar tissue on both his brows,

His left eye almost swollen shut, the battered challenger paws his right eye late in the bout.

(continued on page 114)

GLORY, FRUSTRATION AND A GAMUT OF EMOTIONS

The man on the opposite page being lifted in triumph from the scene of a great battle is a college football coach who has succeeded. He is Tommy Prothro of UCLA. Winner of the Rose Bowl game last New Year's Day, he has been exalted in certain quarters as a strategist, psychologist, humorist, character-builder and worker of miracles. He is, in mortal fact, a member of a profession that has carved out a unique and forceful place in American society. As the college football season begins in earnest this week, there are approximately 600 coaches who will try to displace Prothro and the few others who temporarily ride at the top of the sport. Some will make it, but most will fail. All, as pictured on the following pages, will have their moments of intensity, doubt, anxiety and hope laid bare to the millions who follow their favorite teams. On page 45 of this week's special issue Coach Paul Dietzel, who has known both glory and frustration, discusses the whims of the profession. A preview of the season, in which the nation's No. 1 team is selected, starts on page 48. It is followed by detailed scouting reports on 252 schools, each one hopeful of fielding a miracle coach of its own during what promises to be a high-scoring year of the offense.

The organization men, ready at all times (even after the moment of victory) with a briefcase stuffed with plans, UCLA's Tommy Prothro relaxes only in work.





The once and future enemies, Navy's Bill Ellis (left) and Georgia Tech's Bobby Dodd, greet each other more or less amicably after the game. In this traditional ceremony, winners smile—and losers sometimes feel to show up.

The tactician, businesslike Bob Devaney, directs Quarterback Bob Churchich in the deliberate manner that has bred winning teams at Nebraska. Like all the coaches on these pages, Devaney is a master pregame organizer.





The commander, Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State, can hide his wit behind that stern.



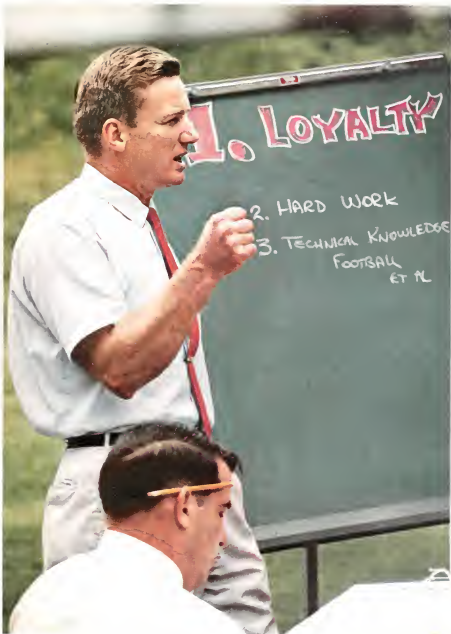
W. C. Fields mask for just about the length of a game—and sometimes not that long, to judge from the faces of these players.





The lecturer, Dartmouth's netty Bob Blackman, drives home the elements of victory for benefit of Quarterback Mickey Beard. He must have said something right. The Big Green, scoring 39 points a game, went undefeated.

The cheerleader, effervescent Johnny McKey of USC, who can't sit still during a game, exhorts his men over the noisy hubbub of the Coliseum. A fine sideline strategist, McKey could devise nothing this day to stop UCLA.



1. LOYALTY

2. HARD WORK

3. TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE
FOOTBALL
ET AL

South Carolina's new coach, twice the center of strident brouhahas, agrees with Bear Bryant that most pacts are a one-way street. He tells why he left LSU and Army, and says

'I HAVE NEVER BROKEN A CONTRACT'

by PAUL DIETZEL with MERVIN HYMAN

I have been criticized by some sports-writers for my moves from Louisiana State to Army and, more recently, from Army to South Carolina. I have been called a carpetbagger and a contract jumper and have been accused of showing bad faith. I feel obligated now to say something in my defense, since these writers never bothered to learn the true facts. I have never threatened to break, nor have I ever broken, a contract in my life. The facts are that before I ever talked to representatives from other schools, I was promised my release by both LSU and Army. To understand my motives for leaving LSU, you must understand that all my life I have had only one speed—full speed. In everything I attempt I try to do it better than it has ever been done before. Now, I don't always achieve this, but it is what I strive for, and when the challenge is gone I lose interest.

The most important thing in my life, outside of my church and family, is the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. I first became associated with the FCA in 1959, and since then I have become deeply involved. I decided that I was either going to adhere completely to FCA's principles and teachings or get out. I couldn't stand to be a hypocrite, telling boys to do one thing, then doing something else

myself. When my motives are questioned, those boys deserve an explanation.

When I first went to LSU I was an unknown assistant coach from Army. They wanted to hire me on a one-year basis, but I said, "Well, gee, I think I ought to have at least a three-year contract." They gave it to me reluctantly. The longer you have been around and the more established you are, the longer contract you can demand. After I had proven myself at LSU I insisted on a much longer contract at Army, and when I came to South Carolina I was given a 10-year contract, with an option to renew negotiations every two years. I think that it is very true that a contract is, in many ways, a one-way street. And the more successful you are, the better your contract will be.

The first contract I ever signed was for two years as line coach for Colonel Earl Black at Army in 1953. Before the 1954 season several assistant coaches, among them Vince Lombardi, left. Then the LSU job became open, I called Charlie McClendon, who was on the LSU staff, to help him get a job if he needed one. We had coached together at Kentucky. "Charlie," I said to Mac, "I know Bobby Dobbs at Tulsa and George Blackburn at Cincinnati real well. Which one of those guys would you like to work

for? I'll do my darndest to get you on their coaching staff."

Charlie thanked me but said he wanted to stay at LSU and why didn't I try to get the job? I replied, "I don't know anything about LSU and I don't know anybody down there. You can't get a job by just applying for it."

But Charlie insisted and suggested I get in touch with Biff Jones. Jones had coached LSU during the Huey Long days and was one of my good friends. I called him and he said, "Paul, it's a heck of a fine job. Let me nose around."

One day Biff telephoned and told me that he had just turned down the athletic directorship at LSU, but in doing so he had recommended that the Board of Trustees ought to "look into this Dietzel fellow." He said, "So, if they should call, act properly surprised."

Sure enough, a call came. I said that I was very flattered but first I would have to talk to Colonel Black, because I was under contract. So I went to see Colonel Black, who was sick in bed with flu. When I walked in he looked at me and said, "Not you, too, Paul?" "Well, Coach," I said. "The people at LSU have asked me to come down for an interview. I would like to go down and just talk with them."

Colonel Black really lit into me. "I'll tell you one thing, Paul," he said. "The idea of even considering this job is ridiculous. You know that you have an obligation to live up to. We've already lost

The teacher, Paul Dietzel lectures his assistant coaches as he prepares for Saturday's opener against LSU, the school he left amid violent controversy.

continues

three coaches this year and this could be the worst thing you've ever done."

I told Colonel Black I wouldn't go since he felt that way, and I meant it.

Then he said, "Now, wait a minute, Paul. I was talking to you as an athletic director. Now I want to talk to you as a man. That LSU job is a fine one and I think you're ready to be a head coach. You go down there and if you can get that job, you take it."

I went, and after a lengthy interview I was offered the job. Naturally, Charlie McClendon was to be my first assistant. We won three games, lost five and tied two, and at the end of my first year they tore up my three-year contract and gave me a new one for four years.

I was first approached about the Army job after we had won the national championship in 1958, when Colonel Black retired and before Dale Hall was given the job. But I told the Army people I wasn't interested. I said that I had just signed a new contract at LSU and I was obligated. Furthermore, I had not yet accomplished what I had set out to do. We had one winner in four years, but I wanted to make sure we were on solid ground.

In 1961 we had a 9-1 record and accepted an invitation to play Colorado in the Orange Bowl. By then we had won so much that it was obvious to me there was nothing further I could do at LSU to improve on that record. In 1962 we were going to have more than 30 lettermen back, and there wasn't any way I could coach them badly enough to lose. The challenge at LSU was gone for me, and I've got to have a challenge.

For that reason I had begun to consider several jobs outside of coaching, among them national executive director of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. The only coaching job that appealed to me was at Army, and I figured that Dale Hall was set for life there.

Anyway, my wife and I were having breakfast one morning in Baton Rouge and I picked up the morning *Advocate*. DALE HALL FIRED AT WEST POINT, a headline blared. I showed it to Anne. We looked at each other and we both knew we wanted to go to Army. There wasn't any doubt about it. I felt that the question of my future had been answered.

Since I had so seriously thought about leaving coaching, I had announced publicly "I don't plan to coach anywhere else other than at LSU." When I said

it, I meant it with all my heart! As it turned out, saying that was a mistake, and I've been much more careful since.

That very night I called Joe Cahill, then the sports publicity director at Army. He said, "Paul, would you be interested in this job?" I replied that I really didn't know, but I would like to hear a little about it.

A couple of days later Hank Adams, the athletic director, called and asked if I was interested in talking. I said yes, but before I did I would have to speak with Jim Corbett, our athletic director, and get permission from LSU.

I buzzed Jim on an interoffice phone and told him, "Jim, I just got a call from Army. I'd like to talk to them." Corbett then said, "Oh! You're not interested in that job, are you?" My answer was, "Jim, I don't know." There was a brief pause and then he said, "Come on over to my office!"

I went over and Jim said, "Paul, you know you've still got four years to go on your contract." I replied, "I know that, Jim, and if you won't release me from this contract, if there is going to be a nasty situation, there is no sense in me talking with the Army people."

His answer was, "Paul, I'll tell you right now there's not going to be any fuss. You know I don't want you to go and I don't believe you will go, but I'll assure you that if you would like to leave, I'll release you from your contract."

That night I called back Colonel Adams and told him that I had received permission to talk with him. His reaction was, "Gee, that's great," and he went on to say that they were presently considering three people for the job.

I said, "Wait a minute, Hank. I want you to understand that I'm not a candidate for the Army job. I already have a fine coaching job which I'll not jeopardize. If the board wants to offer me the job and you're going to talk to me and no one else until I accept or decline, fine. But if you are considering other candidates, I'm not interested."

Adams called back to say that the board had agreed to talk to no one else until "you have decided yes or no." So, while our team was at home during the Christmas holiday, I flew to New York to meet General William Westmoreland, superintendent of the academy, at the International Hotel near Kennedy Airport. He asked me if I was interested in the Army job.

I replied, "General, I'm still coaching the LSU team and I can't get too deeply involved until after the Orange Bowl game. But if we can work out the details we've talked about, I think this is what I'm looking for."

Before we left for Miami, word of my possible departure leaked to the newspapers and I was tried and convicted in the press before I ever accepted the job. It got really rough. I had talked with General Troy Middleton, president of LSU, till this day one of my dearest friends, and he told me, "Paul, this is a great opportunity. I don't want you to leave LSU, but you've got to weigh the great impact that the Army job has."

The night before the Orange Bowl game, a headline proclaimed, LSU TO GIVE COACH GOODBYE WIND! Our players saw it and some of them were wondering and mumbling. I told them the truth, I said, "Men, I don't know what I'm going to do. I am going to talk to the Army officials, but that hasn't anything to do with our game. We have paid a tremendous price to get this far and we have a lot at stake. Do you want to throw everything down the drain we've worked for all year long because of something that is written in a newspaper? You're not playing for Paul Dietzel. You're playing for LSU and yourselves." They went out the next day and played like a bunch of wild people.

Well, we beat Colorado, and I remember telling Anne right after the game that we had been forced to leave LSU. It had become so misty in the newspapers around Louisiana that I didn't really know that I had a choice. I really believed that I had to go.

When I told Jim Corbett that I had decided to take the job at Army if he would release me from my contract, he said, "Paul, I'm surprised. I never thought you'd leave." He went to the Board of Trustees, and apparently there was a pretty good amount of conversation there. But Jim prevailed, and I was released from my contract.

Just before I left Baton Rouge I felt that a parting statement was necessary. I wrote an open letter to the people of Louisiana and asked Ace Higgins, the LSU sports publicity director, to put it in the paper for me. He and Jim Corbett thought there had been too much fuss already and they decided not to release it.

The decision hurt me deeply. In it I had explained how I had been released from my contract, and thanked the people of Louisiana for the warm way they had accepted me and my family. I also highly recommended to Jim Corbett that Charlie McClendon be given the coaching job at LSU.

These are the actual circumstances under which I left LSU. They have never before been made public.

The first six months at West Point, things couldn't have been any nicer. The red carpet was out all over the place, the corps was screaming wild and everything was superduper, colossal, great! Then SPORTS ILLUSTRATED did a story about me and the caption under a picture of me with General Omar Bradley and General Westmoreland said, DITZEL CHURNS THE BEARS. From that moment on, things changed markedly. Of course, one thing I had never realized was how much the situation at West Point had changed since 1955, too. There were two things that I felt were the hardest blows at the academy. First, the number of years a boy has to serve after graduation had been raised to five. Second, the pros were throwing around so much money that blue-chip athletes were forced to think about that first.

Nevertheless, my years at Army were enjoyable. I am very much in favor of the mission of the academy to provide trained and dedicated military leaders for careers as officers in the Army. But there's no way to figure how that has anything to do with big-time football. Last year, during the season, it became obvious to me that the lack of depth really was catching up. We had the first good freshman team since our staff took over, and there were possibilities for the future. But during the season I and the whole coaching staff became very discouraged. It didn't look like we were gaining enough ground.

This spring, we had another superintendent, General Donald Bennett—the third in my four years at West Point. When he took over, I prepared a "white paper." I spent a month working on it, explaining how, in my opinion, Army athletics could be improved. And I really did not feel that anything I suggested would in any way detract from the moral fiber, the academic standards or the mission of the academy. I got an appointment with General Bennett, and I went over the paper with him for three hours,

then I sat and waited for about a month. The longer I waited, the more I realized they just weren't interested.

Then I got a call from an official representative of the University of South Carolina. His first words were, "Before you say 'no,' let me tell you what our problems are." And so I listened. Then I said, "Before we say any more, you've got to contact my superintendent."

He did, and General Bennett wired back immediately: BY ALL MEANS, I WANT YOU TO TALK TO PAUL DITZEL.

I went to see the Supe. He showed me the wire and said, "What about this?"

"Well, General," I replied, "I don't really know what to do."

Then General Bennett said, "Well, Paul, it would work a hardship on us, but I want you to know that you must think about what is best for Anne, the children and you. Now, Paul, I can't really say whether you're a good football coach or not and I don't know whether you're good for the corps or not. When I talk with Army people they are almost evenly divided about Paul Ditzel. I would strongly recommend that you talk with the South Carolina people and listen very seriously to what they have to say. And you know, Paul, I've always used this credo. If I didn't think that I could add something to a place, I would leave."

When I walked out of the Supe's office, I felt about as high as a thumb. Imagine working four years at a job and then realizing that your boss doesn't even know you! I wanted to talk to somebody, but our close military friends had been transferred to their next stations. Most of the military people were very nice to us but there are many small things that happen, especially at athletic and social events, that keep you apprised of the fact that you and your family are civilians. You never completely belong.

There were still some things about South Carolina I wanted to explore further. So I called George Terry, who had been my good right arm for so long, and asked if he'd like to go down. He said, "I think maybe one of us better." George was very impressed with the university and with the people, their attitude and how much they wanted to be helpful. But there were lots of problems, and the South Carolina officials were going to fly up to meet with me.

As we rode back from the airport I

told George, "Now, you know that as soon as I say I'm going to take the South Carolina job, Army may offer you the coaching job here. If you would like to do that, I want to know now. If you're not going to South Carolina with me, then I'm not going. It's as simple as that. I'm not trying to knock you out of the Army job, but I'm not going to South Carolina without you. Don't say anything right now but you just go home and talk to Frances about it." The next day George told me that if I went, so would he.

The next couple of days were the most difficult of my life. I had almost decided I was going to stay, but the one thing that gnawed at me was that General Bennett had never said, "Paul, we'd like to have you stay." All he had to do was ask me, and I would have stayed.

George and I met with Dr. Thomas Jones, president of South Carolina, and Dr. Jim Morris, the faculty chairman of athletics, in the same hotel at Kennedy Airport where the Army thing had started four years earlier. We talked for hours, but nothing was decided at the time. I went back to West Point and listed my reasons for staying or going. There were seven for staying and 17 for going. I finally got it boiled down to the crux of the matter: what was best for my family and the coaches who depend upon me vs. my pride, or ego. By that I mean the unfinished challenge at West Point, the corps and the players. Nothing else really entered into it, just those two things. And when it becomes a choice between my family or me, my family is going to win every time. That was what decided it.

I knew now I had to take the South Carolina job, so I asked the athletic board to formally release me from my contract. They agreed.

Saying goodbye to the players was the hardest part. We gathered the men together and I explained to them what had motivated my decision, how I had to do what was best for my family. When I finished, they all lined up, every single one of them, and they filed by and shook hands with me. They were bawling their eyes out, and so was I. I'll tell you, it was one of the most moving moments in my life.

These are the true facts of my move from LSU to Army and from Army to South Carolina. I still don't believe I've ever broken a contract.

END

ANOTHER SEASON FOR MIRACLES AND—SURPRISE!—ALABAMA

The Crimson Tide will be No. 1 again, giving Coach Bear Bryant his fourth national title of the decade. But as college scores run higher and upsets become more frequent the usual number of miracles will occur, turning unknown players into overnight marvels like UCLA's Gary Beban

BY DAN JENKINS

Aside from all the groovy coeds and the postgame parties—called trips by some—the dandiest thing about college football is that teams can still win with pure miracles instead of by juking corners, flooding zones, reading dogs, running double Z-outs and—well, we all know how the pros explain everything. It must be that the college players really do sniff those mums and listen to those yells and believe that jerseys are sometimes retired because they will go crazy on you. Full whacko, as they say in TV. Freak—as they say—o-rama. A slow guy will outrun a fast guy, a little guy will block a big one, a player who can't keep his socks taped up will sidestep one who can. And now and then a freaky sophomore like last year's Gary Beban of UCLA (see cover) will come along and put his team in the Rose Bowl the way fictional quarterbacks do.

This is how it always has been with the college game, and this is how it will be again in 1966. To be sure, most of the teams that succeed will have their opponents outmaterialled, outcoached and outdormioned, like No. 1 Alabama. But some will win simply because they want to, regardless of who gets juked, and because they are simply miraculous.

Right now, in fact, as nearly 30 million ticket-buying college enthusiasts prepare for the annual ritual of either lining their coaches or giving them new automobiles, there are collegians who have no idea they are going to be winners. Perhaps there is another Red Grange at Illinois, or a Frankie Albert at Stanford, or a Fran Tarkenton at Georgia, or a George Welsh on a Team Called Desire at Navy, or another Doak Walker at SMU. If so, they probably

won't even know who they are or what they are until a few desperate Saturdays have passed and, very much like Doak Walker (the last three-year-consensus All-America), they will have been seized by that mysterious, indefinable feeling that compels certain athletes to do the right thing at the right time—and win.

Miracle teams have been spiraling up in college football for as long as forecasters have been trying to ferret them out in September—which is about 40 years. Last year there were three—Michigan State, believing Coach Duffy Daugherty when he said, "It's had luck to be behind at the end of the game"; UCLA, believing mostly in Gary Beban; and Tennessee, believing in whatever it is that Alabama's Bear Bryant means when he says of the Vols, "They scare me, because their players are the kind who care about winning."

They have joined the elite, just as Notre Dame did in 1964 under Ara Parseghian after several years of being out to lunch with Joe Kuharich; just as Nebraska did with Bob Devaney in 1963; as USC did with John McKay in 1962. Now these six teams take their places with those old standbys of the 1960s—Alabama, of course, and the teams that push Bryant to national championships: Texas, Arkansas and LSU. All 10 of these teams will be tough again this season, which is about as surprising as saying Knute Rockne was an O.K. coach.

If it seems to the casual follower of college football that the same teams dominate play year after year, that it is a rare sight to find a Purdue or a Baylor or a Tulane mucking up the national scene, there is a lot of proof that he is right. While 116 teams are currently

rated as major by the NCAA, and while only a few more than that used to play first-class schedules, an upper-crust society of approximately 25 teams does exist. What it constitutes is in actuality a sort of collegiate NFL.

Like most societies, except perhaps one in which everybody's great-grandfather was a whaling skipper, it can be crashed. And from time to time it will show gradual change, but, as the chart on pages 50 and 51 suggests, the struggle for national honors annually involves a list of teams not much longer than Pudge Heffelfinger's name. There are six teams from the Big Ten, five from the Southeastern Conference, counting recently eloped Georgia Tech, three from the Southwest, four from the West Coast, four from eastern colleges, two from the Big Eight and, naturally, Notre Dame. In any given year you could select a like number of teams from the same areas, if not the identical ones on the chart, and the eventual national champion would be among them. If not, it would have to be the year for Drexel Institute.

This season will be Alabama's again. Already the Crimson Tide has won three national titles in this decade—the AP and UPI awards in 1961, the same ones again in 1964 before losing to Texas in the Orange Bowl, and the AP and Football Writers last season, a minor miracle in itself, since the Tide, in the Orange Bowl again, came back from a loss and a tie and beat Nebraska, the only other team with a chance for the title. Now Alabama could become the third school to win three championships in a row (Minnesota did it in 1934, 1935 and 1936, Army did it in 1944, 1945 and 1946). And Alabama also has another chance to become

the second school to win four in a single decade, as Notre Dame did under Frank Leahy in 1943, 1946, 1947 and 1949.

As early as last June, Bear Bryant said, "Heck, I get fired up just thinking about it." He should. Despite Bryant's usual habit of moaning (not that that makes him different from any other coach) and trying to elicit sympathy with such remarks as, "Our skinny little old kids are just bound to make four or five mistakes every game, the kind that worry you to death," the Crimson is a flood tide.

The ends, tackles, guards and running backs are as good as ever, and there are more of them. If a couple of them, End Ray Perkins and Tackle Cecil Dowdy, can just manage to suit up every week they may lope into Alabama's own Hall of Fame.

In college football smart money insists that one go first with those teams that have good coaches and good quarterbacks, and thus sounds an awful lot like most of the teams in the Eleven Best. For example, there are Tommy Prothro and Gary Behan at UCLA, Frank Broyles and Jon Brittenham at Arkansas, Bob Devaney and Bob Church at Nebraska, Bobby Dodd and Kim King at Georgia Tech, Darrell Royal and Bill Bradley at Texas and Doug Dickey and Dewey Warren at Tennessee. But if there is ever a time to go against the book, it is where Bryant and Alabama are concerned.

The player who must produce is named Ken (Snake) Stabler. Bear is sick—just plain sick—with the fear that Stabler won't be a good enough quarterback, so he has moved senior Halfback Wayne Trimble, a noted high school signal-caller, into the position as well. But he isn't sure Trimble can do it, either. One of them will, most likely Stabler. In any event, it won't be the kind of Alabama team Tuscaloosa and Birmingham have been seeing since 1962, when first Joe Namath and then Steve Sloan started throwing footballs as if Bear had took really sick. It will be more of an old-fashioned Bryant team, with its guts in the defense and its heart in the running game. Stabler and Trimble can each blaze the Tide out of the huddle, and they will handle the sprint-outs to perfection. And if they can only two-hand-push the ball into the air, Ray Perkins will beat everyone out. Quickness, blocking, tackling and pride are Bryant's true

11 BEST 11s

ALABAMA 10-0
ARKANSAS 9-1
NEBRASKA 9-1
NOTRE DAME 9-1
UCLA 9-1
MICHIGAN STATE 8-2
TENNESSEE 8-2
OHIO STATE 7-2
GEORGIA TECH 8-2
TEXAS 8-2
COLORADO 8-2

PLUS 9

PURDUE 8-2
BAYLOR 8-2
USC 8-2
TCU 7-3
LSU 7-3
MICHIGAN 7-3
OREGON STATE 7-3
GEORGIA 7-3
SYRACUSE 7-3

But the point is that Bear has gone undefeated before with weaker teams on tougher schedules.

Curiously, on Oct. 15, the date that Alabama meets Tennessee, the championships of the three strongest conferences could be decided. That is also the Saturday on which Michigan State plays Ohio State in Columbus and Arkansas faces Texas in Austin. Thus the Big Ten, Southeastern and Southwest titles may all be in the balance that afternoon—not to mention the national championship. The schedule quirk is the sort that drives television executives nutty—and it did.

It is something of a miracle in itself that this year, for the first time, television gave deeper thought and energy than ever before to the games it will show. The result is that ABC-TV, which takes on the college package this season, has managed to work out what should be a lively and pertinent 14 days of action, giving hope to the long-suffering multitudes who have been conditioned to watching Brigham Young vs. Wyoming when the world knows that at that very moment Notre Dame is playing USC for the whole store.

A rash of upsets could spoil things worse than a loose vertical knob. And last year's trend toward higher scores (Alabama 39, Nebraska 28; West Virginia 63, Pitt 48) indicates that continued platooning and passing attacks will create more of them. But it is a credit to Roone Arledge, the vice-president and executive producer of ABC Sports (SI, April 25), that, going in, television football fans seem to be in for their best season ever. Consider: the strictly nationwide TV games, which began last week with Syracuse-Baylor, are Texas-USC, Purdue-Notre Dame, Missouri-UCLA, Tennessee-Georgia Tech, Nebraska-Oklahoma, Army-Navy and Auburn-Alabama. On three of the five regional dates, when four games are televised at once to different parts of the country, the most significant ones are practically national. For instance, if you live in New York, Los Angeles or Kansas City you will see Arkansas-Texas, which is an Emmy performance every year, as well as Purdue-Michigan State and Nebraska-Missouri. Finally, on Nov. 19, Arledge has devised an important doubleheader. You'll turn on the set and get Notre Dame-Michigan State, followed by UCLA-USC, or, in the South, Tennessee-Kentucky followed by

secrets, and Alabama has seldom had more of all this going for it than it has in 1966.

An added advantage in what could be both Bryant's and Alabama's epic season is the schedule. You just know that rascal had this plotted years ahead. Alabama conveniently opens with dreaded Louisiana Tech and, next to last, before Auburn, the Tide draws awe-inspiring Southern Mississippi. Things aren't all that cheerful, however. In between Alabama must go to Jackson to play Ole Miss, and to Knoxville to meet suddenly powerful Tennessee, which it tied last year. And LSU will be around,

continued

California-Stanford. That means a lot of flip-top cans and plenty of salami sandwiches.

A lot of seasons acquire instant labels because of the quality of performers at certain positions. For example, both 1962 and 1963 were generally regarded as The Year of the Quarterbacks, be-

cause the pro scouts were all enthralled by the likes of Joe Namath, Roger Staubach, Pete Beathard, Tom Myers, Don Trull and George Mira. And then came 1964 and 1965, each The Year of the Running Backs, with Donny Anderson, Mike Garrett, Johnny Roland, Gayle Sayers, Jim Grabowski and Tucker

Frederickson. Now 1966 looks like The Year of Both.

Professional salaries for rookies have gone back to reality since the NFL-AFL peace, and undoubtedly the armistice cost four senior quarterbacks more money than they prefer to think about. Florida's Steve Spurrier, Purdue's Bob

THE ALLTIME TOP 25 TEAMS

From the year of Notre Dame's famed Four Horsemen, 1924, until the present day—through the 42 seasons, in fact, that constitute college football's modern era—the same comparatively few teams have stayed close to the top. The best are ranked below, along with their outstanding coaches and players, according to the

number of times they have been selected in the final top 10. The teams listed as national champions have been so designated by no fewer than nine major selectors. Where it is stated the teams are rated in order of the number of national titles they have won or according to their average finish within each final top 10.

RANK	TEAM	TIMES IN FINAL 10	NATIONAL CHAMPIONS	LEADING COACHES	NOTABLE PLAYERS
1	NOTRE DAME	29	1924, 1929 1936, 1938 1943, 1946 1947, 1948 1950, 1954	KNUTE ROCKNE FRANK LEAHY ARA PARSEGHIAN	FRANK CARIDE, HB, 1930 JOHNNY LUIACK, QB, 1947 LEON HART, E, 1949
2	MICHIGAN	22	1932, 1933 1948	FIELDING YOST HARRY KIPKE FRITZ CRISLER	BENNIE COSTERBAAN, E, 1927 HARRY NEWMAN, QB, 1932 TOM HARMON, HB, 1948
3	ALABAMA	20	1925, 1926 1961, 1964 1965	WALLACE WADE FRANK THOMAS BEAR BRYANT	JOHNNY MACK BROWN, HB, 1925 DON HUTSON, E, 1934 JOE NAMATH, QB, 1964
4	USC	18	1928, 1931 1932, 1939 1952	HOWARD JONES JESS HILL JOHN MCKAY	MORLEY GRURY, HB, 1927 JON ARNETT, HB, 1955 MIKE GARRETT, HB, 1965
5	OHIO STATE	16	1942, 1954 1957, 1961	FRANCIS SCHMIDT PAUL BROWN WOODY HAYES	WES FESLER, E, 1930 LES HORVATH, HB, 1944 HOWARD CASSADY, HB, 1955
6	TEXAS	16	1963	DANA X. BIBLE BLAIR CHERRY DARRELL ROYAL	JACK CRAIN, HB, 1941 BOBBY LAYNE, QB, 1947 TOMMY NOOKS, LB, 1965
7	TENNESSEE	15	1938, 1951	BOB NEYLAND JOHN BARNHILL	BEATTIE FEATHERS, HB, 1933 BOB SIVARDIGE, G, 1949 MARK LAURICELLA, HB, 1951
8	MINNESOTA	14	1934, 1935 1936, 1940 1941, 1960	BERNIE BIERMAN MURRAY WARMATH	PUC LUND, HB, 1934 BRUCE SMITH, HB, 1941 PAUL GIEL, HB, 1953
9	OKLAHOMA	14	1950, 1955 1956	TOM STIGHAM BUO WILKINSON	BILLY VESSELS, HB, 1952 JIMMY TERRELL, QB, 1956 TOMMY McDONALD, HB, 1956
10	ARMY	14	1944, 1945 1946	BIFF JONES GAR DAVIDSON RED BLAIR	CHRIS CAGLE, HB, 1929 GLENN DAVIS, HB, 1946 DOC BLANCHARD, FB, 1946
11	PITTSBURGH	12	1936, 1937	JOCK SUTHERLAND JOHN MICHELOSEN	GIBBY WELCH, QB, 1927 MARSHALL GOLDBERG, HB, 1938 MIKE BITKA, E, 1960
12	LSU	12	1958	BERNIE MOORE PAUL CHETZEL CHARLES MCLENDON	GAYNELL TINSLEY, E, 1936 STEVE VAN BUREN, FB, 1946 BILLY CANNON, HB, 1959

Griese, Baylor's Terry Southall and Arkansas' Jon Brittenum are all on the highly preferred list, with Spurrier, a rangy thrower-runner, at the top. Spurrier is good, though not as almighty as Florida's sportswriters, who have already forgotten George Mira, would have you believe. Before the merger they predicted

a million-dollar contract for him. If Spurrier bargains hard, he may get \$30,000.

There are splendid runners everywhere, from Syracuse's Floyd Little, who is short and nifty, to Idaho's Ray McDonald, who is big and terrifying. In between come Georgia Tech's Lenny Snow, Arkansas' Harry Jones, Notre

Dame's Nick Eddy, UCLA's Mel Farr, Michigan State's Clinton Jones and Nebraska's Harry Wilson.

Of all these glittering miracle-workers, none is likely to provide quite so many thrills as UCLA's Gary Betan, a junior who has grown one inch to 6 feet 1 and gained 12 pounds to 193 since he

continued

RANK	TEAM	TIMES IN FINAL 10	NATIONAL CHAMPIONS	LEADING COACHES	NOTABLE PLAYERS
13	STANFORD	11	1926, 1940	POP WARNER TINY THORNHILL CLARK SNAUGHNESSEY	ERNE NEVERS, NB, 1925 BOBBY GRAYSON, FB, 1935 FRANKIE ALBERT, QB, 1940
14	NEBRASKA	11	NONE	DANA X. BIBLE BIF JONES BOB DEVANEY	ED WEIR T, 1925 LLOYD CARDWELL, NB, 1935 DENNIS CLARIDGE, QB, 1963
15	MICHIGAN STATE	10	1951, 1952 1953	BIGGIE MUNN DUFFY DAUGHERTY	LYNN CHANDNOIS, NB, 1949 DON COLEMAN, T, 1951 STEVE JUDAY, QB, 1965
16	NAVY	10	1926	BILL INGRAM EDDIE ERDLATZ WAYNE NARDIN	BUZZ BORRIS, FB, 1934 JOE BELLINO, HB, 1960 ROGER STAUBACH, QB, 1963
17	TCU	10	1938	FRANCIS SCHMIDT DUTCH MEYER ABE MARTIN	SAM BAUGH, QB, 1936 DAVE O'BRIEN, QB, 1938 JIM SWINK, NB, 1956
18	ILLINOIS	10	1927	BOB ZUPPKE RAY ELIOT	RED GRANGE, NB, 1925 ALEX AGASE, G, 1946 DICK BUTKUS, LB, 1964
19	WISCONSIN	10	1942	HARRY STUNDRENER Irv WILLIAMSON MILT BRUHN	DAVE SCHREINER, E, 1942 ALAN AMECHE, FB, 1954 RON VANDERKELLEN, QB, 1962
20	GEORGIA TECH	9	1928, 1952	BILL ALEXANDER BOBBY DODD	PETER PUND, C, 1928 GEORGE MORRIS, C, 1952 PAUL ROTENBERRY, HB, 1956
21	CALIFORNIA	9	1937	ANDY SMITH STUB ALLISON PAPPY WALDORF	VIC BOTTARI, NB, 1938 JACKIE JENSEN, FB, 1948 LES RICHTER, LB, 1951
22	MISSISSIPPI	9	1960	HARRY MEHRE JONNNY VAUGHT	CHARLEY CONERLY, QB, 1947 JAKE GIBBS, QB, 1960 JIM DUNAWAY, T, 1962
23	PENNSYLVANIA	9	NONE	LOUIS YOUNG GEORGE MUNGER	PAUL SKULL, NB, 1928 FRANK REACAN, NB, 1940 CRUCK BEDNARIK, C, 1948
24	UCLA	8	1954	BABE SPAULDING RED SANDERS	KENNY WASHINGTON, HB, 1939 DORN MOOREMAN, LB, 1952 PAUL CAMERON, TB, 1953
25	ARKANSAS	7	1964	FRED THOMSEN JOHN BARNHILL FRANK BROYLES	CLYDE SCOTT, HB, 1948 LANCE ALWORTH, NB, 1963 BOBBY CROCKETT, E, 1965

Other schools less consistent than those listed above but which nevertheless have been awarded individual national championships are Dartmouth, 1925; Yale, 1927; SMU, 1935; Texas A&M, 1939; Maryland, 1953; Auburn, 1957; Iowa, 1958; Syracuse, 1959; Washington, 1960.

destroyed Michigan State 14-12 in the Rose Bowl. Before Coach Tommy Prothro had discovered Behan, which was shortly after Prothro left Oregon State and memories of Terry Baker, the joke on the West Coast was, "Prothro didn't come to UCLA to lose, but he'll learn." The Bruins had been down in the years since Red Sanders' death.

A few short weeks into the season,

Angels Coliseum accused Sheilah Graham of making it all up.

"Gary is 100", coachable," says Prothro, who became Coach of the Year on Behan's quarterbacking. "You tell him something once and he goes to work on it until he thinks he's achieved perfection. He throws the hump as well as anyone I've seen. But he's best in a tight situation. He rises to the big effort. I

when his own transistor radio picked it up. Prothro, who among other things is about the only coach who doesn't play golf (football is his hobby), shrugs off the ugly rumor as a man would who knows it is untrue. "Anyone," says he, "can look at our helmets anytime they want to."

In or out of headgear, Gary Behan is determined to prove last season wasn't merely a happy accident. From Redwood, Calif., of part Italian and part Yugoslavian descent, Behan is handsome in a short-cropped-brown-hair, oval-face, mellow-tan, deep-set eyes kind of way. His most impressive feature is his hands. Big. Great big. "I can palm a basketball," he says.

He was working out twice a day long before Sept. 1. "Playing quarterback is not natural," he says. "Throwing is, but that position behind the center, taking the ball, your footwork, your hand-offs, your fakes—that's all sweat." He believes in himself, but he also believes in Prothro, and both of them believe in another season of success. "Confidence and assurance are what Coach Prothro develops. We believe we can do exactly what he says," Behan says. "He inspires total confidence, and we know we'll never go into a game that we're not prepared for physically and mechanically."

While it may not be such a miracle this year if Behan and UCLA win again, a notable one is already assured in the coaching ranks. Not the obvious one, that old powerhouses like Oklahoma, Army, Pitt, Iowa, Penn State, Duke and Iowa will have new men, but the fact that Jess Neely, after completing his 40th—*fortieth*—season as head coach at Southwestern of Memphis, Clemson and Rice, will finally retire. Life won't be the same for those accustomed to hearing the genteel Southerner explain every game in an identical manner, whether Rice had just narrowly beaten No. 1 Texas A&M, as it did in 1957, or had narrowly lost to No. 1 Texas, as in 1963.

Jess would always say, "Well, gentlemen, it's simply gratifying to me to think that our crowd could put forth such an unselfish effort as they did out there today."

And that's it, isn't it, Jess? That's really what it's all about.

REPORTS ON 252 MAJOR AND SMALL COLLEGE TEAMS BEGIN ON NEXT PAGE



Surprise successes of 1965, UCLA's Prothro and Behan, plot campaign ahead.

however, Prothro, a big, unsmiling man who is heir to a real-estate fortune in Memphis and who comes straight to the point or doesn't say anything, was having to learn how to live with a precious commodity—Behan. And West Coast fans were already thinking that if UCLA could make the Rose Bowl it would be the grandest success story since Stanford in 1940. Behan's miraculous—there is no other word—passing got his team there in the final game against heavily favored USC. He pitched two touchdown strikes to win 20-16 in the final four minutes while the Trojans' John McKay and Heisman Trophy Winner Mike Garrett and 94,000 fans in the Los

Angeles Coliseum accused Sheilah Graham of making it all up. I mean the big great effort."

Then Prothro adds, "But no amount of coaching could have made Behan the kind of quarterback he was last year."

One kind of quarterback people whispered Behan was last year was one with a transistorized receiver built into his gold headgear so that UCLA coaches could instruct him to "hit the tight end" or "keep and run wide" when he was in the midst of a play. This, of course, is about as illegal as narcotics. The story circulated around the country after the UCLA-Penn State game. It apparently started with a fan who told someone he had heard it happening accidentally



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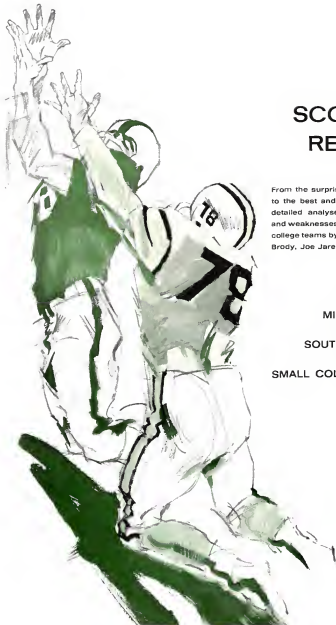
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SCOUTING REPORTS

From the surprise teams of the past to the best and rest of the present, detailed analyses of the strengths and weaknesses of major and small-college teams by Mervin Hyman, Tom Brody, Joe Jares and Gary Ronberg

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BAD AT EVERYTHING BUT WINNING

The Miracle

Maybe they did not even belong there, huddled on Auburn's 20-yard line in their silver helmets, red shirts and dirty britches. They were drawing plays in the grass and trying to figure out a way to win a Southeastern Conference championship they had never expected to compete for. Except for Theron Sapp, Riley Ginnels, Nat Dye and most of the other good players who had graduated, this was the same Georgia football team that the year before had won only two SEC games and had finished 10th in the conference. It was a team that should have been, at best, merely tolerated by the seat-holders, the people who remembered Frankie Sinkwich and Charlie Trippi and the bowl years of a decade before.

But right there in Sanford Stadium, before

54,000 persons, few of whom thought the 1959 Bulldogs had a chance, coach little Georgia called time-out for one last try. Auburn was leading 13-7, and it was fourth and 13 to the goal. "They were so big and tough," said Quarterback Fran Tarkenton (above), "I knew we had to show them something they had never seen before. So I drew it right there in the huddle, running my finger over the grass. I told our tight end, Bill Herron, to hold his block for four counts, fake right, and then run as fast as he could for the left corner of the end zone. I sent Bill Soberdash and Fred Brown on hook patterns over the middle."

The Bulldogs broke from the huddle and lined up on the ball. Tarkenton took the snap, rolled to his right and stopped, keeping his eyes riveted on Soberdash and Brown all the time. Then—at the last moment—he wheeled and arched a pass high and far into

the left corner of the end zone, where Herron was racing ahead of the frantic defender who had overcommitted the other way. The ball settled easily into Herron's hands to tie the game. Downward Pennington calmly kicked the point that won the championship, but afterward the specialist had a confession to make. "Really, I couldn't have been any calmer or more confident," he said. "In all the excitement and confusion and yelling that followed that pass, I thought it was the touchdown that had won the game and my extra point was just a formality." Auburn, the unbeaten national champion in 1957 and unbeaten in 1958, was defeated, in a steamy locker room following the game, Coach Wally Butts exulted as his players shouted and laughed. "This to me," he said, "has given me more thrills than I've had in a lifetime of coaching."

But how? It was not a team with the flash,

the flair or even the color of Butts's eleven that swept through the '40s. It most certainly did not have a Sinkwich or a Trippi. He had so few good players, Butts once said, that he could put all of them in one car and drive to the next game.

It was the quality of the few that made this a special Georgia team. There were Fran Tarkenton, the son of a Methodist minister, who wound up leading the Southeast in passing; Charlie Britt, a flamboyant defender who ran back an interception 160 yards to score against Florida; Fred Brown, a halfback with knees so fragile he needed a resident orthopedic surgeon to keep him at half speed; and rookie Fullback Bill Godfrey, who was, according to Butts, "absolutely the slowest runner I've ever seen, but somehow he got the yard when we needed it most." And there was Bobby Walden, who got so much practice punting Georgia out of trouble the year before he became the best kicker in the country. Upfront were fellows like Larry Lancaster, Jimmy Vickers and Herron, who were really no great shakes at anything but winning.

This was a team that got so fired up by an old line coach who was seen to die that they raced out and beat Alabama in the opening game. The coach, Ears Whitworth, died when they gave him the game ball. Next came a 21-6 victory over Vanderbilt, but only after a 30-14 loss to South Carolina did the Bulldogs really begin to jell. Hardin-Summons, Mississippi State, Kentucky, Florida State and Florida fell, making a win over Auburn imperative for Georgia's first SEC championship in 11 years.

Georgia's 21-14 victory over Georgia Tech the following week brought with it an invitation to meet Missouri in the Orange Bowl. The Bulldogs won 14-0, and Missouri quarterback Bob Haas stripped off a dirty, grass-stained shirt and said, "You just can't relax against these guys. They come running down that field looking for somebody to knock down, and if you're there, they're going to get you."

Georgia is the same kind of team this year. Unfortunately, so is Alabama and so is Tennessee, only more so. This is the year Georgia could use a Sinkwich or a Trippi or a Tarkenton.

The Best

Bear Bryant always gets up early, but one day last January, with important work to do, he rose at 3 a.m., dressed, heated a quick cup of coffee and hurried over to ALABAMA's athletic dormitory, where he tacked this note on the dining room door:

"Just notified. Congrats national champions. Paul Bryant."

P.S. Let's start working today to make it three in a row."

Bryant was worried. Last year's football team was supposed to be good, but not that good. The 1966 squad was being praised as his next champion—and now it looked jinxed.

The fact that Bryant's biggest headache this past spring was trying to figure out who to red-shirt (his freshmen were, as usual, eager, tough and motivated) did not allay his fears. Steve Sloan, Paul Crane and Steve Bowman were gone. Alabama had only to meet Louisiana Tech (not State) in its home opener. Paul Bryant's problems were small enough to make every other coach in the country shudder—with envy.

Among the Tide's 34 returning lettermen are Ray Perkins, the All-America end who caught all kinds of passes last year with the bodies of defenders draped over him like sideline parkas, and Les Kelley, the solid 215-pound power runner who may well pick up where Bowman, the SEC's leading ground gainer, left off. And there is Tackle Cecil Dowdy who, at 205, does not look all that much until you see him hit ("The best I've ever had," says Bear) and Bobby Johns, a defensive halfback who intercepted six passes as a sophomore.

Bama gave up only 7.9 points per game in the regular season, but the defense is experienced now. Ends Frank Whaley and Sophomore Mike Ford are quick, agile defenders. Tackles Johnny Sullivan and Richie Cole are two-year regulars, and Mike Reilly, a sophomore middle guard, "could be our best all-round lineman," says Bryant. Wayne Owen, Stan Moss and John Reitz can be expected to back up the line with smart, hard muscle, though Bob Childs, another sophomore, had such a fine spring game he just might squeeze in somewhere. Johns will play alongside David Chatwood, last year's roverback, and John Morley, another regular who was under a push from Dickie Thompson for the safety position in the spring. "And we have a whole bunch of others we think have possibilities one way or the other," says Bryant, which means the Tide will be harder than ever to score on this fall.

But what typifies the Alabama defense is the same ingredient that makes its offense go: speed, and lots of it. Kenny Stabler and Wayne Trimble will sprint out as much and as fast as any quarterback in the country, though they will certainly not throw as much. Bryant has been building a ball-control attack ever since he finally got rid of those two young radicals, Nathani and Sloan, and he is not about to let anyone start experimenting—regardless of how good the receivers are.

And they are good. Perkins caught 19 passes for 279 yards last year (10 in the Orange Bowl game alone), and Wayne Cook grabbed 9 for 144 more. Dennis Horman, the fastest man on the Alabama team, could be

in for his biggest year if the defense learns too much toward Perkins. Of the 10 passes Horman caught last year, four went for touchdowns.

Kelley will open at left half and stay there if his services are not required at full, where Bryant will lead with Gene Raburn, with Hal Moore or Hunter Hubbard in reserve. Terry Kalgore will start at center with John Culbert and Bruce Stephens, two hard-hitting lettermen, at the guards. Cowdy is the strongside tackle, playing opposite 195-pound Jerry Duncan. Bryant's kicking game is certainly solid enough to keep the opposition jammed well inside its 40 for the better part of the afternoon. Steve Davis punted for a 41.7 average last year, good for second in the SEC. And any way you look at it Alabama plays only three good teams on its 10-game schedule, which makes the outlook bad for those three teams.

They are LSU, Tennessee and Mississippi who, along with GEORGIA, will fight it out for the SEC's runner-up spot unless Alabama gets careless. The best thing Coach Vince Dooley has going for him at Athens, outside of two powerful fullbacks and a 9.5 sprinter, is the fact that his Georgia team does not play LSU, Tennessee or Alabama. And the Bulldogs are mad. Last year, before Georgia Tech and Georgia ended the season against each other, Tech landed a Gator Bowl bid, then Georgia won the game 17-7. The Bulldogs have now raised their sights to the Orange or Sugar bowl, and if they make either, the least surprised man in the SEC will be Florida's Ray Graves. "Dooley has done the best recruiting job of any SEC school over the past two years," says Graves. "With the possible exception of Alabama, Georgia has the most good football players, and it has a proven coaching staff."

In his first two years at Georgia, Vince Dooley worried about his team's lack of size. This fall the Bulldogs are bigger, much bigger, and since even proven coaches worry a lot, Dooley says: "We could be too big." Tackles Chuck Aikwright and Ken Pillsbury go 245 and 230, and Guards Edward Chandler and Don Hayes are each 220. Frank Richter, 218, regarded by many as the best split end in the SEC, will have to be as good as his notices. If he is not, a gifted sophomore named Billy Payne will upstage him. The fullbacks are 225-pound Ronnie Jenkins, "a real diamond in the rough," says Dooley, and Brad Johnson, 200 pounds, who has to be good to be pushing Jenkins. The sprinter is Kent Lawrence, who could make tailback awfully exciting at Georgia. "He's little [170 pounds], tough, takes care of himself, and he doesn't get hurt," says Dooley, who only asks Lawrence to run.

Even with all this talent, the Bulldogs will miss Quarterback Preston Riddleberger. His job is falling to Kirby Moore, an

enr/stand

accomplished but fragile passer. Defensively, Georgia will be innocuous as ever with George Patton, the 230-pound All-America candidate, anchoring things at tackle and some hard-won savvy expected to pay off in better linebacking.

A team that always seems capable of giving Alabama a tussle (before it plays its worst game of the year against Alabama) is LSU, where the Tigers get hyped half a dozen times each fall by 68,000 chanting, screaming Baton Rouge loyalists in Tiger Stadium. LSU lost only once at home last year—to Alabama, of course—finished up 7-3 and went to the Cotton Bowl to upset Arkansas. With nine of 11 gone from the offense and seven missing from the defense, Charlie McClendon says he's rebuilding.

The people of Baton Rouge are particularly hopeful, however, because Nelson Stokley is well again—though he never looks it. Slump-shouldered and shy with gaunt, drawn cheeks, Stokley probably wouldn't get chosen for a game of touch on a fraternity lawn. But as McClendon emphasizes, "People just miss him when he has the ball—and the club jumps when he's in there." When Stokley hurt his knee early in the Ole Miss game last year, the Tigers missed him so much they were shut out by the Rebels and scored only once against Alabama the following week. Though he didn't play in LSU's remaining four games, Stokley was still voted the SEC's Sophomore of the Year.

Nelson will have the usual help, of course. Billy Masters, 6 feet 5, 225 pounds, will play strongback (McClendon's wingback-end combination) and he can run, catch and block. Sammy Geraffi, a 9.5 sprinter, may move from the secondary to split end, replacing Doug Moreau. Jimmy Doumaz steps in at tailback for little Joe Labruzzo and Gwain Dibetta will play full. Up front there's work to be done, and the hardest falls to Terry Eithay, who takes over for All-SEC Dave McCormick at tackle. Defensively, Ends Mike Robchaux and John Garlington intimidate runners and passers as if they were the best pair in the South, which they may well be. Tough John Demaree, 230 pounds, has switched from middle guard to tackle. The linebacking is sure and smart, the defensive backs 9.9ish.

AT TENNESSEE, Doug Dickey has a lot going for him, and he'll need it to improve on that surprising 8-1-2 record of last year, which included a Bluebonnet Bowl win over Tulsa. The Vols open against Auburn in Birmingham, then meet Rice, Georgia Tech and Alabama on succeeding Saturdays. "I guess we'll just have to get ready quick," says Dickey, running a hand over his flat top.

One position he can forget about is quarterback. Tennessee has a superlative 1-2 punch in Dewey Warren and Charlie Fulton, who completed 73 of 138 passes for 1,013 yards between them last year. This

fall the hottest will play the most—and that could be lots of fun with Austin Denney, Johnny Mills and Richmond Flowers running out for passes. Tight End Denney caught 14 for 206 yards when he wasn't wiping out tackles and linebackers, and Split End Mills led the Vols with 23 catches for 328 yards. Everybody is waiting to see what Flowers can do—indications are it's a lot—and he'll get his chance at wingback.

But pity the poor team that ignores Tennessee's runners. Tailback Walt Chodwick led the Volunteers in rushing with 470 yards, and during spring practice he was under a heavy push from sophomores Rich Callaway and Bill Baker. Another newcomer, 201-pound Richard Pickens, has shown more than enough to take over for Stan Mitchell at fullback. Center Bob Johnson leads an offensive line that can move, even though it averages 211 pounds a man.

As soon as Linebacker Frank Emanuel graduated, Dickey started worrying about his defense. Things grew worse when Tom Fisher, a linebacker drafted as a high flier by the pros, was killed in an auto accident. So Paul Nasmoff, Tennessee's best player, has switched from end to help back up the line, where he will play alongside Doug Archibald. This leaves Tennessee green at the ends, but there is compensating speed in the secondary and a kicker, Ron Witby, who averaged 42.8.

MISSISSIPPI plays more conference teams than any other member—seven, including Alabama, LSU, Tennessee and Georgia—which is a change from recent schedules. In addition, Johnny Vaughn is without All-America Guard Stan Hindman, and Tailback Mike Dennis and Cornerback Bill Clay, both All-SEC. But everything considered, Vaughn is more optimistic than one would expect. "We made a million mistakes in our early games last fall," he says, "but the sophs came around and we finished with a real good football team." Those sophomores Vaughn likes are the 24 he carried on the traveling team, 23 of whom are now among his 34 returning lettermen.

Most of the experience is on defense, where seven letter winners return up front, six of them starters. Tackles Jim Urbanek and Dan Sartin, 240 pounds apiece, can hit and run as can middle guard Jimmy Keyes, who also kicks six field goals, 19 of 20 conversions. Linebacker Lee Garner does so much that Vaughn contends he's the best in the SEC. To Bruce Dillingham goes the task of filling Clay's lowouts at cornerback.

Defensively, Mike Murre moves from weakside guard to replace Hindman, and junior lettermen Bobby Hendrix and Alan Bush, both 230 pounds, have inherited the tackles. Replacing Dennis will not be easy, but three candidates are Bobby Wade and Don Street, powerful when in shape, and sophomore Steve Hindman, Stan's brother.

Quarterbacks Jody Graves and Bruce Newell are not in the Gibbs-Duff-Griffing mold, but they will be adequate.

Bobby Dodd says last year's Yellow Jacket backfield was "the most exciting and fun to watch" that he's had in 21 years at GEDRGIA TECH—and that includes a raft of backfields. Quarterback Kim King, Halfbacks Lenny Snow and Craig Boynton and Fullback Tommy Carlisle frisked the opposition for 2,848 yards and 222 points, and for the 52,000 who jam Grant Field for Tech home games that was fun to watch. Not so much fun, however, were the 3,341 yards the opposition drained in return payment from a woolly Jacket defense, which prompted changes in everything from coaches to players last spring. Four new coaches showed up on the practice field, and nothing like that has happened at Tech in years. The results remain to be seen, but Dodd—of all coaches—promises, "We'll be a lot tougher." Bud Carson, brought down from North Carolina to stop the parade into Tech's end zone, says: "I think you'll see more long gains made on Tech this year [wait a minute, Bud], but I think you'll see more opposing runners thrown for big losses [that's better]."

The reason is a defense they call "Tech Wrecker," which closely resembles Michigan State's rover. But to help launch it some good offensive players like Giles Smith, Bill Myddelton and Carlisle will be wrecking instead of wrecking this fall.

With an attack built around King (112 completions for 11 touchdowns last year), Snow (597 yards rushing and five touchdowns) and Baynham (30 catches for 368 yards and 7 touchdowns), Tech will not miss the converted attackers. And, as usual, the Yellow Jackets have those hole cards (seven home games) guaranteeing them a record no worse than 6-4 and possibly as good as 8-2.

Though he's still looking for a quarterback like Thomas Ray, CLEMSON's Frank Howard appears to have everything he needs to win the Atlantic Coast Conference championship. Among 30 returning lettermen are the Tigers' top four receivers and a big, experienced offensive line. Tackles Dave Burton and Wayne Missig go 240 pounds apiece, and Guards Harry Oszewski and Mike Masciolo are 232 and 220. Graduation bit into the defense, but there is still a lot of size around with tackles like 243-pound Floyd Rogers and Wilson Childers, 237.

Either Jimmy Addison or Tommy English will step in for Ray (1,165 yards in total offense in 1965), and Buddy Gore, a 6-foot 180-pounder who can run faster than anyone has in 10 years at Clemson, will take over for Hugh Mauldin, the tailback who led the ACC in rushing. Howard has a non-conference schedule that indicates almost sure defeats at the hands of Georgia Tech, Alabama and USC, but the team that wins the ACC will still have to beat Clemson.

The Rest

Steve Spurrier is back at FLORIDA, where he ran and passed for 2,123 yards last year and came within 64 yards of Frankie Sinkwich's SEC record. Unfortunately, Spurrier and Larry Smith (see box page 60), the extraordinarily gifted sophomore runner, are about all that Florida can count on. Twenty-one lettermen, the majority of whom played three full seasons, have graduated and left Coach Ray Graves with what could well be his weakest team in six years at Gainesville. The schedule is less imposing than in former years but, in the face of the expected furious pass rushes, Spurrier will not have receivers in the class of Charles Casey either. Graves must refurbish the offensive line and defensive backfield and hope that Smith, who many believe may be the South's best back in years, will take some of the pressure off Spurrier. "But Steve," warns Graves, "is a great athlete who rises to the occasion and gets better under extreme pressure." At Florida the occasions should be many and the pressures adequately extreme. Expect the Gators to rise as high as one man can take them.

Even though Shug Jordan is 103-46-5 in 15 seasons, a wait-and-see attitude has prevailed at AUBURN ever since two assistant coaches quit in dissatisfaction following last year's 5-4-1 record and another was assigned to alumni administrative affairs. But the team that lost the SEC title to Alabama on the final day of the season is largely intact (27 lettermen return), especially in the offensive line, where Auburn figures to go 220 pounds per man. Tom Bryan is at fullback, where he led the team in rushing last year with 564 yards. The rest of the backs will be sophomores. Quarterback Larry Blakeney throws well enough for the Plainsmen to hunt at a pro-type offense, and Dwight Hurston could be a find at left half. Andy Gross, 230 pounds, is among the best guards in the SEC. Defense will make or break Auburn—and that's what Shug Jordan is worrying about most.

Offense is not the problem for KENTUCKY's Charlie Bradshaw. "It is better right now," he said last spring, "than it has been at any time during the four years I've been at Kentucky." That could be bad news for the SEC in general and LSU, Ole Miss, Georgia and Tennessee in particular. The Wildcats made so much progress in spring practice that Offensive Coach Buckshot Underwood promised, "We'll give the ball to the offense in good position a lot of times this fall." His reasons are men like Jim Swart and Ocup Van Meter at the ends, Tackles Paul Bernard and Basil Mullins and Middle Guard Rash Machel. The secondary, long a Kentucky trouble spot, jelled too. "Now, instead of dreading a pass on third

and eight, these boys look forward to it," says Bradshaw.

The Wildcat offense will miss Rick Norton, the All-America passer, at quarterback and Rodger Bird everywhere. But the talents of Quarterback Terry Beadles, who will roll out and throw, and Tailback Larry Selgle, Wingback Don Windsor and End Don Spuneh, who will run and catch, are not inconsiderable. Fullback Oomie Britton is the best blocker Kentucky has had in a long time. On paper, the Wildcats seem to have several—but not enough—line players, but on the field they may prove to be something more than paper Wildcats.

Don Sager, 6 feet 4, 220 pounds, caught 24 passes for 373 yards as a sophomore at MISSISSIPPI STATE last year, but Coach Paul Davis has made him a quarterback, and thus full Sager will be throwing, hopefully to catchers as able as he. The Bulldogs are still looking for someone to replace Fullback Hoyle Gearing, State's best plunger for three years, and the offensive line needs a helping hand or two. Marcus Rhoden returns at tailback, but the defense will leak. To make the outlook even bleaker, the Bulldogs are hopelessly outdistanced by a schedule that includes the best of the SEC.

VANDERBILT will be improved, but not enough to move up in the conference standings. Like Mississippi State, the Commodores simply play too many teams that are better than they. Gary Davis gives Vandy some class at quarterback, as does Jim Whiteside at fullback. But the offensive line, despite the presence of Scott Hall, is not consistently good. With the defense getting more than its share of action, Offensive Back Charlie Orr and Chip Healey, the monster, will find more opportunities to shine than even they can handle.

DUKE, North Carolina State and North Carolina will be on Clemson's heels from the start of the schedule, although the Blue Devils and Tar Heels, along with South Carolina, are ineligible for the Atlantic Coast title because they do not play enough league games. Scotty Glacken and Sonny Odum have graduated at Durham, so the Duke Blue Devils will bank on a stern defense. Thirty-four lettermen greeted new Coach Tom Harp when he came from Cornell this year, and among them were Bob Matheson, an All-ACC linebacker, and Middle Guard Bob Foyle. The rushers up front are strong and there's speed at the ends. The defensive secondary picked off 16 passes last year that were meant for somebody else. Fullback Jay Calabrese was All-ACC as a sophomore, and he'll head up a powerful running game. Todd Orvald takes over for Glacken at quarterback and Jack Devonshire steps in for Odum at halfback.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE would like to pick up where it left off in 1965. The Wolfpack will carry a five-game winning

streak (and 31 lettermen) into spanking-new 41,000-seat Carter Stadium and, as Coach Earle Edwards warns, "If we continue to eliminate mistakes at the rate we did last year, this fall could really get exciting." Size, speed and depth in the backfield help ease the loss of Shelby Mansfield, who came within 18 yards of Alex Webster's school record of 636 yards rushing. Bill Wyland leads the way at fullback, and Quarterback Charlie Noggle can move the club. Defensively, Tackle Dennis Byrd, 250, and End Pete Sokalsky rank high. However, the secondary could use some patchwork. How well Edwards gets it attended could determine how far the Wolfpack runs.

Quarterback Danny Talbott did a lot for NORTH CAROLINA last year and he is back again. Operating this year behind a bigger and better line, he may even improve on his record of 1,481 yards in total offense and 70 points (two short of Charlie Justice's all-time record). He also punted for a 38-yard average and for all this was voted the ACC Player of the Year. But, of all his skills, Talbott likes throwing best, and that means a big year for End Charlie Carr, who caught 14 for two scores last season even though he missed three games with a broken hand. Tom Ingle, 245, has come along fast at left tackle, as has Center Chip Bradley. They will be protecting Talbott and trying to clear the way for Running Backs David Riggs, Tom Lippman and Mark Mazza.

The defensive backfield ranks with the offensive line as the Tarhees' most improved department. Billy O'neill is a two-year starter, and Jack Davenport, a tough corner man, should be even better at safety. But Coach Jim Hickey worries most about his defensive line and the men who back it up. Outside of End Bo Wood and Tackle Hank Sadler, the defenders are no more than adequate. That is why so much depends upon Talbott.

SOUTH CAROLINA had to give up its only ACC title in history this July because some of the athletes who had helped earn it were discovered belatedly to have accepted more than mere honoraries for their efforts. New Coach Paul Dietzel is expecting neither a conference championship this fall nor an investigation next summer. Even though he has a lot of experienced Gamecocks—35—Dietzel had only nine days of spring practice to install his system after his abrupt departure from Army. Adding to his troubles is the fact that South Carolina must play LSU in Baton Rouge and Georgia in the first three weeks of the season and Tennessee and Alabama later on.

But Quarterback Mike Fair is good (1,127 yards in total offense in 1965), and so is Benny Galloway, an All-ACC defender who has shifted over to tailback. Ben Garito, who led the team in rushing with 437 yards, returns at wingback. J. R. Wilburn, finest

continued

receiver in the history of South Carolina, is gone, to Roy Don Reeves, formerly on defense, has moved into his spot. Gene Schwartz, a promising sophomore, could be a great defensive end. But aside from these four, too many of Dietzel's men are question marks. By late fall there may be times when he will long for the certainties of West Point.

After two straight American Football League titles as coach of the pro Buffalo Bills, Lou Saban moved to MARYLAND. With 33 lettermen back, he had visions of similar success right off in college ball, but his great expectations suffered a rude jolt when the best player he had, Fullback Bo Hickey, turned out to be one of his poorer students. Hickey will not play, and the ab-

sence of his fine running is going to place too much of a burden on those left—such as runners Whitey Marcumak, Billy Van Heusen and Ernie Toran.

To quarterback his pro-type attack, Saban has either Phil Petry or Alan Pastrana. He has fine receivers in Bobby Collins, Chip Myrtle and Dick Absher, and should the passing be good enough the football at Maryland will be exciting, if not very much improved over last year.

The rest of the ACC will look forward, as usual, to meeting VIRGINIA and Wake Forest. Bob Davis, after a year of carrying the ball at halfback, will be throwing it again as Virginia's quarterback where he starred for Coach George Blackburn as a sophomore. In his place the Cavaliers are

touting a speedy sophomore halfback, Frank Quayle, believed by some people around Charlottesville to be Virginia's best in years. But games are won and lost in the line and, aside from Olemiss End Ed Carrington and Defensive Tackle Don Parker, Virginia does not have a line. When the posting is over, the Cavaliers will be fortunate if they have improved on last year's 4-4 record.

Depth is still so much the problem at WAKE FOREST that Coach Bill Tate cannot fill out two platoons. He is prepared to go with the best 22 men he can find and have the better 11 in the game when he needs them the most—which will be often (the Deacons were 3-7 last year and little help has arrived). Tate may make a few changes in his offense to take advantage of his most promising sophomore, Jimmy (The Jet) Johnson, who led the frosh in rushing. Andy Heck is the other halfback and Jon Wilson will again run the club. Defensively, Tate is counting on his finest football player, 6-foot, 236-pound Lynn Nesbitt, who has switched from guard to tackle, and Bob Olinger and Ken Henry. He needs more like them.

Kevin Moran, 6 feet, 230, leads an EAST CAROLINA defensive line that just could buy the Pirates a Southern Conference title in the first year they are eligible to win it. Coach Clarence Stasivich calls his defense "the very best I've ever put on a field," and he's had a few, having won 32 of 39 games since he came to Greenville. Fullback Dave Alexander, a Little All-America, led the conference in total offense last year. He is gone, but Tom Grant, a wingback, and Bill Bailey, a tailback, return. The Pirates will make people wonder why they ever let them into the conference in the first place.

For years they didn't, but now they do—fear WILLIAM AND MARY. The reason is Coach Mary Levy who, after the Indians were strangled 42-14 by Navy, spurred platoons in favor of his best 22 men and won five of his last six. It was the school's first winning season in 12 years. Twenty of those 22 best are back again, including End Chuck Albertson, Linebackers Bob Gadowski and Adair Brown and two fine quarterbacks, Don Ostrough and Mike Maulden. George Pearce, who caught 64 passes last year and finished with a helmsfire of records, will be missed, and that's why Albertson will be playing his third position in three years. The Indians will be good, but the early going—East Carolina, West Virginia and George Washington—will pretty much decide how good.

Not that WEST VIRGINIA and George Washington are about to win the Southern Conference title. Both are minus too much, and the Mountaineers' new coach, Jim Carlen, has spent most of his time installing the I formation he brought with him from Georgia Tech. With 16 of the 22 starters

A Smith to remember

It is not difficult to understand why the entire state of Florida is anxious to see what sophomore Larry Smith of the University of Florida will do against Northwestern this Saturday. What is difficult is deciding whether Smith is as good right now as Tucker Fredrickson, a Florida high school boy who was at Auburn two years ago. Fredrickson made All-America in his senior year, and he is a star for the New York Giants now. His talents are great and proved, but appreciative people in Gainesville are saying there doesn't seem to be a thing Smith cannot do. Smith's coach, Ray Graves, wants desperately to reduce the publicity buildup—at least until after Smith's first game—but even he has to admit, "You know, Larry does have unlimited ability."

He does. The most sought-after high school athlete in the history of the state, Smith is an exceptional runner, pass receiver, punter, punt returner, kickoff returner—and you guessed it—passer. Smith, who can carry his 6-foot-4, 216-pound frame over 100 yards in 10.1 seconds, was a high school All-America at Tampa's Robinson High. While there, he averaged eight yards every time he carried the ball, amassed a total of 960 yards rushing and 21 touchdowns. In addition, he caught 42 passes for 799 more yards and eight touchdowns and passed eight times for 227 and two scores.

Predictably, college offers poured in—and then flooded in after Smith scored 463 out of a possible 495 points on Florida's Senior Placement Test. Smith narrowed his choice to Florida or Princeton, but settled on Florida because of his deep admiration for Graves—and because he plans to be a doctor or a lawyer in his home state when he has finished with football.

In his first year as a tailback with



Florida's Baby Gators, Smith averaged almost five yards per carry and was easily the outstanding back in the spring game. "He simply does it all," marvels Graves. "He could play anywhere on the offensive or defensive teams, and his attitude, combined with his skills, makes him an almost sure bet to be a star." In a Florida offense that appears to have only the passing of Steve Spurrier, Smith is bound to get his chance.

Another Southeastern sophomore, Richmond Flowers Jr. of Tennessee, will not find it so easy to make the variety, but then challenges have never frightened him (SI, March 14). Bear Bryant practically revamped his entire track program at Alabama in an attempt to lure the 6-foot-1, 185-pound two-sport wonder out of Sidney Lanier High of Montgomery, Ala., but Flowers, who always seems to know where he is going, chose Knoxville, where the climate is more temperate and the track program more advanced. A resentful Alabama freshman team clobbered Flowers but the hurdler can sprinter can football player was not disturbed. As a wingback this spring, he gained 250 yards in 50 carries. Should Larry Smith ever falter, Richmond Jr. is ready to take over in the South.



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missing and as yet no permanent quarterback, West Virginia followers would do well to concentrate on Garrett Ford, who ran for 894 yards last year. He will be trying to prove he is the best back in the South.

GEORGE WASHINGTON is almost as inexperienced as West Virginia, and because Garry Lyle, a victim of the classroom, will sit out the season, the Colonials have the same quarterback problem. Tom Metz is back, however, and he led the team in scoring in addition to running back kicks and playing safety. End Bruce Keith could make the indoctrination of whoever fills in at quarterback somewhat easier.

Eddie Teague has moved up to athletic director at THE CITADEL just in time. He has left new Coach Red Parker with a team lacking everything. In fact, Parker has to stick with Bill Ogburn, a defensive back turned quarterback. The Bulldogs, with Backs Gene Morehead and Dick Hanco, can be expected to run much more this year.

Couch Vito Raguzzo will, in John McKenna's place, install a pro-type offense at VMI, and he has the conference's best quarterback, Hill Elliott, to run it. But even with Charlie Schmeus, an All-Southern Conference basketball player, running out for passes, the Keydets will be trailing too many league members at season's end. Another new coach is at RICHMOND, where the Spiders failed to win in 10 games last year. Frank Jones, formerly of Mississippi State, can improve on that performance with only one win. He may get it as Larry Zurich returns at half and some needed help appears in the line, but he shouldn't expect much more. Mike Bragg, who averaged 41.7 yards as a punter last season is likely to be Jones's busiest man.

At DAVIDSON last year's 6-4 record seems out of the question, although both of Coach Homer Smith's quarterbacks, Jimmy Poole and Jake Jacobsen, return, along with Linebacker Tom Dews and Tackle Tupper Morehead on defense. FURMAN could improve on its 5-5 record. Twenty-five lettermen are back, the schedule is softer and some good sophomores are reporting for duty. Clyde Howell is the best of them. He may psych Bobby Stilwell out of his quarterback spot.

If there is a sleeper in the South, it is MIAMI. The trouble with the Hurricanes in the past, however, has been a tendency to go to sleep on sparkling Saturday nights in the Orange Bowl when a little alertness could have placed them with the country's best. Whether this year's version will be similarly affected may be answered this weekend in Boulder, when Miami meets Colorado. The Buffaloes are the kind of test that could make or break a season.

Bill Miller, who took over at quarterback midway through 1965, is so highly regarded that Bob Bilenkoff's signing with the New

York baseball Yankees drew scarcely a whimper. In seven games Miller completed 72 of 141 passes for 856 yards and 10 touchdowns. The rest of last year's backfield—Fred Cassidy, Jerry Doanen and Doug McGee—returns too, though Jimmy McGurt, a junior, has taken over at fullback. Defensively, Miami is led by Corner Back Tom Boer, who impressed Notre Dame in the scoreless tie game last year. Potentially, this is one of the best Miami teams in years. Now if it can just stay awake. . .

VIRGINIA TECH has 17 starters returning and must decide only on a quarterback. He either will be Tommy Stafford or Wayne Rush, and while neither has shown great savvy so far, the team has so much excellence at other positions that the lack may not be too serious. There are the good halfbacks, Tommy Francisco and Dackie Longenecker, who will be operating behind the experienced line headed by Ends Gene Fisher and Ken Barefoot. And defensively, there are Sal Garcia, a former fullback who will play linebacker, and Tackles Sands Woody and Andy Bowling, all of whom demand—and get—respect. Coach Jerry Claiborne would shock absolutely nobody if he came up with another 7-3 year.

FLORIDA STATE can be expected to score, as usual, but the defense will hurt, as usual. Even though Steve Tensi and Fred Bilenkoff (Miami Bob's brother) are now with the pros, Jerry Jones, T. K. Wetherill and Donovan Jones remain, and passes caught by these fellows mean points. Bill Moreman, Jim Mankins and Larry Green will handle the running and Kim Hammond probably will run the team. He is an unknown quantity, as is the defense, which has lost nine of the 11 players who gave up 119 points last year. For all its proven abilities, hard-hitting FSU is not likely to spoil the season for too many opponents.

TULANE is finally out of the SEC, where each new football season brought nothing better than sadness. Coach Jim Pittman, flat-topped and silver-haired, will try to instill some of his Texas (and Darrell Royal) background and spirit into the Green Wave, but a softer schedule would have helped more. Linebackers Bill Goss and Dick Seigerwald are gone, as is Tackle Bill Brown Pittman, however, is encouraged by a good spring practice, during which he turned up some fine runners in Pete Johns, Jim Trahan and Tim Coughlin.

Twenty-seven lettermen are back at MEMPHIS STATE, but Quarterback Bill Fletcher (11th in the country in total offense during 1965), is not among them. Don Deaton probably will take over, with Herb Covington and Dale Brady running at the half. The defense will revolve around Middle Guard Larry Duck, but probably not well enough to cope with the likes of Mississippi, whom the Tigers meet this weekend.

CONTINUED

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THE GHOSTLY GALLOPS OF RED

The Miracle

In the late summer of 1922 an undersize boy with an unruly shock of red hair showed up at the University of Illinois for the first day of football practice. His credentials were impressive enough. At Wheaton (Ill.) High School he had been a three-sport standout, and during his senior year he had scored 23 touchdowns and kicked 34 extra points. But Harold E. (Red) Grange (*above*) took one look at the assembled monsters and decided right then that his talents could be better applied to his other two sports, basketball and track. He didn't even bother to suit up, but high-tailed it back to the Zeta Psi fraternity house. Luckily for Illinois, the good brothers were better judges of his ability than he, and that night after some judicious fraternal hazing, Grange decided

to have a go at college football after all.

That 1922 Illinois freshman team was one of the best ever brought together, according to Grange. Besides Grange, it included Fullback Earl Britton, who should have been named All-America (in Grange's opinion), but was not because of the unwritten rule against two players from the same backfield making the team. The freshmen were so good, in fact, that midway through the 1922 season varsity Coach Bob Zuppke, suffering through his second successive losing year, decided to concentrate on them. They were regularly defeating the varsity during midweek scrimmages anyway.

Grange, of course, was the star. Jim McMillen, himself an All-America guard in 1923, said, "Red would run through us every night. If he got a step on you, he was gone. He could run away from you or run over you. You'd grab for a leg, and suddenly

the leg wasn't there. It was a little tiresome."

That pretty much summed up the feelings of all of Illinois' opponents during the 1923 season. Beginning with a rout of Nebraska, which had lost only two games in the previous two years, the Fighting Illini went on to an undefeated season, their first since 1915, and the national championship, their first ever. Grange was so nervous in the Nebraska game that he tipped off the plays. When Zuppke told Grange this, he replied, "I can't be. I don't know where they're going myself." He still scored three touchdowns as Illinois won 24-7.

Grange scored twice more the next week during a 21-7 victory over Butler, then a major opponent. And then came Iowa, coached by Howard Jones. The Hawkeyes had just completed two undefeated, untied seasons and had a 21-game winning streak going. To further complicate matters, Full-

back Britton, who, as McMillen put it, "was a hard man to get serious about a game," failed to show up at the team meeting before the game. McMillen was sent by Zupple to find Britton. He looked everywhere without success until a hotel operator told him he could find "the big guy" up on the roof. It was homecoming at Iowa City, and a massive parade was in progress. Britton was making paper airplanes out of hotel stationery, scribbling "To Hell with Iowa" on the wings and expertly sailing them into the gathered crowd.

Fun, if not games, aside, Britton kicked a 53-yard field goal with the game just four minutes old and, after Iowa had taken a 6-3 lead, Grange scored a last-minute touchdown from two yards out for a 9-6 triumph.

The following Saturday it was Northwestern's turn to face the now-rampant Illinois. Grange poked off a pass early in the game and ran it back 90 yards for a touchdown, scored two others and so impressed Grantland Rice that Grange dubbed him "The Galloping Ghost," the name that has stuck with him ever since.

On Nov. 3, powerful University of Chicago came to Champaign-Urbana to play the first game ever in what is now Memorial Field, and Grange scored the only touchdown as Illinois won its fifth straight, 7-0. (The Memorial Field dedication came a year later and will always be remembered for what Grange did to Michigan, four touchdowns in the first 12 minutes, a fifth early in the third quarter and a pass for a sixth in the fourth as Illinois won 39-14.)

After Chicago came Wisconsin (10-0) and Mississippi State (27-0), leaving only Ohio State between Illinois and a perfect season. The Buckeyes were down, but did their homework on Grange and Britton to perfection. Entering the last 15 minutes the score was tied 9-9. Then Britton kicked a 32-yard field goal and Grange broke away for a 32-yard touchdown run to clinch the perfect year.

The Illinois reaped a good harvest. With Michigan they tied for the Big Ten title, although they had five victories to the Wolverines' four, and were awarded the national championship. Grange made nearly everybody's All-America team. McMillen was named on several. And Zupple himself added the final touch with his cryptic comment after the Michigan student paper, the *Daily News*, put Grange on its second team All-America with the comment, "All Grange can do is run."

"And all Galloping Ghosts can do," said The Dutchman, "is sing."

There will be running and singing at Illinois this year, but not anywhere near as much of either as is likely to be seen or heard at Nebraska, which is not at all as humble as it was when it started Red Grange galloping toward his spectacular career.

The Best

Life at NEBRASKA has been just one Big Eight championship after another ever since Coach Bob Devaney got established in Lincoln. The Huskers have won three titles in a row and only one honor has escaped them—the national championship. They would have had that last season if Alabama had cooperated in the Orange Bowl.

Devaney's amazing success has not been purely accidental. He has an insatiable hunger for large, splashy football players, the more the merrier. He puts his recruits together to form a punishing defense and a ferocious attack, the kind that led the nation in rushing last year (290 yards a game) and was second in total offense (404 yards).

If it is any small comfort to Nebraska's rivals, the Huskers have lost some excellent players. All-America Ends Tony Jerice and Freeman White and Tackles Dennis Carlson and Jimmy Brown are gone from the offensive line and All-America Tackle Walt Barnes and Linebacker Mike Kennedy from the defense. Ordinarily, losses like these would be awful, but not at Nebraska, where there are 33 lettermen and 44 sizable sophomores trying desperately to beat them out. The coach's biggest worry will be deciding which of the sophomores to red-shirt.

The replacements are much better than adequate. Dennis Rahnulsky, a good pass catcher, will be at split end while Mike Wynn, a red-shirt, will fill in at tight end. And no one will push around the tackles, 228-pound Gary Brichacek and either 264-pound Bob Taucher or 274-pound Bob Pickens, an Illinois transfer, on the other side. Guards LaVerne Allers and Jim Osberg and Center Kelly Petersen are back, too.

"We'll be good," admits Devaney, but that is as far as he will go. The truth is, Nebraska may be stronger than last year. For one thing, the Huskers' offense could be better. Henry Wilson—called Lighthouse, of course—who turns corners like a London taxi, is back, and so is Ron Kirkland, a steady pounder who gets his 6.6 yards a carry. For fullback, there is a pleasant choice—214-pound Pete Tatman or Choo-Choo Winters, who can hit with anyone. More important, Quarterback Bob Churchill, a superb passer and option runner, is still around to set off an explosion.

But if all this proves insufficient for the devastation Devaney is planning, he has a few new twists to go with his usual unbalanced T, pro sets and spreads. Do not be surprised to see Nebraska go into a snappy I formation now and then and, occasionally, Wilson may interrupt one of his power sweeps to throw a pass.

Devaney has done some tinkering with his defense, too. What prompted this was the way his huge, lumbering linemen were

outcharged by Alabama's smaller and crier players in the Orange Bowl. In fact, Devaney can still see them stumbling over themselves to get at "Bama's" Steve Sloan and Sloan nonchalantly lofting soft passes over their heads to his receivers. "They taught us a few things," says Devaney a little sadly.

He learned that he needed faster and more agile tackles and more speed in his secondary. So Jim McCord, a mere 250 pounds but quicker, will replace 261-pound Dick Czap, wrecked by a bad back, while Middle Guard Wayne Meylan, who is 230, goes to the other tackle and 244-pound Carl Smith moves from tackle to middle guard. The ends are Langston Coleman, a tough 197-pounder, and 227-pound Jerry Patton. The pass defense has a swifter and more secure look now with Ben Gregory, a strong running back, switched to cornerback to team up with holdover Kaye Carstensen. The safeties are Merv Mueller and little Larry Wachholtz, who was second in the country in punt returns.

As impressive as all this sounds—and is—Devaney has to fear someone, so he is making noises about Colorado and Missouri in his own conference, not to mention TCU and Utah State. But it will take a lot to beat these Huskers.

The second-best team in the Midwest may be NOTRE DAME, where Coach Ara Parseghian's name already is pronounced with the reverence once reserved for Kiste Rockline. Hanging on a wall in Parseghian's office is a revealing dissertation entitled *Enfousimus*. It concludes with the following: "If we have it, we should thank God for it. If we don't have it, we should get down on our knees and pray for it."

Parseghian, an energetic, effusive man, has it, and so do his players. One reason is that the Irish will be playing 1964-style football again instead of the poky, land-locked game they were forced into last year when Quarterback Bill Zisch's passes flattered like wounded doves. Notre Dame passed only 118 times, and its attack was so predictable that Halfback Nick Eddy and Fullback Larry Conner, maybe the best one-two punch ever at South Bend, automatically attracted a crowd wherever they went. It was a tribute to their ability that they were able to gain 582 and 535 yards.

Now comes a pair of talented sophomore quarterbacks, Terry Hanratty and Coley O'Brien, to turn the Irish around. They engaged in a spirited duel in the spring, along the way chasing holdover Tom Schoen to the defense, and Hanratty won out. A slim, poised youngster, Hanratty can run, but best of all he can pass—long or short, on the run or from the drop-back pocket.

What makes the life at South Bend even more like Riley's is that Hanratty has an abundance of good receivers. In fact, Jim Seymour, a rangy 6-foot-4 sophomore split

continued

end with good hands and all the moves of a pro, may even make Notre Duncans forget Jack Snow. He is that good. So is 6-foot-3 Curt Heneghan, another sophomore, who probably will be at flanker.

This tickles Paraghi. "People won't be able to jam us and cram us now," Ara says happily. "We'll be able to throw the ball, and they will have to scatter whenever they even think it's coming. That will give Eddy and Conjar more running room, and that's all we want."

There is a problem. Except for Tom Ragner, a crisp-blocking 245-pound guard, and Center George Gondek, the interior linemen who must provide the room for Eddy and Conjar are inexperienced. Tackles Rudy Koniczny and Paul Seiler, both around 230, and Guard Dick Swatland have played very little. But they are quick and big—the interior averages 232—and these qualities could hide a lot of naivete.

The defense is something else. Not many teams will get through the front four of Ends Tom Rhoads and Alan Page and Tackles Pete Duranko and Kevin Hardy. Page and Duranko are each around 235 pounds while Hardy, out last season with a back injury that has since been corrected by surgery, is a massive 270-pounder. The linebacking corps is intact, too, with John Horacy, Jim Lynch and Mike McGill all back. If Notre Dame is vulnerable, it will be to the pass. The more deep secondary is new and still learning.

Should the Irish get by Purdue and Northwestern in the first two games, the waters will be smooth and untroubled until Michigan State on Nov. 19.

Right now, MICHIGAN STATE has other worries. For one thing, everybody knows that Big Ten champions never—well, almost never—repeat (the only one to do it in the past 15 years was Ohio State in 1955), and the average finish for defenders has been fifth place. But Coach Duffy Daugherty just gulps when he is reminded of that odd phenomenon and tries to dispense his own doubts by thinking of the five All-Americans still on his squad.

"Sure, there is something to it," says Daugherty realistically. "The lack of the Rose Bowl incentive is a real thing, and I am not naive enough to think we can be an automatic winner. After all, we did lose the heart of our defense. But we'll survive, and we'll be hard for anyone to beat."

Whiffling thinking? Perhaps, but Daugherty surprised everyone a year ago when his Spartans were unbeaten—until the Rose Bowl—and it might pay to listen to him. Michigan State's losses were severe—Middle Guard Harold Lucas, Tackles Buddy Owens and Don Berowicz, End Bob Viney and Linebacker Ron Goovers from the defense that was the best in the country last season (it held opponents to 45.6 yards a

game on the ground) and Quarterback Steve Judy, who held the offense together.

The defense, though, is not exactly bankrupt. Two of those five All-Americans, Bubba Smith, a giant 275-pound end who can move, and 213-pound George Webster, the roughhouse rover back who likes to muss up ballcarriers, are defencemen. Linebacker Charlie Thornhill is still around, too, and so are Drake Garrett, Jerry Jones and Sterling Armstrong from the deep secondary. Although the newcomers, End Phil Hoag, Tackles Nick Jordan and Charles Bailey, a sophomore, Middle Guard Pat Gallimagh and Linebacker Bob Brawley, are hardly the behemoths Michigan State has been used to, they will impress people.

The offense, where the other three All-Americans—Halfback Clinton Jones, Fullback Bob Apsa and Split End Gene Washington—hang out, has a brighter look. The line is pocked with experienced players like the lanky Washington, who is the Big Ten hurdles champion and holds most of the school pass-receiving records (he caught 40 for 638 yards last year), and Tackles Jerry West and Joe Przybylski. Then there is Dick Kenay, the barefoot Hawaiian who punts sky-high and boots field goals and extra points. He was good for 53 points in 1965.

The backfield is a delight. It has three players who, among them, ran for 1,864 yards. Jones, a strong, fast runner, gained 787 yards and scored 12 touchdowns. He also grabbed 26 passes. Right Half Dwight Lee picked up 411 yards and Apsa, who hits like a baby bull, rushed for 666. Apsa, however, had knee surgery during the winter. If he is not right, the halfbacks can expect to meet swarming defenses.

The new quarterback is Jimmy Raye, a scrawny little fellow who would rather run than pass any day, and that fits in just fine with Daugherty's plans. Since his Spartans will be smaller all over, this calls for a new offensive approach. "We like our offense carefree but not irresponsible," says Duffy. "We know we can't blow people out of there with power anymore, so we'll rely more upon surprise and speed."

With that in mind, he remodeled his attack some in the spring. Raye ran the option a lot and Daugherty put in a balanced line. But he warns, "That doesn't mean we won't be unbalanced in the fall."

Whether or not State can beat the Big Ten year-after-the-Rose Bowl jinx will be decided early. The Spartans play Illinois, Michigan, Ohio State and Purdue on successive Saturdays in October.

At DHIO STATE, Coach Woody Hayes seemed sorry, even a little melancholy, when spring practice ended. He was like a kid who had had his new bike taken away from him for the summer. Hayes looked forward to the brightness returning in the fall.

Hayes' brightest things are some very

large and experienced offensive linemen and a group of shiny sophomores he calls "the best I have had in 15 years." At least five, and maybe more, of these young Bucks will be in the starting lineup.

One sure to be is Dave Foley, the remarkable 242-pound tackle (see box page 69) who joins an offensive interior that includes Mike Current, 237 pounds, at the other tackle. Dick Himes, an aggressive 250-pound junior who has been moved to guard from defensive end, and Ray Pryor, 235 pounds, at center. The blye guy of the mob is Guard Bill Enchus, a mere 218. With Billy Enders, a split end who can catch anything he can reach, and Joe Jenkins or Nick Roman, both neophytes, at tight end, the line will be tough.

Ohio State's T, not really as cloudy and dusty lately as some people would like to believe, will be in relatively new hands. Halfback Bo Rein, more of a slasher than the nifty type and a good pass catcher, is the only starter back, but Rudy Hubbard, the left half, and Paul Hudson, a burly 210-pound fullback, played some last year. They are volatile enough but not exactly speed demons. Two sophomores, Gerry Ehsam and Bill Long, are lighting it out for quarterback. Ehsam is the stronger runner but Long, who throws a slightly better pass, probably will start.

"Everybody thinks we don't pass," says Hayes. "Well, let 'em think that—maybe we'll just fool 'em." Last year the Bucks did throw—22 times a game—but seldom when it really mattered. Then conservative D&U called on its stock-in-trade, the fullback up the middle.

The defense suffered a severe blow when Linebackers Ike Kelley and Tom Bugel and Middle Guard Bill Ridder departed. End Jim Bias, Tackle Gary Miller and sophomores will have to take up the slack while Himes may be called on for double duty. Even so, the Bucks are plotting an ambush for Michigan State in Columbus on Oct. 15. That one could decide the Big Ten title. "We'll have a darn good team, don't worry," conchides Hayes. Nobody ever does, except other Big Ten coaches.

PURDUE'S Jack Mollenkopf is one who will not worry, since his Bolshermakers do not play Ohio State. But they do meet Michigan State, and Mollenkopf does worry about the Spartans. "They'll be so tough to score on," he laments.

If Mollenkopf is right, then his team is in trouble; scoring is supposed to be what it does very well, chiefly because of Quarterback Bob Griese, one of the best college passers in the land. A master of the quick release, Griese has the rare ability to pick up his alternate receivers and then get the ball to them in a hurry. Last year, he completed 142 passes for 1,719 yards and 11 touchdowns. He also ran for four touchdowns

continued

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and kicked 23 points after touchdown and five field goals.

"He's just fantastic," says Mollenkopf, and Notre Dame's Parishan, whose team has to face Grise Sept. 24. In their game last year, Grise wrecked the Irish, completing 19 of 22 passes for 283 yards and three touchdowns. "It was just a question of mechanics," said Grise modestly.

The mechanics are all there again. Grise will pitch to Jim Berne, who has snatched from tight to loose end, Sophomore Marion Griffin, the new tight end, and Flanker Jim Finley. Between them, Berne and Finley caught 62 passes in 1965. Unfortunately, though, there is a shortage of knowledgeable pass blockers. Guard Chuck Kriebelbaugh is the only one back, and Mollenkopf has had to switch 235-pound Jack Calentorn from middle guard to tackle to help out.

But there will be more hurry in the running attack with Lou Siro, a real swifter (9.7 for the 100), moved over from the defense and Perry Williams, a high-hipped sophomore, at fullback. Defensively, Purdue is solid all over, especially in the interior with 255-pound Lance Ossen and 240-pound sophomore Clinton King flanking 225-pound Bob Sebeck at middle guard.

Even with all these pluses, Mollenkopf is not talking Big Ten championship, not out loud. He was burned last year when Michigan State and Illinois beat what he thought was his best team ever out of what would have been its first trip to Pasadena.

One of the teams that Nebraska's Devaney fears in the Big Eight is COLORADO, and with good reason. The Buffs have been coming on fast—they were 6-2-2 last year under Coach Eddie Crowder, and the time when they can cause problems for the Huskers is close at hand.

Crowder predicts, "This will be our best team," but he quickly qualifies that, adding, "I don't know whether this will be our best year." What he means is that the conference is getting tougher and there are more dangerous opponents. He is, perhaps, too modest. His losses from 1965 were slight: only seven lettermen—and with 30 back the Buffs are two-deep almost everywhere.

The offensive line, which was hardest hit, needs some rebuilding, and End Sam Harris, 6 feet 4 and 230 pounds, has been moved over from the defense. Even so, the defense is hardly enough for the perils ahead. Frank Hoch, a persuasive 245-pound tackle, is the standout of a group that includes Tackle Bill Subarano, Middle Guard Ron Scott and End Bill Fairhand. If any runners escape them, Linebackers Jerry Moffit and Dennis Drummond will stalk them up.

There is nothing soft about Colorado's attack, either. Crowder says, "We probably will throw more," but don't you believe it. Not with runners like Bill Harris, who got 680 yards a year ago, Estes Banks, who

Wilmer Cooke, who looks ready to live up to his notices. Besides, Quarterback Bernie McCall runs better than he throws, despite his 84 completions. Only two of them were for touchdowns, and you cannot win games that way. They will all be waiting for Nebraska in Boulder on Oct. 22.

The faces are new, but the game is the same at TULSA. When graduation stopped the Hurricane's of their pined battery, Billy Anderson and Howard Twilley, Coach Glenn Dobbs simply went out and got himself a flock of junior college transfers: some of them All-Americans, who like to play pitch-and-catch. They may make Tulsa good enough to win a fifth straight NCAA passing championship and, on the way, the Missouri Valley Conference title.

One of them, Greg Barton, from Long Beach, Calif., is pushing the coach's son, 6-foot-6 Glenn III, for the quarterback job, and that does not displease the elder Dobbs one bit. The more passes he has, the safer he feels, provided, of course, he has some bodies around to throw to. This year again there are, Flanker Neal Sweeney, who caught 78 passes behind Twilley's 134, and Wide End Brent Roberts, back after knee surgery in 1965.

The other thing that Dobbs fancies are huge, combative linemen to protect his passers and get the ball for them. He has so many that he was not at all concerned when blustery Willie Townes passed up his senior year for a pro contract. Joe Blake, a 295-pound JC All-American from Bakerfield,

continued

A bull with brains

When he is standing there at the blackboard diagramming Ohio State's noble off-tackle smash, Coach Woody Hayes occasionally gets so excited he sends that O (representing off-tackle) slamming into that Y (tackle) with such force the chalk crumbles into a fine, white powder. It is not the play that stimulates Hayes so much as the name behind the O. He has been making a handsome living for years driving footballs through the same tackle hole, but always it has been the big man up front who has made the play work. In 1955-56 it was Jim Parker, at 1958 Jim Marshall and in 1965 Doug Van Horn.

Now comes Dave Foley. Next week against TCU, Foley will start in his first college game, but already Hayes is calling the 6-foot-5, 242-pound tackle from Cincinnati's Roger Bacon High School "one of the very best linemen I've ever seen." And Hayes is not alone in his admiration for Foley's talents. "Why," exclaims Dave's father, Tom, a Cincinnati postal clerk, "I thought that telephone of ours would never stop ringing after he'd played in his last high school game. I don't know how many schools were calling him, but there were a lot."

Little wonder Dave Foley was an honor student at Roger Bacon, graduating 39th in a class of 267. He was a school leader and in addition to starring for three years on offense and defense in football, he was a state champion high school shotputter, throwing the 15-pound ball as far as 62 feet 1½ inches. He looked like a natural for Woody's turf-tearing offense from the start.

In his freshman year Foley established himself as an outstanding student in Ohio State's engineering school, finishing with an impressive 3.69 point average on the university's 4-point system. But it is



still his football prowess that has everybody talking, including Tackle Coach Hugh Hindman. "Dave is bull-strong," says Hugh, "and his reactions are excellent. He's blessed with exceptional speed—enough, in fact, to make him just the explosive blocker we need on offense. Furthermore, he has native intelligence—the kind that allows him to adjust quickly to stunting defenses." Foley will be at right tackle, where he'll play alongside Guard Dick Himes (6 foot 5, 250 pounds) and All-Big Ten Center Ray Pryor. The trio gives the Buckeyes perhaps the strongest right side in the league and, should OCU get into trouble defensively, these three would be the first to be tapped for two-way duty. Foley is only weakest, according to father Tom, is golf. "He has the bull's a mile," he says. "The trouble is he hits the putts a mile, too."

Another sophomore to watch in the Midwest this year is Tailback Roland Moss of Toledo. Coach Frank Lauterbach called Moss one of the finest running backs he'd ever seen after the 6-foot-3, 215-pound blazer ran for 624 yards, 12 touchdowns and scored 79 points for the Rocket freshman team.

Calif., is considered an even better tackle than Townes and Karl Henke, a transfer who plays the other side, is also good.

A ludicrously infatuated guy happened to BOWLING GREEN on the way to the Mid-American Conference title last year. The Falcons stumbled over Miami of Ohio and found themselves in a tie with the Redskins. It was better than no championship at all, but Coach Bob Gibson is selfish. He wants to be alone. BG looks good enough this year to guarantee him splendid isolation.

The chief reason is a stuffy defense. There was a gap in the line, but Gibson fixed that up rather neatly. He made a tackle out of Tom Luetke, one of his 240-pound fullbacks. Two sophomores, Ed Jones and Dennis Zolciuk, will plug holes at monster and linebacker quite nicely, and Mike Weger, a second-team All-America, heads up an excellent secondary. Except for End Jamie Rivers and Center Heath Wingate, the offensive line is not as talented, but it will do.

The backfield, with Halfback Paul Garrett, who has the speed to go outside, and Fullback Stew Williams, who hits hard inside, will do better even if the quarterbacking is undistinguished. Ock Waring, an adequate passer, is only a fair runner.

Nevertheless, BG will be fighting off Miami again. Coach Bo Schemmbecher, after a whiff of the good life last season, decided he liked it. What's more, he has an impressive calling card in Bruce Matte, brother of the Baltimore Colts' Tom. Bruce throws the ball a mile and runs like a halfback. Last year he led the conference in total offense with 1,390 yards, completing 70 passes for 11 touchdowns.

As good in their own ways as Matte are Left Half Al Moore, fast and bouncy, who ran for 677 yards in 1965, and Fullback Joe Kozar, who thumped away for 566 and scored 10 touchdowns. That adds up to a pretty potent offense. All this and a booming defense, led by End Joe Novak and Tackle Ed Philpott, a 235-pound destroyer, could make this another homerless campaign for Bowling Green.

The Rest

The talk, not entirely idle, is watch out for Michigan and Illinois. The teams, coached by the brothers Elliott, could be the Big Ten's big spotters, if for no other reason than that Pete and Bump know from firsthand experience what sad things happen to defending champions. Pete's Illinois finished fourth in 1964, while Bump's Michigan Rose Bowl winners slipped all the way to seventh place last year, and both would dearly love to share their troubles. MICHIGAN, 4-6, was only eight points away from a 7-3 year and second in the conference. The Wolver-

ines lost to Purdue 17-15, Minnesota 14-13 and Ohio State 9-7. "It was terrible," says Elliott now. "I didn't think we could find so many ways to lose."

Despite some regretted departures at the tackles—All-America Bill Yearby, Charlie Kines and Tom Mack are all gone—Michigan will present a strong front. Split End Jack Clancy, who caught 52 passes, is back while Jim Hribal, a 225-pound senior, and Ray Phillips, 217, will fill in at the offensive tackles. Elliott has solved the tackle problem on defense by snatching 230-pound Dick Williamson from end and Ken Wright from guard. The other defenders are solid and Bump plans to put them in a five-man front to get better wide coverage.

The backfield is full of promise, with Carl Ward, who has exceptional moves, and Big Jim Oetwiler for Elliott's wide sweeps and pitchouts and Fullback Dave Fisher for the heavy going inside. This could be the year, too, when Quarterback Ock Valmer, who fumbled so badly in 1965, matures. His throwing was sharper and his running stronger in the spring.

ILLINOIS, at home to Michigan State and Ohio State in its first two league games, could scramble matters early. Some positive thinkers among the Illini think they just might take both. They thrived last year ago, winning five of their last six games, and 25 players return. Fullback Jim Grabowski and Quarterback Fred Custardo are no longer around, but everywhere else there is experience, size and speed. The offensive ends, John Wright (split), who caught 42 passes and Craig Tinkis (tight) are back, and the tackles are grade A Big Ten types: Wallis Fields is 281 pounds, Will Radell, 239.

The defense will be bigger and, Illini hopes, better. It still has Bo Reichelder, perhaps the only millionaire in college football, playing defensive end, and 242-pound Ock Stone at tackle. The other tackle is Mike Rogers, a muscular, 255-pound sophomore.

The halfbacks are a wisp of a lot, with Cyril Pinder, the Big Ten indoor 60-yard sprint champion, Ron Bess and sophomore Bill Huston, who is only 5 feet 7 and 154 pounds but is fast and has extraordinary balance. Either Doug Harford or sophomore Rich Johnson will get Grabowski's fullback job, but Elliott still has not settled on a quarterback and that could be the key to Illinois' future. He will have to decide from among Rich Erickson and Ocan Volkman, who played a little behind Custardo, and sophomore Bob Napone, who has a quick, strong arm.

NORTHWESTERN'S Alex Agase is in a peculiar fix. Although he has his best running backs in years, the Wildcats will probably pass more and run less, and from a spread and a shotgun at that. Quarterback Dennis Beothe is not that good a passer really, but the interior linemen are inferior

and Agase figures that the only way he can find running room at all is to throw. Fortunately, Tight End Cas Barasek and the split ends, Mike Donaldson and Roger Murphy, can catch the ball, so Northwestern might upset a few people.

INDIANA could, too. The Hoosiers won only twice last year, but they scared a lot of teams, including Michigan State, Ohio State and Purdue, and that was the sort of progress Coach John Pont had been brought in to accomplish. He is looking for more this fall, even though he has to rebuild his defense and his runners are the plodding kind. What encourages him is that he now has the size to frighten opponents—Tackles Mike Field, Oog Crusan, Bill Bergman and Joe Sutor are 256, 259, 257 and 238 pounds—and Quarterback Frank Staveroff is power enough to spread defenses.

MINNESOTA Coach Murray Warmath, after watching his first and second units play to a 20-20 tie in the spring game, observed, "When you have two even teams, it usually means you have two second teams." That just about sums up the Gophers. Without John Hankinson to throw the ball, Minnesota will return to Warmath's grim, knocking game. That would be fine, except that he does not really have the players for it. The best one, End Kenny Last, is a pass catcher. The quarterbackers are mediocre, the runners just ordinary and Warmath will have to scrounge among his sophomores to fill out the defensive line.

WISCONSIN and IOWA are still poverty-stricken. Wisconsin's Milt Bruhn got a one-year reprieve from a kindly Board of Regents after his Badgers were battered in seven games and gave up 291 points last year. Only Paster Charlie Burt stands between him and job hunting. At Iowa, things are so bad that new Coach Ray Nagel, used to a better life at Utah, was shocked when he got a look at his skittish squad. He will have to play with undistinguished linemen and a sophomore quarterback, Ed Podolski, who can run but has trouble with passes over 15 yards. "I've got maybe 14 players of respectable Big Ten caliber," he says amorously. "It's sort of frustrating."

Back in the Big Eight, MISSOURI's Osh Devine says, "This is the year I am going to test our alumni. When I came to Missouri, they assured me they didn't expect me to win every game, just be respectable. Now, I may find out if they meant it."

What the alumni will find out is that Devine, once again, has exaggerated the gloom-and-doom bit. Although the Tigers have lost Quarterback Gary Lane, Johnny Roland and all their starting tackles, there are enough lettermen and red-shirts around to make Nebraska and Colorado jump.

Devine has a quarterback—Gary Kombrink—who runs almost as well and passes even better than Lane, and he still has Half-

backs Charlie Brown, a chunky squarmer who led the conference in rushing with 937 yards last season, and Earl Denny, a power runner. Along with Ray Thorpe and new Fullback Harry Linchmer, they will make Mizzou's wing-T power sweeps and off-tackle slants as force as ever.

Not even Devine worries about the defense. It will be tough to crack with 6-foot-6, 260-pound Riss Washington, who needs only to get meaner to be an All-America, at one end, 215-pound Bill Powell moved over to tackle from guard, and Don Nelson, a low-slung guard who is hard to root out.

Some recent have-nots are showing signs of life, too. Football at OKLAHOMA may not be much better, but it will be a lot different. New Coach Jim Mackenzie, for years Frank Broyles' top aide at Arkansas, brought along such bespangled notions as a free-living I, zone receivers, monster linebackers and a split pass defense. He even has forsaken the traditional white helmets for gaudy red ones.

Mackenzie also put in his own style of defense, and his players will stunt, chase and gang-tackle. (Broyles once said of it, "They don't play, they raid you.") Unfortunately, this new enthusiasm took its toll in the spring. Eight players, including Linebacker Thurman Pritchett, had knee operations. Even so, Mackenzie, who started with 32 lettermen, has enough good players left for his kind of game. Middle Guard Granville Liggins, a 210-pounder who gets off the mark so fast opponents insist he is offside, and 235-pound Tackle Jim Riey head up an aggressive defense. Jim Burgar, a red-shirt quarterback, can throw the ball, Ben Hart, back at split end, and sophomore Ed Hinton, the new wingback, can catch it, and Tailback Ron Shotts is a stylish runner. It looks like the Sooners are on the way back.

IOWA STATE Coach Clay Stapleton is happy with his team. He has more size, depth, talent and better sophomores than ever before, maybe even enough to get the Cyclones into the first division. In Ames, they are already calling Willie Muldrew, a vicious 220-pound sophomore tackle, Iowa State's "best lineman since 1892." And Stapleton describes Sam Campbell, a 6-foot-5, 225-pound end, as "the greatest young player I've ever had." They will both be in the Cyclones' defense.

But the one who may do the most for State is Tim Van Gilder, a tall, slight passer who changed Stapleton's game last year. He completed 100 passes, mostly to Ends Eppie Barnes and George Maurer and Wingback Tom Busch, and they are all back. Van Gilder works at his specialty. He and Dave Johnson, a basketball player, spent the summer playing catch all over Europe, and once Van Gilder was even red-dogged by the police in Rome's St. Peter's Plaza.

At OKLAHOMA STATE, Coach Phil

Cutchin would be happier if his team did not have to play Arkansas, Houston, Colorado and Missouri in its first four games. Also, it would help if he knew who his quarterback was going to be. Harry Cheatwood, red-shirt Bruce Scott and sophomore Mike Arnold all had a shot at it in the spring, and none of them exactly excited the coach. The Pokes will have to survive on their defense, and that has a substantial look with 228-pound Dennis Randall and 240-pound Harold Akin at the tackles.

There are so many new faces at KANSAS that Coach Jack Mitchell says, "I almost feel as if I was at another school." There were times last year when Mitchell must have wished he were somewhere else. His defense was as porous as one of those Brand X paper towels and his runners were so bad that a first down was a major event. Hopefully, the newcomers will change that.

All of those dawdling running backs have graduated, quit or been demoted, and in their place are some sound sophomores—Don Shanklin, Junior Riggins and Bill Eilers. With them is Quarterback Bob Skahan, who Missouri's Devine calls the best back in the conference. Skahan is a superb passer, and he runs like a halfback.

Sophomores also have moved into the front lines to give the Jayhawkers a sterner look. The prize one is Keith Christensen, a 265-pound offensive tackle who can "move mountains," not to mention mere opposing linemen. "I kind of think we might win more games than last year," says Mitchell. "We'd better," he adds ominously.

KANSAS STATE's preseason brochure starts out, "Wildcats all the way! Would you believe 7-3 . . . 6-4?" That is pretty big talk for a school that was 0-10 last year and is 8-51 the last six. But K-State has been optimistic since it gave Coach Doug Weaver, who wears the horns for that record, a new three-year contract. Weaver was so grateful that he went out and got four new assistants, eight junior college transfers and changed his offense to a more exciting wing T and I with split ends and flankers. He even tried to disguise his players by putting them into purple-and-white jerseys and gray pants. Net result: Wildcats, with little claws that scratch. Sophomore Bill Nowak at quarterback and rookie Dave Jones and transfer Charlie Sanford, a 9.5 hauler, in the backfield, are the best of the new ones.

The team to watch in the Mid-American Conference is TOLEDO. The Rockets, who fumbled around in the cellar for so long, have come fast under able Coach Frank Lauterbur. With only six starters missing from last year's 5-5 team, Toledo will be bigger, stronger and deeper up front, and the pass defense that led the nation in '65 is mostly intact. Lauterbur's I pro-set will have more rest, too, with Quarterback John Schneider and Split End Henry Busch for

the passing game and Roland Moss, a 215-pound sophomore tailback who may be the one to set off the Rockets.

KENT STATE also has the favorites nervous. Coach Leo String, who likes a big, firm defense, has just that. Not many runners will escape his tackles, 261-pound Howe Ternebar and 255-pound Ernie Ames or Linebackers Bill Landis (235) and Bob Covington (230). But sophomores George Infante at quarterback and Joe Pledger at fullback have to come through to keep Kent's attack from being too thin.

The other MAC teams are not title-challenging types. MARSHALL has two fine runners, Tailback Mickey Jackson, who scored 16 touchdowns last year, and Fullback Andy Sacha, and two experienced lines. But Coach Charlie Snyder needs defensive backs and a quarterback for his slot T. WESTERN MICHIGAN and OHIO U. are rebuilding. At Western, Coach Bill Doolittle has only 10 players returning from a 6-2-1 season, and he has gone to the slot T to accommodate the skills of Quarterback Ron Siefert, who runs better than he passes. Ohio, 6-10 a year ago, has more to work with—23 lettermen—and Coach Bill Hess, long a devotee of Woolly Haystack-style football, vouched to the power I in the spring. He has not one but two backfields—one for power, one for speed—and Fullback Wash Lyons, over his tee troubles, will be in both of them. The Bobcats, however, need a good quarterback to run the show.

CINCINNATI and WICHITA STATE may stir up a spark or two in the Missouri Valley. At Cincy, Coach Chuck Stadley, who used to pass only in desperation, will turn his wing T into an aerial act. One reason is Greg Cook, a 6-foot-3 sophomore who throws straight and far. Another is Ed Ford, a rookie wingback who can fly and catch passes. Wichita State Coach George Karnas wanted more punch in his running game, so he loaded up with speedy junior college transfers. The quickest are Tailback Roosevelt Bonner (9.6) and Halfback Charley Brown (9.8). They will team up with Quarterback John Eckman. All that speed and a sturdy defense, led by 265-pound Tackle Earl Edwards, should shake the Shockers out of the doldrums.

Independent XAVIER, 8-2 last year, may improve on that record. The Musketeers think they have the hottest college passer in the game in Quarterback Carroll Williams, and they could be right. Williams completed 128 passes in 1965 for 1,847 yards and 20 touchdowns. He scored five times running and had 2,008 yards in total offense. Furthermore, he can still throw to End Danny Abramowicz, who caught 30 passes. About all DAYTON has is hope, wrapped up in sophomores. Quarterback Jerry Bebusch and 240-pound Fullback Mike Wilson are the best.

CONTINUED



JITTERBUGGING TO A BOWL

The Miracle

When the Navy football squad reported for practice in September of 1954, the gloom was as thick as the fog that sometimes rolls in off the nearby Severn River. The Midshipmen had muddled through to a 4-3-2 record the year before, losing to Army 20-7. Only two linemen were returning and just one—End Ron Beagle, who later became an All-America—was outstanding. Worse yet, when the linemen stood up to full height, they looked like Singer's midge-ets. Only two players, Tackles Jim Royer at 211 and John Hopkins at 203, weighed more than 189 pounds. The quarterback was a bony little 157-pounder named George Welsh (above). He stood barely 5 feet 9 and did not look strong enough to throw the ball more than 10 yards. A win over

Army was a pipe dream, a trip to a bowl utterly ridiculous.

Coch Edlie Erdelatz' first estimation of his team was hardly optimistic. He told sportswriters, "We're young, green and our line is very definitely our big problem." One writer's preseason evaluation began, "Navy's hopes for a successful season depend on a small miracle." He was prophetic. The Navy team of 1954 was destined to become the surprise team of the year.

Erdelatz' first order of business was to devise a new defense for his small, light line. He taught his players to scramble from one side to the other and in and out of the line to confuse the opposition's blocking assignments. Although common today, "jitterbugging," as Erdelatz named this style of play, was a novelty back in 1954, and it helped his linemen survive

when it seemed often that they would be murdered. With less inspiration, Erdelatz called his offense "ham and eggs." It consisted of equal measures of passing and running, and if the phrase has disappeared, the records the backfield set using the offense have not.

Navy was so lightly regarded that when the oddsmakers made Annapolis a 10-point favorite over William and Mary in the opener, even the players were surprised. But Navy sailed past W&M 27-0. Then came Dartmouth. Welsh was out with bruised ribs, and the offense sputtered badly under John Weaver, who moved over from half to quarterback. Dartmouth led 7-0 in the third quarter when Erdelatz yanked his regulars and put in the second team with Dick Echard at quarterback. The subs scored 42 points in 16 minutes. Stanford, with John Brodie (now a San Francisco

49er) at quarterback, was next and fell heavily 25-0.

By this time people were beginning to take notice of Navy. For the first time in years, the team showed up in the top 10 in the wire-service polls. The week after the Stanford game, Erdelatz, ever the corner of epiphany, said at a press conference, "The fact that they have more desire to win is the big difference. ... Why not just call it a Team Named Desert?"

The phrase was corny, but it caught on. In football, desire and the 1954 Navy team will always be synonymous.

No words, however, were enough to pull Navy through the following Saturday against a bigger Pitt team. Navy lost 21-19. The Middles bounced right back to trounce Penn 52-6, but then suffered a loss that was the making of the team. Navy pushed Notre Dame around fearfully in the mud at Baltimore, only to lose 6-0 on a long pass. "Actually," says Welsh, now an assistant coach at Penn State, "we didn't know how good we really were until we lost to Notre Dame. After that, we were sure we could beat anyone."

Erdelatz was beginning to think so, too. "The greatest team I ever coached," he announced. "Nothing will stop this team named desire."

And nothing did. Navy smashed Duke 40-7 and Columbia 51-6, and then it was time for Army. The Cadets, after losing to South Carolina, had won seven in a row, and they were ranked No. 5. They had Fullback Pat Uebel, who had scored three times against Navy the year before, and Halfback Tommy Bell, the leading scorer in the country. They were enough to make Army a seven-point favorite.

Meanwhile, the Sugar Bowl had been sounding out the Navy brass about a post-season game, and the Tuesday before the Army game word leaked down from the Pentagon: Navy, which had not been to a bowl since 1923, would accept a bid if it won or tied. Navy elected to win. Before the usual 100,000 spectators at Philadelphia, it traded touchdowns with Army as though they were going out of style. George Welsh was superb. He completed only five out of 11 passes but three of them were for touchdowns, and he scored a fourth himself. Chunky Fullback Joe Gattuso played like a demon, making tackles, smashing out first downs and punting. The little Navy linemen, bouncing all over Municipal Stadium, completely frustrated the big Army line. Navy won 27-20.

Next to come was Mississippi, the Southeastern Conference champions, in the Sugar Bowl. Ole Miss was 9-1 and its big, strong line, which outweighed Navy by 19 pounds a man, had given up only 47 points. Quarterback Eagle Day and Halfback Jimmy Patton, later a defensive star for the

New York Giants, were the leaders of a high-powered offense. It was easy to understand why the pairing drew the fire of the Dixie press. Eastern teams, they proclaimed, just did not play the South's brand of big-league football.

The game, as they predicted, was a mismatch. Navy simply ran over Ole Miss. Taking the opening kickoff, Navy marched 70 yards on sheer power with Gattuso bursting the final three through an eight-man line. Welsh threw a 15-yard touchdown pass to Weaver, and Gattuso went over from the one after a 93-yard drive in the third quarter. Mississippi made only one feeble pass at Navy's goal near the end, and that wound up with a fumble on the 12-yard line. Navy won 20-0.

Ole Miss Coach Johnny Vaught knew when he had been licked. "We sure got the hell kicked out of us," he said later. "Those little madmen from Navy play this game like they want to get in their last kicks before the world comes to an end."

The Best

The chances of a miracle team emerging in the East this fall are fair. It might even be Navy again. Or it could be Penn State, Army or Pitt, all coming off mediocre seasons and all with new coaches. Or Yale, with a gang of shiny sophomores. But more likely, the best team in the area will be SVR-ACUSF, and that hardly will be a miracle.

Coches Ben Schwartzwalder naturally, would be the very last to agree. Like most college coaches, he broods about such things as 20 lost lettersmen, sophomores and an early opener with Baylor. But Schwartzwalder, if pressed, will admit that any team with Floyd Little on it has to be good.

Little, perhaps the best breakaway back in the country, has already intimidated more people than Groucho Marx. Whenever he takes off with the ball, which is about 20 times a game, his bumpy legs churning, dipping and twisting, defenders have a problem. "He's like an eel," says one admiring opponent. "You think you have position on him and get ready to squash him. Then — zink — all you got is an armful of air."

Last year after some painful early experiences when opposing defenses gaped up on Little, Schwartzwalder moved 235-pound Larry Conka from linebacker to fullback and installed his version of the fashionable I formation, a crooked alignment that stacked the tailback and fullback behind the guard in Syracuse's unbalanced line. It was all designed to spring Little loose, and did it ever. While Conka smashed inside for 795 yards, Floyd gained more than a mile — 1,065 yards running. He added 248 yards catching passes, 677 more running back kicks and scored 19 touchdowns.

The combination could be even better this fall, because Schwartzwalder has added a few more homemade twitches to his I and Conka has acquired some new skills. Instead of just hammering, he has learned to shake a hip and cut when he gets past the line of scrimmage. "If the opposition wants to take care of Little, they can do it," says Schwartzwalder. But he warns, "They ought to have to pay the price now that Conka can shake 'em up inside. And we have a quarterback who can pass."

If the last seems un-Schwartzwalderlike and it does, the reason is wrapped up in a left-handed package named Jim Del Guiso. Del Guiso, a rangy sophomore, seems a sure bet to take the quarterback job away from junior Rick Cassata. He is a superb passer, short or long, and he will be aiming at some receivers. Little, Right Half Tom Coughlin and Ends Ed Schreck, Dick Towne and John Del Guiso, Jim's twin.

The offensive interior line has a greenish tinge to it, but it is quick, mobile and hostile. Gary Bugehagen, a 290-pound tackle, has been switched from defense to offense, and 255-pound Dave Johnson, a sophomore, will be one of the biggest guards in the country. The other starters are 225-pound Harris Wierke at inside tackle, Bill Benetuck at guard and Tom Ross at center. What worries Schwartzwalder is his defense, which yielded much too easily in 1985. It has good size, though, and the player who could help spruce it up is End Herb Stecker, out most of last season with an injury.

The big tests come early — Baylor and UCLA in the first two games. But, like all true-blooded Orangemen, Schwartzwalder also fears PENN STATE, even though his old feuding buddy, Rip Engle, has retired, turning over the head coaching job to his longtime assistant, Joe Paterno. "That Paterno is a smart coach," says Schwartzwalder. "Just like old Rip. And besides, he's got some football players."

Nothing has really changed at State, except that Paterno, who always had a big hand in Engle's manipulations, is less leopards than his old boss. The Lions are just as big, just as broad and just as potentially dangerous as they were under Engle, and they have their best crop of sophomores in almost a decade. But that's the trouble, most of the good players are young.

Penn State's losses were heavy. Only 14 lettermen return, but one of them is Jack White, the quarterback who was granted an extra year because he sat out a season after transferring from Florida. Another is Split End Jack Curry. Between them, they smashed almost every school passing record. White completed 98 passes for 1,215 yards and Curry, a little string bean of a fellow, caught 42 of them. Bill Retteg, the No. 2 fullback, is back, too, and there is a whole bevy of sparkling sophomore runners.

continued

But the key to Penn State's potential is Roger Grimes, a towheaded fullback turned tailback who runs with the bounce of a Jim Brown. Or did—before he suffered a knee injury in the second game last season, then came down with mononucleosis. Grimes re-injured the knee playing basketball last winter, had surgery and missed spring practice. How quickly, or if, he regains his form could determine just how the Lions will play the game this fall. With Grimes at his best, Penn State will have a sophisticated attack, mostly 1. Without him, Paterno may go back to the old wing-T and rely more on White's passing.

Another problem is the offensive line, where Paterno will have to fill the gaps with newcomers and players who have been switched from other positions. The tackles are big—juniors Rich Buzin and John Sain were both close to 260 pounds in the spring—but not quick or agile enough to satisfy Paterno.

The defense does. It is big, fast and combative. Mike Reid, a 238-pound sophomore fullback who was moved to middle guard in the spring, looked like a man who had played there all his life as he merrily banged heads. Flanking Reid are two huge tackles: 260-pound Dave Rowe and 245-pound Mike McBeth, while Bill Morgan and Tim Horst, another first-year find, will man the ends. Behind them are linebackers John Rannels, Jim Littlefield and Jim McCormick and a tight secondary composed of Mike Irwin, Tom Sherman and Safety Tim Montgomery.

"We'll have to depend upon our defense to keep us in ball games," says Paterno, beginning to sound a bit like Eagle. "But if it breaks down anywhere, I'm afraid we're in for a long year." He protests too much.

ARMY has already had its big surprise—the sudden departure last April of Paul Dietzel and the appointment not much later of Freshman Coach Tom Cahill in his place. The shock of those fireworks may light a rocket under the offense, which consisted mostly of duds and hangfires last season. Cahill's specialty is moving the ball, and the more flamboyantly this is done the better. Says he: "It's time to keep the other team off the scoreboard, but you better get up there yourself."

With this in mind, the first thing Cahill did was put Army into a T with split, tight or three ends. He switched Carl Woessner, a slashing type, from flanker to tailback to team up with Fullback Mark Hamilton in the running spots and moved John Peduto from tailback to wingback. Then, when Quarterback Fred Barofsky was ruled out because of his unhappy vulnerability to head injuries, Cahill turned the new offense over to Jim O'Toole and Steve Lindell, a couple of talented sophomores. O'Toole is the better passer, and he brought along his own receiver from the plebe team

—Gary Steele, a lanky 6-foot-5 split end with pipestem legs but grasping hands. Just in the nick of time, too, because Army lost all but one of its offensive ends.

Army's racier look may not be quite enough to camouflage the deficiencies. There are not many better football players around than Linebacker Townsend Clarke, who won notices almost as favorable as Tommy Nobis' and Carl McAdams' last year. Almost in a class with Clarke are Tom Schwartz and David Rivers, defensive ends, and Don Roberts, a 235-pound offensive tackle. But after those four comes the tackle.

Cahill has had to do some juggling to fill in the holes, especially in the middle of the offensive and defensive lines. On defense, Tackle Bud Nussachony is now at middle guard and Pat Mente, a smolish (206 pounds) former middle guard is at tackle. On offense, John Montanaro, a solid 228-pounder, goes from guard to center while Nick Kurillo, the team's punter and a high school fullback, is at guard along with John Nerdahl.

Cahill's tenure as head coach probably will rest on the Navy game. "We won't be pushovers," he insists, but NAVY will not be, either. Last year's 4-4-2 record, ending in that dull *atachmax*, the 7-7 tie with Army, still rankles in the breasts of the brooding Midshipmen. The fact is, Navy is better equipped this time for the rigors of one of the toughest schedules anywhere (Boston College, SMU, Air Force, Syracuse, Notre Dame and Duke are all on it). Coach Bill Elias, a dry-eyed optimist, refreshingly predicts, "We'll be a better team this year." Maybe. There was not much wrong with Navy's scrambling defenses in 1963—only Georgia Tech and Notre Dame got through for more than two scores. The team was not really overpowering but it stunted, blitzed and came at opponents from almost as many directions as the Viet Cong. That is Elias' way: keep the foe guessing, prod them off balance and then surround them.

Although Navy has lost both tackles and a couple of linebackers, its defense should be even better. Ends Bill Dow and Curt Schantz, Middle Guard George Garrett and Linebacker Don Downing, the best from last year's team, are back, along with three experienced players in the secondary. Dave Tate, 235 pounds, will fill in at one tackle while Dick Petrino is the other linebacker. But the one who really excites Elias is Tom McKeon, a rough 6-foot-4, 231-pound tackle. "If he stays healthy, he can be an All-American," says Elias.

What doomed Navy a year ago was an ineffective offense. To jazz it up, Elias will vary his prostyle T with the I and go with his seasoned backfield, including junior Quarterback John Cartwright. Always a good scrambler, Cartwright is more poised and his passing has improved. He has good recep-

ters, too. In Split End Rob Taylor, if he is eligible, and Flanker Tom Leiser, who switched positions, and Tom Shrawder, a sophomore end. Terry Murray, a shifty youngster who ran for 391 yards last year, and Carl Tamulevich, a 206-pound plunger who beat stubby Danny Wong out of the fullback job, will take care of the running.

Unfortunately, the backs will have to operate behind an insecure line. Aside from Skip Dittman, the hard-blocking 6-foot-6, 240-pound center, Tight End Reb Hexter and Tackle Kit Ruland, the offensive wall is frightfully inexperienced.

Still Elias is sanguine. "I guess I'm the Walter Mitty of the coaching profession," he says. "I have delusions of grandeur. I always think we will win every game."

Whether his optimism is entirely justified may be discovered earlier than Elias expects. BOSTON COLLEGE's Jim Miller, a master strategist, spent a busy spring plotting a major disaster for his old coaching buddy when their teams meet in the Saturday opener at Annapolis.

"We have to be in every ball game," says Miller candidly. "We have that kind of strength." The strength he refers to is a collection of the biggest and maybe the best linemen the Eagles have had since the glory days of Frank Leahy. The offensive line, from tackle to tackle, averages 240 pounds and the defensive unit is just as large. Offensive Tackles Dick Powers and Tom Sarkisian are 245 and 240, respectively; Guard Bob Hyland, a converted center and BC's best lineman, is 250; Center Mike Evans 240 and sophomore Guard Dick Kroner a mere 225. On defense, Tackle Doug Shephard is 6 feet 8 and 260. Ron Persuente, the other tackle, is 240, and Middle Guard Bill Sietz goes 230. The ends are Len Persin, 240, and Gordie Katz, 225. The nicest thing about them is that they are all quick and agile, and there are plenty more behind them.

There is also speed in the Eagles' backfield. Halfbacks Terry Erwin and Dick DeLeonardis, a 9.8 sprinter, are breakout threats, and their backup men are Scatterbacks Paul Delta Villa (he does 9.7 for the 100), a starter last season until he tore knee ligaments and underwent an operation, and sophomore Dave Bennett. The best of all, however, is Brendan McCarthy, the 215-pound fullback who runs inside or outside equally well. He ripped enemy lines for 891 yards as a sophomore and looks even better now.

But Miller, who favors a multiple smorgasbord of T and I, is prepared to concede that an offense is only as good as its passing game. "If you can throw the ball," he reasons, "anything ought to work." That is what troubles Miller. Ed Foley, last year's quarterback, is gone, and Dave Thomas, a much-heralded sophomore transfer from Duke who throws like an arrow in practice—they call him Dave the Dart on Chestnut

Hill—still has to learn his way around. Experienced receivers are also scarce for the first time since Miller came to BC. The most promising of the newcomers is sophomore John Egan, a 6-foot-4 basketball player with the deftness associated with that sport. Another bother is the defensive secondary, where Tom Carlyn is the only returning starter.

What Miller hopes is that all that size up front will obscure the weaknesses. For sure, no one will stomp these Eagles, not even Syracuse or Penn State. They could turn the East's Big Five independents into the Big Six before the season ends.

Just mention DARTMOUTH around the Ivy League and almost everybody throws up his hands in despair. For good reasons, too. The Big Green, unbeaten last year and winner of the Lambert Trophy as the best in the East, is loaded again. And Coach Hob Blackman is back. There were hopes that he would take the best loss offered last winter. He only nibbled, however, and the rest of the league will just have to put up with the black magic he brews annually. He spent the long hot summer devising new corollaries to the bewildering assortment of offensive and defensive sets he fancies. This fall opponents are likely to see some variations of the V, T and I and maybe even an unexpected defense or two. "You have to keep changing," says Blackman.

Dartmouth does have a few problems, but mounting an attack is not one of them. Any coach, even Bear Bryant, would be happy with the backs. For instance, Quarterback Mickey Heard, a whipfast passer, threw and ran for 1,094 yards and 15 touchdowns in 1965. Left Half Gene Ryazewicz, little but irrepressible, gained 1,213 yards running, passing, catching and returning kicks. Then there are Right Half Paul Klumpnes and Pete Walton, a strong 226-pound fullback. Collectively, this bunch accounted for more than 3,200 yards and 38 scores a year ago. Place-kicker Bill Hyl, who booted 34 points after touchdown and three field goals, is also back and, for pass catching, the Big Green has Ends Bob MacLeod, son of the Bob MacLeod and well again after knee surgery, and Bill Calhoun.

If Blackman has problems, they are in the line where he has some patching to do. The offensive interior, with All-Ivy Center Chuck Mazurak, Tackle Hank Paulson and Guard Bill Sjogren all returning, is respectable, but the defense, where Tackles Roy Johnson, Jim Eldridge and Bill Eggeling are the only experienced players, needs rebuilding. Fortunately, there are uncompromising types available for replacements. And if anybody has the idea that Dartmouth can be beaten by a passing game, forget it. Linebacker Norm Davis, a good one, and defensive backs Steve Laxford, Gordon Rule and All-League Wynn Mabrey are all in their old

places. It looks like another Ivy championship for the Big Green.

With everybody shooting at the Dartmouths, there is competition, however, and at least two teams, PRINCETON and Yale, will strike even Dartmouth as dangerous. The Tigers, of course, have an added incentive. They are still smoldering over last year's only defeat, a 28-14 thumping by the new champions. Despite the loss of its stars—Tailback Ron Landeck, Kicker Charley Gogolak and Guards Stas Maliszewski and Paul Savidge—Princeton has enough good players left to be a strong contender. As usual, Coach Dick Colman has a spate of shik tailbacks to operate his modernized single wing, the most impressive being Bob Weber, a stylish runner. And the Tigers have a top-notch receiver in End Bill Potter. There is even another soccer-style place-kicker, Eduardo Garcia, who does it kelly. Along with Wingback Johnny Bowers and Fullback Dave Marin, plus solid blockers like Quarterback Chuck Peters and reserve Fullback Bill Berkeley, also the league's leading punter, they will put plenty of bite into the Tiger attack.

Stopping people will not be a problem, either. Ends Larry Stupski and Walt Kozumbo, Middle Guard Lee Hitchner and Tackle Bill Gloyd, backed up by two large sophomores, 235-pound Dick Hantz and 240-pound Tim McCann, form the nub of another fine defensive line. The secondary is in good hands, too, with Hayward Gibson, Marty Eichelberger and Doug James back to sweat down passes.

YALE Coach Carm Cozza showed the patience of a saint in his baptismal year. About the only thing that kept him going while his punchless Ellis bumbled to a drub 3-6 record was the knowledge that help was on the way from an unbeaten freshman team. Happily, it is the kind of help that can make Yale an instant challenger.

Assistance was most needed for the attack, and Cozza can hardly wait to put the best of his new sophomores to work. The one who is counted on most is Brian Dowling (see box page 76), a highly skilled quarterback who can run, throw and kick. Another is Halfback Calvin Hill, a big, hard-hitting runner who scored five touchdowns against the Princeton freshmen. They will move right in with Lettermen Court Shevelson, a nifty little darter, and Don Barrows, a tough short-yardage walker. Cozza's T, so grim and unproductive last season, will be far more dashing.

Newcomers also give the front lines a more substantial look. Bruce Weinstein, a 6-foot-5, 240-pound tight end who can block and catch passes, will team up with Split End Bob Kenney, an excellent receiver. Pat Madden, another sophomore end, is good enough to play somewhere, probably on defense, where Middle Guard Rick Wil-

liams lends substance to an already strong interior. It has 245-pound Bob Greenlee, who should make All-Ivy, and 220-pound Glenn Greenberg, son of old-time baseball slugger Hank, at the tackles.

MASSACHUSETTS, not so little anymore, is striking out for bigger game. The Redmen have added Dartmouth and Boston College to their diet. But Coach Vic Fusa, a well-ordered football man, is not about to tremble—not with Greg Landry in the lineup. A junior quarterback, Landry last year rolled up 2,037 yards in total offense, completing 62% of his passes (96 for 154) for 1,423 yards and eight touchdowns and running 614 more for nine scores.

Landry is not all U-Mass has, either. Ends Bob Meers and Mike Morin, both high pro draft choices, are gone but their successors, Bill Carthy and sophomore Bill Warnock, can catch the ball. And Don Durkin and Bob Detore, the halfbacks, have the outside speed to make Fusa's ball-control T devastating. Furthermore, the defensive line is big and mobile. Tackle Dick Qualey weighs a tidy 250 pounds while Ed Toner, the other tackle, End Paul Milner and sophomore Middle Guard Mickey Bukey are each 230. That kind of muscle can win the Yankee Conference title.

But first Massachusetts will have to get past defending champion MAINE, a team that ambushed the Redmen in the opener last year and went on to win the Lambert Cup. The Black Bears have lost their arm (Quarterback Dick DeVamey, who passed for 17 touchdowns) and their best receiver (Halfback Frank Harney) but Coach Hal Westernman has 25 lettermen and high hopes.

George Platter, although a good long thrower, is no DeVamey, so Maine probably will run more than pass. But the Bears will have to do it with an offensive line that averages a mere 186 pounds (Tackle Gerald Perkins is the biggest at 202, Guard Michael Hodges the smallest at 160) and a halfback, Paul Keeney, who has a bad knee. What could save the season for Maine is a stout defense, led by Little All-America Linebacker John Huard, a sturdy 215-pounder.

The Rest

The grumbling at PITT became a roar last fall when the Panthers stumbled through one of their worst seasons ever. They were bombed unmercifully by West Virginia 63-48, Syracuse 51-13 and Notre Dame 69-13, gave up 311 points and won only three games. So Pitt did the natural thing. It fired longtime (11 years) Coach John Michelosen and replaced him with Dave Hart, a personable young Navy assistant. Hart has no illusions about his task. "We have a long way to go," he admits, "but the situation is not exactly hopeless."

continued

Maybe not, but it is close to it, at least for this year. Fortunately for Hart, seven of last year's "defensive" regulars are gone. But, unfortunately, so are Quarterback Ken Lucas, Halfback Eric Crabtree and Fullback Barry McKnight, who kept the season from being a total disaster. Hart has only a few first-rate players—Tailback Bob Dyer, Linebacker Jim Flanagan and Ends Mackey Rosborough, Bob Longo and Greg Keller—a handful of promising sophomores and an inexhaustible capacity for hard work. Ed James, with only 10 minutes playing time, is the quarterback in Hart's 11 and five starters will be sophomores.

Pitt's schedule, as usual, is murderous,

and the Panthers will be lucky to win three games again. But the picture is brightening. Hart and his eager young staff recruited 33 freshmen. Too bad they cannot play now.

Not all the eastern independents are as badly off as Pitt. COLGATE, for one, is looking to a better year despite some unexpected summer losses. Coach Hal Luhar, who likes his defense firm and fully packed, is delighted with the look of Tackle Jim Schneider and Guards Marty Tripp and Peter Nagle, all around 230 pounds. Behind them is tenacious Linebacker Ray Ilg, who is 210 and almost as quick as his name. There is also plenty of motion for Luhar's wing-T. Sophomore Ron Burton is a splen-

did roll-out passer and runner, while Hbars Hubbard, a muscled 220-pounder who slashed for 621 yards a year ago, is back to lead the running game. And if the show signs of faltering, Ilg can help out at fullback.

Things are looking up at Boston U. and Holy Cross, too. BOSTON U. has 23 returning lettermen and the finest group of sophomores Coach Warren Schmuckel has ever had. Some of the youngsters, like Bob Bosseri, a 235-pound defensive end, Cornerback Fred McNeilly, Guard Rick Lepore, 205, and Linebacker Cliff Burton, 200, will go to play right away, and the rest will give the Terriers the kind of depth they have not enjoyed in years. There are other encouraging signs. Tony Gallagher, a punishing 235-pound end, heads up a defensive line that averages 232 pounds, and Bob Kobus and Jim Thornton are back to quarterback Schmuckel's double wing-T—that is, if they do not lose out to sophomore Joe Saurino, a slingshot passer who threw for 10 touchdowns as a freshman. With luck, BU might even be 7-3.

HOLY CROSS's hopes ride on Jack Lentz, a free-wheeling quarterback who ran 802 yards for a school record as a sophomore and then sat out last year after a knee operation. Without Lentz, Coach Mel Massucco played Russian roulette with his quarterbacks, starting five different ones, and the Crusaders bumbled to seven losses. With Lentz in shape, the Holy Cross attack should come alive. Now all Massucco has to do is find some tackles to go with Ends Pete Kimmner and Dick Krzysek, Center Dick Grise and Middle Guard Glen Grecco.

AT VILLANOVA, things cannot possibly be as bad for Coach Alex Bell as they were in 1965, when his defense could not stop anybody, the offensive linemen knocked down only their own runners and the Wildcats won just one game. For one thing, he has more players to call on, and 235-pound Tackle John Fry and two-way End Paul Sedalski, his best defenders, will get help from Richie Moore, an agile 6-foot-7, 285-pound sophomore tackle. Bell's offense, a combination of split T and I, will be more versatile, too. Quarterback Gerry Bellotti passes adequately, and the running will be better with four sophomores Deiny Kelly and Frank Baul, the kind who can go all the way, to assist holdover John Kolmer.

It is bicentennial time at RUTGERS, and the newest present for Coach John Bateman would be some large and rambunctious interior linemen and a good passer to fluff up his tricky double wing T. But, alas, Bateman probably will have to make do with what little he has. End Jack Emmers is a big league receiver, offensive Tackle Ron Kenney, a 230-pounder, can hold his own and Linebacker Bob Schroeder is adequate. But Fred Eckert, the likely quarterback, is a scatter passer, and the running of Charley

Merriwell is back

It started slowly, because freshman games in the Ivy League are viewed with as much indifference as the well-organized cheer. First came the faint whispers. "He's everything that Albie Booth was," said one graduate, looking nervously over his shoulder. "Reminds you of Larry Kelly, doesn't he?" said another in hushed conversational tones.

By the time the Eli freshmen had played—and won—three games, curious alumni, students, a professor of two and any number of people who just admire good football players wherever they may fall, were coming to see Brian John Dowling run, pass, kick, intercept passes and tie his shoelaces. And by the time the last three games were played—and won—the varsity coaching staff was busy scribbling diagrams with an emphatic red circle around the quarterback.

It was that kind of season for Dowling. When the big, tough yard was needed, Quarterback Dowling simply called on Quarterback Dowling to get it. He usually did, plus seven more. But plunging was the least of the talents of the cool young fellow from Cleveland. Passing was more to the point. Dowling threw 11 touchdown passes and six of those came against Harvard and Princeton. Nor could anyone take great comfort when he went back to punt. In one game last fall, with fourth down and 11 yards to go on his own 28, Dowling managed to give every indication that all he had on his mind was putting foot to ball. So what happened? Dowling tore off 20 yards for what appeared to be a first down. It wasn't. Yale was offside. When Harry Jacuska regained enough of his composure to ask his prodigy why in the world he had run in the first place, Dowling answered, "Saw something in the defense, Coach." Jacuska sent him back on the field to punt, really punt. So he ran again, this time for 35 yards. "Saw



the same thing, Coach," said Dowling.

Before anyone had a chance to recover from his football exploits, Dowling reported to the Yale freshman basketball team and casually scored 343 points, which averages out to 24.5 a game. With nothing to do in the spring, he went out for tennis, won his first two matches, then gave it up because his game was "not too good." He reported forthwith to the baseball team and drove at the winning run in his first game.

Ask any new coach what he wants most and there is a high probability he will vote for a stout lad who can run like a fullback, weighs in at about 240 and is inclined to be mean. That is exactly what Joe Paterno has in Mike Read, middle guard at Penn State and Dowling's chief rival for sophomore honors.

Another who could be as good is a 6-foot-5-inch end with the ability to catch anything he can reach and then run away from defenders. Gary Steele, the first Negro to play varsity football at West Point, is what Tom Cahill got in his first season at Army, and if Cahill can find someone to get the ball to Steele, look out, Navy. Not that the Midshipmen are without their own bundle of destruction. Tom McKeon, a 6-foot-4, 230-pounder, will be right in the middle of things at defensive tackle.



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Mudie, Ralf Stegmann, Don Russell and Rich Caputo, as good as it is, will not be quite enough to hold off Princeton, Yale and Army, three of Rutgers' first four opponents.

It is no coincidence that when Dick Offenbamer quit at BUFFALO, the ambitious Bulls brought in Doc Urach, an assistant at Notre Dame under Ara Parseghian. Buffalo yearns to go big time, and Urach's wide-open style fits in. He has the quarterback for it, too. Mick Murtha, smart, quick and an accomplished passer, is so good that he chased Rick Wells and Nick Caputo, last year's quarterbacks, to halfback. And Murtha can throw to Split End Dick Ashley, who runs pro patterns. Soph Halfback Steve Svec, big, fast and strong, and Fullback Lee Jones are also just right for Urach's I and pro T. What's more, there are some fine linemen—like Tackle Bill Taylor, when he recovers from an August appendectomy, and Guard Ted Gibbons—to spring them loose. But the Bulls will have to score a lot. The defense is new and shaky.

If the Ivy League has a dark horse, it is CORNELL. Especially if new Coach Jack Musick, who learned from Dartmouth's Blackman, borrows a few tricks from his old boss. Musick plans a wing T for the Big Red, but he promises "our attack will be from varied formations." Those variations might just shake up a few opponents. Quarterback Bill Abel spins a fair pass, Pete Larson and Ron Gervase can run and they will operate behind a seasoned line led by 230-pound Tackles Reeve Vanneman and Harry Garman. The defense, hopefully, can cover up its greenness with size. Guard Craig Gannon is 300 pounds while Tom Diehl, shifted from offensive guard to end, is 240, and Tackle Ted Lokakis is 230. The Ivys are going national.

HARVARD's John Yovosin means about the loss of 17 lettersmen, including a dozen starters from his two platoons, but Ivy Leaguers aren't listening. They are all too familiar with Yovosin's talent for building staunch defenses, and he has a sound nucleus in 230-pound Dave Davis and 230-pound Skip Swiokla, a pair of smashing tackles, tough End Justin Hughes and Linebacker Don Chiofalo. The Crimson also has some good runners in shifty Bobby Leo and stubby Vic Gatto, an elusive 5-foot-6 sophomore. Only trouble is, they may have a time getting away. Like most Crimson quarterbacks, John Shevlin does not pass well enough to keep enemy defenses from mauling and, aside from Steve Diamond, a blue-chip 211-pound tackle, Harvard's offensive linemen are mostly the ineffective kind.

PENN is another team that could make life uncomfortable for the favorites. The Quakers, not so peaceful anymore since Coach Bob Odell took over, attack vehem-

ently from the I, and they have the backs for it. Quarterback Bill Croeden, a zinging thrower, and Wingback Rick Owens are a formidable pair, while Tailback Bill McGill steps lively. But Penn's linemen are small, even by the old Ivy standards.

About all Columbia and Brown can hope for is to stay out of the cellar. COLUMBIA, where Coach Buff Donelli has been under fierce alumni attack, is in for another lean year. Quarterback Rick Ballantine, passing or running, is just ordinary and, except for Ends Leo Makohen and Gerry Zawadzka, Guard Dick Flory and Defensive Back Bob Hast, the other returning lions are not likely to scare anyone. Sophomores could help, though, and Donelli is counting on them. BROWN Coach John McLaughry, for a change, has size and depth at the tackles, where Alton Moser, 6 feet 5 and 200 pounds, and Leon Jilbert, a 230-pound sophomore, head up a five-man contingent. But, without Bob Hall, the league's No. 1 passer, the Bruins' offense will be skippy. Sophomore Quarterback Jack McMahon is simply no Hall. Fortunately, Punter Joe Randall, who averages 40.9 yards, is back. Brown will kick a lot.

One team that could upset the probabilities in the Yankee Conference is VERMONT. The Cats have 27 lettermen, more than enough to spread over two platoons, and almost everybody, including Middle Guard Joe Soldano and End Bill Van Bennekum, is back from the defense that held foes to a measly 86 yards a game rushing last year. But Coach Bob Clifford needs a quarterback to run his spread—he calls it a "simplicity T"—and some fast runners to help Halfback Dick Hebert.

The rest of the Yankee Conference is still playing catch-up. CONN-CTICUT has a new coach, former Columbia aide John Toner, and two solid defensemen in Halfbacks Gene Campbell and Dave LaLina. But the Huskies, who bear their name these days, lack a quarterback. RHODE ISLAND and New Hampshire will play the game with sophomores. Indeed, over 40 of the 50 candidates at Providence are newcomers, and some of the linemen are big enough to match the Green Bay Packers. Coach Jack Zilly's offensive interior averages 225 pounds, and the defensive middle, sophomores all, goes 230. The best of the new backs is Owen McEntee, a fierce 227-pound fullback who crashes lines like a small tank. NEW HAMPSHIRE, weary of being pummeled, brought in Joe Yukica, another of Blackman's Dartmouth assistants. Yukica took a bleak look at his seasoned players and benched most of them. A dozen sophomores are contending for Wildcat starting positions, and three of them—Bill Phillips, Tom Kasprzak and Les Wilson—are in the backfield, along with Bill Estey, a pint-sized (5 feet 6, 140 pounds) junior quarterback

who throws a nice pass and, for his size, is quite a little runner.

The unpredictable Middle Atlantic Conference is shoulder high in contenders. Bucknell could win the title again. Or Hofstra. Or even Temple. BUCKNELL lost its quarterback, Bill Lerro, and two star receivers, Tom Mitchell and Ron Kinney, who between them gathered in 92 passes, and ordinarily that would be enough to discourage the Bisons. But they were left with a firm defense, and Coach Carroll Huntress has another able marksman—Bob Marks—to run his swinging I. HOFSTRA's chances rest with Don Gault, a lanky quarterback who is attracting pro scouts. He completed 158 passes for 2,134 yards and 20 touchdowns last year. If Coach Howdy Myers can find some new catches to replace Ends Frank Coffey (56 receptions) and Bill Starr (52), the Flying Dutchmen can soar to the top. TEMPLE is sitting pretty with quarterback Tom DeFelice, two outstanding receivers in End Ed Reiter and Flanker John Fonash, a snailish 9.8 sprinter who had 41 catches last season, and an experienced defense. What disturbs Coach George Makris, however, is that these same defenders gave up 210 points in 1965. The Owls, obviously, will have to mend some fences to have a chance at the title.

The other MAC teams are far behind. At DELAWARE, Coach Tabby Raymond, who took over when Dave Nelson decided to retire to the athletic director's chair, has plenty of backs but he is desperate for good linemen. The only ones he has are Herb Slattery, a 238-pound middle guard, and End Mike Purzycki. GETTYSBURG, without fancy-passing Quarterback Jim Ward, will have to rely upon its runners, Rod Albright, Bob Nye and Craig Markel, for its kicks. LAFAYETTE, after too many down years, should be better. Juniors Chris Yantzer, Bill Mesack and Joel Cussow will put some snap into Coach Ken Brien's Leopards. LEHIGH, however, is still in big trouble.

To hear AMHERST's Jim Ostendorf tell it, the Lord Jiggs will be lucky to win a single game. "We're great," he complains, "and we have problems." If Amherst has any serious problems, they are fairly well hidden by Halfbacks Bob Ryan and Ed Bradley and Fullback Ron Hegg, a dandy bunch who ran for 1,423 yards and 21 touchdowns last year. That is the kind of offense that wins Little Three titles. WILLIAMS will go after Amherst on a wing and a prayer. The Wing is Ed, a marvelous runner who rushed for 1,139 yards and scored 15 times in 1965; the prayer is for a rebuilt defense that Coach Frank Navarro hopes will work. WESLEYAN, unhappily, is in no position to match its rivals. Only 15 players are back, its offensive line was swept clean and the backs lack speed.

CONTINUED



A WILD RIDE WITH THE MUSTANGS

The Miracle

There was no mistaking the look of those tough new faces around the Southern Methodist University campus in 1947. These were men who had faced the guns of Tiger tanks, had fought Zeros and had survived K-rations, and they were not likely to be awed by earnest young fellows grunting at them from across the line of scrimmage. It was, however, that kind of year for campuses all over the country and, in fact, SMU had fewer World War II veterans than most of the big universities. A dismal season the year before had even left the impression that SMU might be just as ordinary this time around.

Coach Muttie Bell knew better. "We're going to surprise somebody," was the way he put it, and while coaches are just full of

such euphemisms, those few veterans he did have were special. Very special. Line-men Earl Cook, John Hamberger and Sid Halliday, for instance, were big and mean. There was also a fine passer in Gai Johnson and one of the quickest runners around in Paul Page. But, most of all, there was Doc Walker (above) who was small, slightly faster than slow and who could bring more people leaping off their seats than a swarm of agitated army ants.

There was a hint of things to come two years before when SMU won five games with Walker. The following year Walker spent the football season in the Army at the Brooke Medical Center in San Antonio, but he was back now, older, stouter and ready. His old followers were hopeful, of course, and Bell was confident, but absolutely no one was quite prepared for—could be prepared for—a whole season of runs,

passes, receptions, kicks, punts and tackles that were ordinarily spectacular and almost unbelievable on occasions.

Kezar Stadium in San Francisco has 59,700 seats, most of which were left uncovered for SMU's opener with Santa Clara. Pity. SMU quickly demonstrated what the 1947 season was going to be like. Late in the game, Walker took a kickoff on the two-yard line and very deliberately, almost lethargically, started upfield, peering sidelongly at the forming defense. Then it came—first a burst of speed, then a complete stop, followed by a skip to the left, one to the right, and Walker was clear, picking up blocks when he had them, changing speed and direction when he did not. He crossed into the end zone untouched. There was another one of those ghostly runs earlier, a 44-yarder for a touchdown, and a jolt at the line that upended three

linemen—and that meant a touchdown, too. That first win was important. Cook, Hamberger and Halliday learned then that they had something unusual in back of them, and they immediately started blocking with precision and, when Walker was on the loose, at any time, any place.

After the Mustangs' second win—against Missouri, in which Walker returned a punt 75 yards for one touchdown, blocked for another, punted for a third and chipped in with an extra 57-yard run—it became evident that SMU, with its crazy-quilt offense that spread players from sideline to sideline and had Walker lining up almost anywhere, was fully prepared to turn a perfectly ordinary game of football into a wild afternoon of fun and games.

Suddenly rickety old O'Quay Stadium was utterly inadequate. But when SMU moved into the Cotton Bowl to play Texas, there still were not enough seats, and 5,000 married veterans at SMU staged a brawl when they could not get tickets for their wives. Texas was No. 3 in the country. SMU was eighth. Texas was unbeaten. So was SMU. Texas had Bobby Layne, the best passer in football. SMU had Walker, and this was the game to find out just who was Mr. It in the state of Texas.

It was Walker. With the score tied, Walker—at tailback—passed to Halliday for a first down on the 38. He then moved over to wingback and took a pass from Johnson. Walker caught the ball in the air and landed with his legs already in motion. Texas finally tackled him on the one, but that was the game.

The thrills did not end there. Against Arkansas, with SMU behind, Walker ran a kickoff back 46 yards, returned a punt 30 yards, picked up 56 yards rushing, completed a pass, caught four of Johnson's passes and scored the winning touchdown with three minutes to go. That performance, however, was off-Broadway compared with what Walker did in the final game. It was against TCU, and the Southwest title was at stake, although SMU could win it with a tie.

Before anyone got settled in his seat for that one, TCU jumped in front by two touchdowns. Gimmie! "It might have been," said an SMU player, "except we had Walker." For a while it looked as if TCU had Walker too, all bottled up as he was trying to pass. It was precisely at moments like this, however, that Walker was most to be feared. "It gets the defense all scattered out," he said. "Then when you decide to run, you can take up the problem of tacklers one at a time." Twice TCU had Walker trapped. Trap Walker? Fat chance. Putting on his best display of start-and-stop-of-the-season, Walker feigned and sprinted. When TCU finally did find Walker standing still, it was 61 yards downfield—across the goal line.

Very exciting, but with 90 seconds to

play SMU was still behind by a touchdown. TCU kicked off—to exactly the wrong man, Walker. Not only did he return the ball 56 yards, but in the process he raced past his own bench yelling: "Send in Johnson." Bell did, and Johnson hit Walker on the ninety-yard line.

There were still 20 seconds to go and a touchdown to be had if SMU was to win the title. On the next play Walker sprinted for the goal followed by almost the entire team. Walker never made it, but then he didn't have to. With all that empty space on the other side of the field, Johnson had no trouble spotting Halliday alone at the end zone. Touchdown and the game and the title.

There are no Donk Walkers at SMU this year. There is one at Texas, though, and plenty to cheer about at Arkansas, the Conference favorite. Mustang followers might as well relax and enjoy the excitement.

The Best

Every night it was the same, and not all the warm milk in ARKANSAS could charge things. Jon Brittenum looks desperately downfield in the hazy world of unwanted dreams for Bobby Crockett—the All-American who always makes the plays that win the game that gives the national championship (and 14 brand-new folk songs) to Arkansas—and who does the scrambling quarterback trick. Four huge LSU defenders surrounding Crockett, leering and winking and daring him to throw the pass. Brittenum does, and in an instant Arkansas has lost the game that runs the perfect season that gives the championship to Alabama.

Hoo boy! What a way to get a night's sleep. Not only Brittenum, but Coach Frank Broyles, the team and the state of Arkansas are stuck with it, and the only known cure for such nocturnal unrest is another 22-game winning streak. It's possible, of course. Any team that has Brittenum and Harry Jones (certainly one of the best of the breakaway types) in the same backfield is going to win games. But all of them? Not likely. One good reason Arkansas led the country in scoring last season (32.4 points a game) was an offensive line that simply demolished anyone audacious enough to line up in front of it. Another was Bobby Burnett, a quick, powerful tailback who used to slam off tackle up to 40 times a game, taking the pressure off Jones's outside razzle-dazzle. A third was Crockett.

Well, say goodbye to all that. And say hello to some of the best teams the Southwest Conference has had in years. Yes, Texas fans, Arkansas can be beaten—occasionally. Before organizing any wild celebrations, however, take a long, grim look at what Broyles has left besides Brittenum and

Jones. There stands Loyd Phillips at left tackle, a moody ruffian who left the dorm in a huff last spring when some of the freshmen (of all people) began teasing him about a minor injury. Phillips eventually came back and Broyles is again breathing regularly. The entire defensive line, in fact, is as strong and fast as ever, and when the Razorbacks do get into deep defensive trouble, Tommy Trantham will race back to his old position in the secondary. Trantham, a big-play man on defense last season, won Crockett's job at split end with a series of spectacular catches during the spring game.

On the face of it, this looks much like the same old Arkansas except for that loss in the Cotton Bowl, not to mention the loss of a kicker, a punter, a tailback, the end and part of the offensive line. As Broyles himself pointed out: "These things just have a way of ending."

Absolutely no one knows that better than TEXAS Coach Darrell Royal, the former resident *enfant terrible* of the SEC, director of national champions and, at present, the coach most likely to cut his throat if he loses four games again this season. The question is: How did this losing sort of nonsense happen in the first place?

Some are brash enough to insist Royal was simply too stubborn to embrace the current rage (the 1 formation), not to mention the rules committee's gift to the rich: platoon football. "They can't convince me that all our misfortunes were caused by not platooning," says Royal. "We fumbled five punts last year. What has that got to do with platooning?" As for the 1, Royal snags his fingers at such nonsense. "Trends are bunk. You know who was football games? Angry people."

Without a doubt, Royal is an angry person. He also is about to platoon all-out for the first time in his life and has abandoned the faithful old wing T for, egad, the trend. Never one to go at anything haphazardly, Royal hired Broyles's old pupil, Freddy Akers, and handed him the offense. Akers wasted no time in shifting Quarterback Greg Lott to wingback (shades of Harry Jones), partly because Lott is very fast and partly because sophomore Bill Bradley (*see box page 82*) has come to play quarterback. Not that Bradley will be lonely for classmates. No fewer than eight sophomores have won starting positions this fall.

Quicker than you can say "wham, ooph, blooy" everyone will know whether that "feeling" TEXAS CHRISTIAN Coach Abe Martin has this season means a championship or a quick 0-3 record—whom, ooph and blooy meaning Nebraska, Ohio State and Arkansas. People have gotten out of the habit of really noticing TCU of late, but as an assistant coach noted laconically: "We was those first three and I guess they'll know about us." Crockett never never talk that

continued

way unless they know something. In this case, they know that sophomores Ross Montgomery and Norman Bullock have arrived. Montgomery is a 6-foot-3, 210-pound fullback who has reeled off a 9.6 hundred. Bullock, a tailback, is two pounds lighter, three inches shorter, a tenth of a second slower—and he hits harder. And what does Abe Martin think? "Talent isn't so much till it does something," is what he thinks.

If you have a notion to run against the Frogs, well, why not? The defensive line is light and will give a yard here and there, but if it's a pass you are thinking of, forget it. The secondary of Frank Horak, John Richards, Cobby Hadler and Paul Smith has experience, speed and is the best in the

SWC. It may be good enough to curry TCU right into the Cotton Bowl.

For the last seven games in 1965 Terry Southall watched BAYLOR play from high in the stands, tending his broken foot. It was one very good reason why the Bears lost five of those games and, until this spring, made Coach John Bridgers squirm at the thought of 1966. Then, the very first time the best passing quarterback in the SWC got his hands on the ball during the spring game, he threw himself and his fragile right ankle at right tackle. Bridgers nearly fainted, but when Southall popped up after the play the sighs of relief swept Waco like a zephyr. Southall is fit.

Baylor's offensive line is only adequate,

and the runners scare nobody—which bothers Bridgers not at all. What will be asked of them this fall is to hold off pass rushers long enough for Southall to loft one of his beautiful tosses to End Tommy Smith, a quick, sure senior, or John Westbrook, who is one of the two Negroes playing varsity in the SWC this season. Westbrook is a 9.6 type and will bear plenty of watching.

Baylor's volleyball-style of play, however, will be only half the show this season. Guard Greg Pipes, a 230-pounder being boomed for All-America, and Dwight Hood, a 240-pound tackle, make a try up the middle a very discouraging business indeed. And also right in the center of things is a 240-pound sophomore named Earl Maxfield. Opponents will find it much more productive to pass than run on Baylor. The secondary is young, untried and irresistible for any team with an adequate quarterback. The best one, alas, belongs to Baylor.

It will doubtless come as a shock to some four million fans who saw HOUSTON's Warren McVea drop the ball six times on national television last season, but the young speedster is very nearly as super as everyone said he was before that opening-game disaster. The Cougars came to life with four games to go, and all but three of the people who did it are back. Quarterback Bo Burris will pass often and with the advantage of a lesson learned last year: "There is no way," he says, "you can overthrow McVea."

There does not seem to be any way to throw against Houston, either. It was tried last year, and Gus Hellomson, Dick Spratt, Bill Hollon and Jim Berger intercepted nine passes. So try running and see what happens. Paul Otis, Carl Cunningham and Dick George are back, and nobody did very well against that bunch, either. Coming or going, the Cougars can beat you.

For a gent who has lost 29 games in four years, Hayden Fry has made quite a thing of adversity since coming to SOUTHERN METHODIST—SWC coach of the year in 1962 after losing eight games and a trip to the Sun Bowl in 1964 with a 4-6 record—which makes you wonder what a winning season would do for him. This is the year to find out. Linebacker Billy Bob Stewart fired his TV set last spring with a short right jolt to the image. It shattered the screen, but the set worked. Fry calls that "direct action," and he'll take it from Stewart on or off the field. "You don't have to worry about Billy Bob being up for a game," said Fry. "He's up for practice." The man who plays next to him is Jerry Griffin, who may be the second-best linebacker in the SWC.

Everybody but the fullback, the wing-back and both ends return to the offensive unit, and Jerry Levis, the other Negro to get a shot at SWC football and a 9.8 sprinter, fills the end position. "We'll do anything to get Levis in the open," said Fry.

Now It's Super Bill

Discipline, to Texas Coach Darrell Royal, has special meaning. When he says the word, it reminds some people of a cathedral organ—there is no mistaking the tone of reverence in his voice. Royal himself is strongly self-disciplined. His teams almost never go left when the battle plan says right, his assistants are obedient, his children mind their manners and, when he says "sit," every dog in the neighborhood sits. So when a flock of Texas boosters, wide-eyed and trembling with excitement, ask breathlessly: "Tell us about him, Coach," Royal will quote calmly answer: "Tell you about what?"

Who, Aa? At present there is exactly one who in the entire state of Texas. His name is Bill Bradley, quarterback is his position, and you can bet your last dollar that when Royal says a nonchalant "who?" he is using all the self-discipline he can muster.

Not since Doak Walker applied at Southern Methodist has a player awed Texas the way Bradley has. Says one official: "He could be the greatest I've seen in 40 years." Says one coach who will have to oppose Bradley: "He's incredible, unbelievable." Says, finally, his former coach at Palestine High School, Luke Thornton: "Why, he's, he's, he's—electric!" As for Royal, he will mumble things like "untested," and "hasn't had a chance yet," and then, in a wild display of emotion, admit that "Texas will be fun to watch this year."

Once you have seen him perform, it is hard to remain passive about Super Bill, as he is called. He teased Texas fans nearly to distraction last year as a freshman by reeling off seven yards every time he carried the ball, scoring five touchdowns in five games, completing 21 passes in 42 attempts, intercepting one pass, which he ran back 99 yards for a touchdown, and getting off some of



the longest punts ever seen in the Southwest. Super Bill is, of course, ambidextrous. Asked who his best punter was, a coach of a high school all-star team answered, "Bradley." The next best? "Bradley—right-footed."

Such praise tends to make Bradley squirm, but he is his own worst enemy. Normally right-handed, in one high school game he threw the winning touchdown pass with his left. "Shucks," he explained, "That ball just happened to be there."

It is remarkable that one player can obsess the Southwest so, because this is a vintage year. Texas Christian, for instance, has not one but two outstanding runners, Ross Montgomery and Norman Bullock. Both weigh in over 200, both are sub 10-second sprinters, and what both like to do best is to run into people. As of now TCU Coach Abe Martin has dutifully listed the sophomores on the second string, a situation that inevitably brings winks and nods from those who have seen them play.

SMU and Baylor have decided that Negroes do indeed have a place in SWC football. As a result, End Jerry Levis and Halfback John Westbrook will help make a live-way race out of the SWC scramble for the title.



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The Mustangs could get by with senior Mac White at quarterback. If not, they will go with Mike Livingston, a 6-foot-3, 200-pounder who also has 9.8 speed, is hair-raising on roll-outs and can pass. Occasionally, of course, White will hand off to Tailback Jim Hagle. "You think we won't surprise some people?" asks an assistant. Count on it.

Whenever nine of 11 starters return to an offensive team, that's good news, but when one of the starters is TEXAS WESTERN Quarterback Billy Stevens, duck. Stevens amassed over 3,000 wildly exciting yards passing last year and over 200 more in the Sun Bowl against TCU. And because Bobby Dobbs is a coach who would rather suck his head in a bowl of pinhas than watch a man run with the ball, he has seen to it that there are some sure-handed people around to catch Stevens' throws. Flanker Chuck Hughes is only 5 feet 11, but he caught 80 passes last year, and if Stevens prefers the tall, willowy type he has one of those, too, in Bob Wallace, a 6-foot-2 junior who sprints. Linebacker Fred Carr will have to work hard to keep opponents from running at will, but defense is not what Dobbs has in mind. In the spring game, the Orange beat the White 43-41. Duck again.

The Rest

RICE beat Texas last year, which is fine, but the Owls lost eight other games and could again. There are problems at quarterback, and the linbacking is weak. In short, Rice will have trouble moving the ball and stopping anyone else from moving. Three wins would be a gift for Coach Jess Neely, who is retiring this season after 40 years.

It was close, so very very close, but TEXAS TECH couldn't stop Arkansas in 1965's big one—not even with Donny Anderson and Quarterback Tom Wilson. Without them, the Red Raiders will have to chug along with Tackle Phil Tucker, a standout blocker, opening holes for Guy Griffin, a quarterback who cannot pass as well as Wilson did but who runs with distinction.

TEXAS A&M won three games for Coach Gene Stallins in his first year, and "we could get better," insists one assistant. Possibly, but the Aggies will have to be much better to do as well in a tougher conference. There is quality at spots, especially if Mo Moorman, a 6-foot-5, 250-pounder, is playing at one of them. He is capable of man-handling people any old place. There just are not any more like him, though.

At WEST TEXAS STATE there are no less than 15 returning regulars, including Quarterback Hank Washington, and since he was the 12th most effective quarterback in the country the Buffaloes could improve on their six wins last year.

CONTINUED



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WOW BOYS DAZZLE THE COAST

The Miracle

It was hardly a cause for dancing in Market Street when Football Coach Clark Shaughnessy and Stanford University joined forces early in 1940. The Indians had won only one game in 1939. Coach Tiny Thornhill, who had endeared himself to Bay Area fans by taking three straight teams to the Rose Bowl, was fired, and Shaughnessy's credentials seemed to promise little. He had won so games the previous year at the University of Chicago and had lost by such scores as 85-0 and 61-0. Weighted down by this crushing burden, intellectual Chicago then gave up its coach and intercollegiate football.

Thus it was with some trepidation that Stanford opened the season at Kassar Stadium against the University of San Francisco, a solid, proven team. USF "might be the

best team in our section," said a sportswriter, and added, "the young, green and inexperienced line the Indians present may break at times under the pressure of the Don forwards." But Stanford surprised the writer, and everybody else, by holding USF to a net gain of eight yards. It used only 11 plays and won in a breeze 27-0. In the locker room afterward the USF coach, according to one observer, "looked like a man who'd seen a ghost." What he actually had seen was the debut of one of the great miracle teams in college football, a team that popularized the T formation and sent seven men on to star in pro football. This was the beginning of the Wow Boys.

Shaughnessy's approach to victory was very un-Stanford. Thornhill's Wow Boys, who had sworn they would never lose to Southern Cal and never did, had been laughers. A meticulous play-planner, Shaughnessy

analyzed the talent on hand and installed the T to take the best advantage of it. That meant around-the-clock work for his staff and his quarterback, Frankie Albert (above), who had been an unpredictable sophomore halfback in 1939. Before school opened Albert slept at the Shaughnessy home, where some skull sessions lasted until 6 o'clock in the morning. The T was not new (Amos Alonzo Stagg had a highly developed version of it in 1896), but Stanford's success with Clark's T made it practically the biggest thing since Notre Dame brought in the forward pass against Army in 1913.

Stanford followers soon realized that despite his poor season at Chicago, Shaughnessy was a fine coach and was doing an amazing job of reshuffling the Stanford deck. "I saw the ideal college backfield for the T formation," said Shaughnessy. "I saw in Albert a daring fellow with the ball, one

who could handle it deftly, could bootleg when necessary, could pass well and kick quickly. Pete Kmetovic couldn't run to his left, but as a man-in-motion and a runner to his right he was marvelous. For sheer straight-ahead power, Norm Standlee was the finest fullback in the country. And then we had Hugh Gallarneau, a versatile back, who could run to his left or to his right and was a fine man-in-motion. All of them, and that includes Albert, could block. All could catch. As I fitted these pieces together, I felt I would be a poor coach if I couldn't find a way to get the most out of them."

The line was not bad, either. Center Vic Lindskog was moved from the backfield; he eventually became an All-Pro center. At tackles were Bruno Buncic, later a pro with the San Francisco 49ers, and Ed Stamm, who became student-body president. Guard Dick Palmer was the most vicious blocker on the team. Right End Fred Meyer made All-Coast and both Clint Tomerlin and Stan Graff were good left ends. At the other guard was Chuck Taylor, now Stanford's athletic director. Albert called him "the spark of our line."

The opening victory over USC, in which Kmetovic returned a punt 60 yards for a touchdown, did not excite many people outside the San Francisco area, but as the loss-free season rolled on the sportswriters began to tell the story of stunned fans, hines unable to follow Albert's slight-of-hand and what Shaughnessy himself later described as "one of the 12 greatest backfields of all time."

The Indians beat Oregon 13-0, helped by Gallarneau's 51-yard run. Santa Clara fell 7-6, the Broncos' only loss that year. Stanford came from behind to beat Washington State at Pullman (Kmetovic averaged 9.6 yards a carry and set up a touchdown with a 52-yard run). USC, dazed by a 61-yard Albert-to-Kmetovic scoring play, was the fifth unbeaten team in a row to fall, 21-7. UCLA went down 20-14. Undeclared Washington got off to a 10-0 lead, but Taylor's great line play and Albert to Kmetovic for a 56-yard touchdown play spoiled the Huskies' Rose Bowl dreams. The Wow Boys clinched the Pacific Coast Conference title by beating Oregon State 28-14 and finished up by winning the Big Game over Cal 13-7 with a gonf-line stand in the fourth quarter.

By this time there were plenty of believers and Stanford was an 8-5 favorite in the Rose Bowl over Nebraska's Cornhuskers, champions of the Big Six. But Nebraska jumped ahead quickly 7-0. Albert sent a play near the sideline and shouted to Shaughnessy, "Don't worry, we've got the ball now."

The Indians went on to win 21-13, the important final touchdown a 39-yard punt runback by Kmetovic, who for once did go to his left, then fled to his right behind some

of the most scythelike blocking ever seen in the Arroyo Seco. Lightweight sub Eric Armstrong took one man out, and Albert cut down two with another block. Dick Palmer also took out two men, one of whom did a somersault and was knocked cold.

Stanford, the dismal team that had averaged less than five points a game in the 1939 PCC season, was undefeated and untied. Shaughnessy was voted Scripps-Howard Coach of the Year by the largest margin in more than a decade. Of course, it had helped to have Albert, the cocky quarterback. Nebraska Coach Huff Jones is supposed to have told Shaughnessy after the Rose Bowl game: "I'll buy you 120 acres of cornland if you'll tell me where I can get a Frankie Albert."

Were Jones still coaching, it is likely that he would find two Frankie Alberts on the Coast in 1966: Gary Beban, chief forger of all those miracles for UCLA last year, and Gene Washington, a sophomore at, of all places, Stanford. If Beban can't take the Indians to the Rose Bowl again, Washington could get the Indians there.

The Best

For a while this spring it seemed unlikely that Gary Beban would be taking his team anywhere. Coach J. Thompson Prothro, in fact, was not pleased at all with what he saw at the start of UCLA's spring drills. Quarterback Beban was anything but the same young man who, as a sophomore, led the AAWU in total offense and led the nation in average yards per pass attempt (10.2).

"Then the Saturday before our final spring game, Beban took charge," said Tommy. "It was really the first time we went 11 against 11. He likes that action. Gary hit the first eight passes he threw; he ran great. Yes, he's better than last year."

Beban and Prothro are just two of the reasons why UCLA is favored to be best in the West again and return to the Rose Bowl for what would be Tommy's third straight appearance there (his Oregon State team lost to Michigan in the 1965 game).

"I've never been in a league where I didn't think we had a chance to win," said Prothro. Considering the peculiarities of his schedule—it is not only difficult, with Syracuse and Missouri in the second and third weeks and Stanford and USC at the end, but it includes only four conference games—Prothro may be in trouble. "If we lose one we're behind everyone else," said Prothro. If he seems not too perturbed, chalk that up to his having, in addition to Beban, Halfback Mel Farr, one of UCLA's glaring strengths.

The posed 6-foot, 195-pound Beban can pass, run and handle the ball deftly. Best of all, he has the ability to break up a game with long touchdown passes, like the two he threw in the closing minutes of the USC

game last year. Farr, a Texan, was first in the country last season in average yards per carry (7.0) and was running, blocking and catching passes better than ever in the spring. He has built up his weight to 208 without losing mobility. At the other half, Cornell Champion is ready to live up to his name after missing a year due to an injury. A pro scout said, "When Champion gets into the open, the only way to stop him is with a shotgun." This fine backfield will have at fullback either junior Steve Stanley or sophomore Rick Purdy, who, as if the UCLA needed it, can pass as well as run.

The big weakness is pass receiving. Beban's top three targets, End Kurt Altenberg, End Byron Nelson and Halfback Dick Wecher, are gone. Also departed is Rose Bowl hero Bob Stiles, defensive half who lost his senior year of eligibility when it was found he had spent a semester at Ole Miss. Still, the defensive secondary cannot be hurting too badly because Safety Man Tam McMeer was moved to offensive right halfback. Prothro rates his lines as only "fair," but the defense has at least two standouts in Guard John Richardson (6 feet 2, 254 pounds) and Linebacker Dallas Grider (5 feet 11, 212 pounds).

In what should be a five-way scrap for the AAWU title, STANFORD has the best chance to knock off UCLA. Much depends on sophomore Quarterback Gene Washington (see box page 88). Dave Lewis, the Chuckchams Indian who had a .513 passing percentage last season, has been tentatively moved to halfback, where his running and passing skills could make him murder on the option play.

Coach John Ralston lost his leading ground gainer, Ray Handley, and 14 other lettermen, but he gets 25 back, plus transfers, redshirts and the cream of an undefeated freshman team that started Washington and Tight End George Buehler (6 feet 2, 246 pounds). The Indians are deep at every position and have a good pro prospect in Defensive Guard Mike Haber, who with lettermen Monty Mehan and Bill Ogle will anchor a fine defensive line. Ralston has capable lettermen to replace four starters lost in the offensive line. The Farm has not sent a team to the Rose Bowl since 1952. This could be the season.

USC is famous for its wide-open and colorful offense, but defense may win for the Trojans this time. Seven starters are back from a defensive unit that allowed only 92 points last season. All-Coast Defensive Back Nate Shaw is big, fast and has instant judgment, and in front of him will be Tackle Harry Wells, Rover Eddie Krag, Middle Guard Larry Petrill and a brace of tough, although inexperienced, linebackers.

The offense will suffer from the losses of Heisman Trophy-winning Mike Garrett at halfback and every starting lineman except

continued

Guard Jim Homan. To compensate, Coach McKay has moved All-Coast Defensive Tackle Ron Yary (6 feet 6, 265 pounds plus) to offensive tackle. Yary runs 30 yards in 6.2, as fast as when he was 25 pounds lighter.

No Garrett, but another All-American backfield prospect is Flanker Rod Sherman, once a freshman star across town at UCLA. Sherman specializes in game-winning catches and has averaged more than six yards a carry in his Trojan career, but he missed spring drills because of a knee operation. Quarterback Troy Winslow also had knee surgery, and if he cannot function effectively McKay will go to one of his promising but untitled backup men, probably junior college All-America Dick Hough or sophomore Steve Sogge, USC's leading hitter in baseball.

Dee Andros, in his second year tutoring

OREGON STATE, thinks he has a tough state, and he does, but the Beavers, like UCLA, play only four league games, none of them against the Uclans or Stanford.

Andros has 24 lettermen back from a 5-5 team that suffered some narrow defeats. Top returner is Fullback Pete Pifer, who bulldozed his way to 1,095 yards last season, only the fifth man in conference history to top 1,000. Quarterback Paul Brothers was a sensational sophomore under Tommy Prothro but fell off last year, partly because of poor receivers. He now has End Harry Ganner, a 6-foot-6 basketball player from Texas who looked good in the spring game. And to ease the load on him, Pifer has flub Ginn, an ex-quarterback and ex-split end who is now an accomplished fullback.

Both lines are experienced and big, led by Defensive Guard Mark Gartung, 6-foot-5, 260-pound AAWU heavyweight west-

ling champ. The whole defensive backfield was lost and must be replaced.

WASHINGTON, too, had a break-even 5-5 year in 1965 despite the pass-catching histrionics of End Dave Williams (38 receptions and 10 TDs). It is hard to believe Jim Owens' Purple Gang will be mediocre two seasons in a row. Williams, fast, strong and with good hands, is back as part of an all-weather offensive line that also boasts Guard Mike Ryan (6 feet 1, 220 pounds) and Tackle Bob Richardson (6 feet 3, 235 pounds) from Hawaii. Junior Quarterback Tom Spurlin, who started one game as a sophomore and then broke his collarbone, will be feeding the passes to Williams.

Washington's running game should be good, although Fullbacks Steve Bramwell and Ron Medved are gone. Returning is Don Moore, top sophomore ground gainer in the school's history, who will play either halfback or fullback. The defensive backfield was not impressive in spring drills, but the defensive line, headed up by All-Coast End Tom Greenlee, should make up for its youth with speed and size. If the defense comes along as Owens hopes, Washington could be the Coast's second biggest surprise.

Beware of UTAH STATE! It may well be the surprise. The Aggies were 8-2 last season and seem sure to repeat as the West's strongest independent, even though Roy Shivers, fourth leading runner in the nation, gave up his senior year for a bundle of National Football League dollars. Coach Tony Knapp has 18 starters back and just may knock off Nebraska a week from Saturday—not to mention every other team on his schedule.

Quarterback Ron Edwards, one of 13 Californians who are expected to start on the defensive and offensive units (contrasted with three natives from Utah), has thrown 21 scoring passes in two years and has good targets in Flanker Dave Clark and Tight End Jim LeMoine (6 feet 2, 247 pounds). The ground attack without Shivers will suffer, but Fullback Gerald Watson, second to Shivers last season, has two years to go.

The lines are scary. The entire interior offensive line is back, including Center Ken Ferguson (6 feet 1, 220 pounds) from Canada, Tackles Bill Staley (6 feet 3, 240 pounds) and Spain Musgrove (6 feet 4, 290 pounds) return from the defensive wall that held foes to just 83.9 yards a game, sixth best in the country. The defensive backfield is sharp, especially Henry King (6 feet 4, 205 pounds), who led the nation in interceptions until he was bothered by injuries.

The Aggies, who, in addition to the Nebraska game this year, butt heads with Wisconsin in 1968 and Air Force and Army in 1969, are coming up in high society.

If the title of top independent in the West can be stolen, the trick will be accomplished by another set of Aggies, those from NEW MEXICO STATE. With Tailback Jim Bohl,

Move over, Chief

When senior Dave Lewis, the only real Indian on the Stanford Indians' roster, was asked to move from quarterback to half to make room for Gene Washington, the only people more upset than opposing AAWU coaches were the Stanford PR men who were faced with recommending such goodies as "the Big Chief leading the tribe" and "Red Man for the Big Red." The last two West Coast teams to go to the Rose Bowl were quarterbacked by sophomores, Stanford Coach John Ralston hopes to make it three in a row. Ralston considers Washington better than Paul Brothers of the 1964 Oregon State team and as good as UCLA's Gary Beban last year.

"Gene is a born leader," brags Ralston. Better yet, he is a born athlete. He is 6 feet 2 and 180 pounds and may be one of the finest athletes yet produced by Poly High School of Long Beach, Calif. The school lists among its alumni tennis star Billie Jean Moffitt King, footballer Willie Brown, and San Francisco Giant rookie Ollie (Downtown) Brown. The latter two are cousins of Washington. At Poly, Gene wound up with an A minus average while still leading time to play football and basketball, run a 9.7 hundred and get elected student body president.

Stanford had the best freshman team in its history last year and would have been good even with Gomer Pyle at quarterback. Gene Washington, calling the signals, still managed to stand out as the Pepcoes went undefeated. He averaged 8.9 yards a carry, third best on the team, and connected on 48% of his throws. His chief asset is his running ability which he learned, in part, from



operating in a single wing at Poly. He is fast, strong and quick and a very dangerous man on the roll-out option—a play uppermost in the functioning of John Ralston's variable T. If Gene Washington has a weakness it is in his passing—he is inconsistent. One problem he will not have is calling signals. Ralston will do that. "We ask our quarterbacks to do a lot," Ralston explains. "If he can do the physical job, we want to share his mental problems, especially when he's a sophomore."

A back who may challenge Washington as the Coast's outstanding rookie is California's Rick Bennett. A bruising runner with a deceptive change of speed, Halfback Bennett was almost a Stanford Indian himself. He had signed a letter of intent to attend the school, but at the last moment—and days after he had signed—he decided to go to Cal. The conference declared him ineligible for his freshman year. The enforced year's layoff may have delayed his development some, but Bennett has great potential and should be one of the West's best runners by his senior year.

the nation's third leading rusher in 1965 (6.5 yards a carry) showing the way, they will meet Utah State at Logan Oct. 1. Coach Warren Woodson's team was 8-2 last year and is good enough and has a weak enough schedule (i.e., Arlington State, Pacific) to do a nice encore.

Woodson's big problem is his defensive line, where three regulars were lost to the pros. His best linebacker probably will be Kelly Olive, just a sophomore. But the Aggies have two good defensive halfbacks in Abelardo Alba and Jim Miller.

Woodson is noted for his good offenses, but Quarterback Sal Olivas, who started as a sophomore, had better improve his passing percentage (.370 for only four touchdowns). Of course, with Bohl the Bull around, who needs to pass?

BRIGHAM YOUNG was picked for the Western Athletic Conference cellar last season but shocked everyone in the desert and the Rockies by winning the first football title in the school's history. Even the crazy basketball fans in Utah took notice. Now BYU Coach Tom Haddock gets to feel what it is like to be favored.

The Cougars' forte is their aerial bombardment, and the chief bombardier is a good student from right down the street in Provo. Quarterback Virgil Carter was third in the nation in total offense last season and already holds more than 30 school and conference records. He runs almost as well as he throws. Carter's prime receiver should be Split End Phil Gulle, a speedy junior from Illinois who was WAC Lineman of the Year and leading scorer. As if that was not sufficient, Fullback John Ogden is back after twice leading the WAC in rushing. In two seasons he has been thrown for a loss only once—and that was for one yard.

Coach Haddock has problems with his offensive line, though. The top five guards and tackles are gone, so Linchback Grant Wilson has been shifted to offensive guard. Hardest hitter in the defensive line is Curg Belcher, and Haddock is hoping sophomore Craig Bloch will be another good tackler.

ARIZONA STATE, BYU's main challenger for the WAC title, had its best spring practice since the arrival of Coach Frank Kush nine years ago. That was surprising because among the missing was Ben Hawkins, who led the Sun Devils in scoring, receptions, interceptions, punt returns and kickoff returns. Also gone are two linebackers and four regulars in the offensive line.

But there are compensations, including a sophomore end with the implausible name of Far Hooker, who caught 11 passes in the annual spring intra-squad game and is one of the finest football prospects in the West. To throw to him, Kush has two seniors, John Goodman and Chuck Hunt. Goodman tossed nine touchdown passes last year

Arizona State's running game will be weaker with Hawkins gone, but 201-pound Travis Williams, the leading rusher from scrimmage, returns. He will be abetted by two strong fullbacks, senior Jim Bramlet and sophomore John Helton.

Halfback John Pitts (6 feet 5, 198 pounds), who went both ways last year, will be hard put to make the defensive secondary look good until experience sets in at the other positions. The defensive line, though, should be tough. Five starters are back, headed by Tackle Larry Hendershot, and two sophomore linebackers, Ron Pritchard and Tim Buchanan, are considered by Kush to be potentially the best he has ever had. Arizona State should be very bad news by the second half of the season.

The Rest

Junior Dick Hall, who has not played football since the seventh grade, may be the key to a successful season for AIR FORCE. He came out of the intramural ranks and amazed Coach Ben Martin by boosting field goals from midfield in a tryout. In the spring game he made four of five extra-point attempts (one was blocked) and kicked a 48-yard field goal into the wind. His presence means the Falcons have three-point potential every time they get inside the enemy's 40-yard line. With Hall and ace Punter Jim Hogarty, Air Force should have one of the best kicking games in the country.

Quarterback Paul Stein, holder of seven academy records, has graduated and will be replaced by Sonny Litz, a strong passer but a poor runner (the team's running game last year depended on Stein's scrambling). Litz will have six of the top eight receivers back as his targets, so perhaps he will not have to run. The rest of the backfield is not awe-inspiring, although Tailback Larry Cook is fast and good in the open field. The fullback spot is open and may be filled by sophomore Dennis Ryll from St. Louis. The offensive line is only adequate, and much depends on the development of Tackle Ken Hamlin, a 230-pound sophomore.

Every defensive starter is back, but the standout is junior Corner Back Noel Starkey from Dallas. Bobby Hunt of the Kansas City Chiefs says Starkey could start for some AFL teams right now. Tackle Larry Cole (6 feet 4, 233 pounds) from Granite Falls, Minn. is a bit of granite himself.

WASHINGTON STATE rates as the dark horse in the AAWU, even though it has all but nine lettersmen back from a 7-3 team. The Cougars would be among the definite favorites except that the missing include Quarterback Tom Roth, All-America Tackle Wayne Foster, Safety Man Willie Gaskins and Fullback Larry Elnes, WSU's alltime leading rusher. Still, Coach Bert

Clark rates his team highly, if others do not.

One reason is Tight End Rich Sheron (6 feet 5, 230 pounds), a fine blocker and receiver who went both ways as a sophomore. Others are Mike Cadigan, who figures to be the quarterback (although he was at halfback in 1964) and Halfback Ammon McWashington, who led the team in punt and kickoff returns and was second in rushing.

The strong defensive line helped hold opponents to only 103 points last season and all but Foster return, so Clark has few worries there. He cannot say the same of his defensive secondary, which seemed O.K. in the spring but lacks experience. The offensive line, too, looks just so-so, except for Guard Dave Middendorf (6 feet 3, 240 pounds). Kicking will be a big plus with Fullback Ted Gerela, a soccer-style field-goal specialist. "Any time we're stopped inside the 45-yard line," said Coach Clark, "Ted will be kicking."

Not since 1958 has CALIFORNIA had a winning season, but Coach Ray Wilsey has let it be known that "the price to play football at California has gone up." If the Bears are to improve their record, Quarterback Dan Berry (a fifth-round future draft choice by the Philadelphia Eagles) must develop into as good a passer as he is a runner. It should help him to be throwing to Split End Jerry Bradley (only 5 feet 11, 155 pounds), a 9.5 sprinter who can catch. Another important man is sophomore Halfback Rick Bennett, who missed freshman and spring football because of a letter of intent violation. Scouts think he has the potential to be another Hugh McElhenny, but he may be a year away.

The offensive line, despite a touch of green in the guards, will be quicker and will have one of the best blocking tight ends in the conference in John Beasley (6 feet 3, 220 pounds). Led by Dan Gooch (6 feet 5, 230 pounds), another NFL future draft choice, the defensive line returns intact, backed up by two good players who were second-team linebackers last year and, except for junior Halfback Bobby Smith, a mediocre secondary.

"There are 54 sophomores and junior-college transfers on our 81-man squad," says Wilsey. "I've got to go farther and say we're green as grass. But this group has more potential to win than any in the last two years."

Although OREGON Coach Len Cisano has done wonders in the past with poor material, things look stark this year in Eugene. The Ducks lost 12 starters and were beaten by their alumni in the spring game. One of the few bright spots is at quarterback. Mike Brundage is a good passer, but if he falls down on the job, Tom Trovato, a better runner who started signal-calling duties last season, can step in. End Steve Bunker caught 51 passes, nine for touchdowns.

continued

The running game appears to be weak and partially depends on two sophomores, Halfback Steve Jones and Fullback Jim Everson, whose special gifts have caused Casanova to switch to the I formation. The defensive line was wrecked by graduation, and four starters are gone from the offensive line. Jerry Richards, the best player from the freshman team, will be the "monster" back on defense.

WYOMING has a schedule advantage which may allow it to upset BYU in the WAC race. Four of the Cowboys' five league games will be played at home in Laramie. Also, the top six rushers, including All-WAC Tailback Jim Kuck, return and will be helped by sophomore Wingback Vic Washington (8.8 yards a carry with the undefeated freshman team). Both Kuck and Washington are from far-off New Jersey.

They will not travel much farther, however, unless Coach Lloyd Eaton comes up with some sort of offensive line to open holes. As it stands (or falls), it is woefully inexperienced with one senior, two juniors and one sophomore. The defensive secondary is equally callow. Brighter by far is the defensive line which is experienced and tough, especially Middle Guard Jerry Daring. All-WAC. Jerry DeFoyser is expert in most phases of kicking and led last year's 6-4 team in scoring.

ARIZONA, a poor 1-4 in the WAC last season, may execute a complete turnaround with a new emphasis on passing. Junior Quarterback Bob Matthews, who started his college ball at Santa Monica (Calif.) City College, will do most of the throwing. His best targets—Split End Fritz Greenlee, Flanker Jim Greth and Halfback Paul Wargo, who is also a good runner—all played before at the Air Force Academy. Coach Jim LaRue has changed his offense to a pro-style set-T.

The Wildcats have six starters back in their offensive line, plus Air Force transfer Bill Nemeth at center, so Matthews should have plenty of time to look around for open receivers. The defensive line suffers because sophomores start at both tackles and at one linebacker spot. The defensive secondary should be strong and Woody King is expected to be one of the better safeties in the conference. If Arizona does well, Coach LaRue can look at the slates in the manner of John Wayne and murmur, "Thank goodness for the Air Force."

Across the hot sands and into the next state, NEW MEXICO is switching to two platoons. Most of the Lobo players last season had to go both ways, and there still is not much depth. The team will be better only in the unlikely event that sophomore Quarterback Rick Beiler continues to be as successful this fall as he was in the spring game when he threw 36- and 80-yard touchdown passes to JC transfer Sherman Sanders.

The entire right side of the offensive line graduated, but New Mexico's running game should still be strong with Fullback Carl Jackson, who scored 10 times last year, and Halfback Carl Bradford, a good receiver who was second-team All-WAC. The defensive line has a Rowell, N. Mex. native named Paul Smith and may not need much more. He was All-WAC as a sophomore and New Mexico's lineman of the year.

The word at UTAH is renovation—offense, defense and even the Ute Bowl. New Coach Mike Giddings, a Cal mathematics graduate who was on John McKay's staff at USC, has naturally introduced the McKay I formation and "rover" defense, but it probably will take a season or two to see results. However, the Utes should be all right this year on defense because of three fine linemen, All-WAC Tackle John Stipech (6 feet 3, 230 pounds) and Linebackers Pat McKinnock and Tom Hawkes. Behind them is a "below average" secondary.

Jack Gehlke, who alternated at quarterback last season, probably will operate the I of sophomores Darrell Bigelow or Dick Wilson do not beat him out. Split End Mike Butera, All-WAC, makes an inviting target. Fullback Marvin Lowery was the team's leading rusher and Halfback Ben Woodson makes good use of his speed on sweeps. Junior college transfer Charlie Smith from Bakersfield, Calif. may break into the starting backfield.

Independent COLORADO STATE lost 19 lettermen from a 4-6 team, which does not sound encouraging. Although there are players from as far away as Tennessee, Pennsylvania and Ohio, it should be another sad fall in Fort Collins for Coach Mike Lude, who has not had a winning season since he arrived in 1961. Lude may find some cheer in squire Oscar Reed (5 feet 11, 211 pounds) from Memphis, who switches from fullback to halfback. He holds the school single-season rushing record. All four halfbacks are gone, so Lude has moved sub Quarterback Jon Henderson there and hopes he can learn quickly. Fullback will be 223-pound Jim Oliver, also a solid linebacker. Quarterback Bob Wolfe has no experienced split end to throw to, but he does have Tight End Tom Pank (6 feet 4, 210 pounds), who is a good blocker and good receiver despite being slow. The defensive line will suffer because of lack of depth and the fact that some good boys will have to go both ways. Graduation took all but one starting offensive lineman. Shed a tear for the Rams when they try to stop the likes of Tulsa and Utah State.

Prospects at PACIFIC in Stockton, Calif., proud alma mater of such good football players as Dick Bass and Eddie LeBaron, are even darker than at Colorado State, but the Tigers have a new coach, Doug Scovil, who played for the school from 1949 to 1951 and is No. 5 among its alltime passers. He

vows he can bring back the glory but does not say how soon. The Tigers have won only four games in three years and were 1-8 last year, when they did not even field a freshman team.

Scovil hopes to reverse the trend by having a freshman team this year, bringing in as many JC transfers as possible and praying that Quarterback John Quaccia, who has not played the position since high school, has not forgotten how. He is a senior and is brave. The defensive backfield was the weakest part of the team in 1965 but now has two good JC transfers, Dan Blumquist and Walt Harris. Another transfer, Jack Layland, or Allen Melikian will start at fullback. Both the offensive and defensive lines will be smaller than ever. Scovil must do a heroic recruiting job if Pacific is to improve soon.

IDAHO has Fullback Ray McDonald (6 feet 4, 240 pounds) and that probably means another 1,000 yards and 50 points to help bring Coach Steve Musseau back to good health. Musseau, who has 12 children, suffered a heart attack and could not direct spring drills. If any offense is needed besides McDonald, Quarterback John Forsaria, the Boise Valley Basque, will try to supply it with slick option plays. Fine Split End John Chapman is gone, and his replacement will be either sophomore Manny Murrell or Rich Toney, who missed spring practice because he was playing first base on the championship Vandal baseball team.

There are three pro draft picks in the defensive line, topped by Tackle Dick Arndt (6 feet 5, 257 pounds), but perhaps some of the talent there will be shifted to the offensive line, which looks thin except at tight end, where versatile Tim Luvens, ex-back and ex-defensive end, probably will wind up.

The Vandals made a wise move when they replaced Utah State on their schedule with Pacific. If McDonald stays healthy (he missed one game last season and Idaho fell to little Weber State), the team might improve on 1965's 5-5 record.

SAN JOSE STATE lost 2,441 of its 2,939 offensive yards with the departures of Quarterback Ken Berry and Fullback Charley Haraway. Coach Harry Anderson may find a replacement for Berry from two candidates, sophomore Russ Munson, younger brother of the L.A. Rams' Bill, and a good junior college transfer, Danny Holman. Locating a fullback will be harder.

Only one experienced man returns to the offensive interior line, but Split End Steve Cox, despite being only 5 feet 10 and slow, is a fine receiver. The defensive line should be rugged, led by Linebacker Mel Tom (6 feet 4, 240 pounds) from Honolulu, who did not play football in high school. Tackle Martin Baccaglio (6 feet 3, 225 pounds) was Northern California Lineman of the Week once last season.

CONTINUED

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A SLUMBERING MIDGET WOKE UP

The Miracle

During the war years of 1943-45 the male enrollment of Carleton College in Northfield, Minn., dipped to an alltime low of 55, and the school that had once defeated the University of Chicago when it was a power in the Big Ten was forced to give up football. The game was revived after V-J Day, but in the years that followed Carleton teams were so hopelessly outclassed that some school officials considered giving up football permanently. The Carls won only three games in 1952, two in 1953 and were so bad, said one player, "that even the freshmen were beating us."

But the feeling was different when the Carleton football team assembled on campus in the hot September of 1954. "Five of us seniors," remembers End Dick Grein, "were

getting awfully tired of getting beat so bad so often. We decided to cut out all our griping, set an example for the sophomores, and—for the first time—pay a little attention to the coaches."

The change was apparent immediately. On the first play from scrimmage in the first game against Cornell College, Carleton Halfback Don Voss took a handoff, broke off right tackle and sprinted down the far sidelines 59 yards for a touchdown. The Carls won 21-6 and, before anyone knew it, had caught Knox and Monmouth by surprise and entered the traditional game with crosstown rival, St. Olaf, unbeaten in three games. "It began to look as if we were getting better each week as our schedule got better," says Mel Taube, then an assistant coach. "Often a young team—as we were—gets beaten so badly by good teams in its early games it never recovers. Fortunately

for us, we played the weaker teams first."

Northfield, a dairy town in southern Minnesota where Jesse James was once foiled in an attempt to rob a bank, prides itself in two things—its cows and St. Olaf College's football teams. The Oles in 1954 were on a 13-game winning streak and expected little more trouble from Carleton than they had had the year before, when they won by seven touchdowns.

They couldn't have been more mistaken, although with minutes remaining in the game, they were still ahead 13-7. But Carleton had the ball and was driving for the tying touchdown. "We thought we were going to win," says Halfback Bill Kelly. "Bob Scott, our sophomore quarterback, told us in the huddle that he had never played on the losing side against 'those guys,' and he didn't intend to now." On the very next play, Halfback Voss got down to the St. Olaf two,

but there he fumbled and the Oles apparently had pulled the game out when they recovered. Not quite, however. "We were determined to get the ball back," said Green. "On the next play we all overshifted at the last minute. Eight of us hit their ballcarrier, Lee Simms, and the ball squirted out of his hands and into the end zone." Carleton's John Sheagren pounced on the ball for the touchdown that tied the game, and Ted Smebakken, later named the team's most valuable player, kicked the point to win it.

For Carleton, the victory set up the whole season. "After that we knew we could do it," says Kelly. "We thought we were better than St. Olaf, and that game proved it, especially to us." Even Coe College and its slick quarterback, Shady Day, could not stop the Carls. Day was an expert ball handler who often faked officials into blowing apparent running plays dead while he rolled out—the ball hidden on his hip—and rifled passes to his ends. But Coe and Day fell, 20-14.

Next came Grinnell and a meat play. Grinnell was a big team: Carleton was not. When the Carls marched off their bus, they were careful to lead with their biggest and heaviest—including 6-foot-7, 270-pound Radio Announcer Tom Fisher, who was not a player—in an attempt to intimidate the Pioneers. Final score: Carleton 16, Grinnell 6. Lawrence fell the next Saturday 14-7, and Carleton wrapped up its first unbeaten season since 1916 by defeating Ripon 20-6.

The season was not quite over. A surprise awaited the team back on the Carleton campus. "At about midnight on November 6," reports the *Alfred*, the school yearbook, "the Carleton College campus witnessed an event the like of which the oldest inhabitant never hoped to see. The occasion was the uproarious 'Victory Celebration' let loose to welcome home the undefeated, untied Carleton football team."

Even the freshman girls were allowed to skip the midnight curfew to join in the torch parade that greeted the team bus as it turned into the campus road leading down past Gridley Hall. Flares and bombs exploded over the Bald Spot, students sang and chanted and rang bells and sirens, and everybody congregated up at the campus scarfroom for hamburgers, potato chips and coffee until the early hours of the morning.

Coach Taube, now the school's football and baseball coach, and athletic director as well, vividly remembers that night and his team. "Those boys were an unusual group," he says. "Four or five of them were Phi Beta Kappas, and many are now ministers. Most of them went on to get extra degrees. And look at that Bob Scott, our quarterback. He's a doctor in Vietnam now. One of them, I won't mention his name, was a fellow you'd never think would have remained in school—but now he's outstanding most of his former teammates."

"You know, it sure would be nice to have a season like that again, now wouldn't it?"

Sure would be, but Coach Taube might as well stop dreaming. In the happy world of small-college football, where there are numerous unbeaten teams, Carleton will be among them only in spirit this year. St. John's of Minnesota, San Diego State and Akron may be the ones this time to enjoy the kind of season every coach prays for.

The West

Just a fly pattern down the San Diego Freeway from the major-college powers at UCLA and USC is summing what could be the small colleges' best football team of the year. In his sixth season at SAN DIEGO STATE (which, with 16,132 students, is not really a small college) Coach Don Coryell has the sort of native wealth his neighbors to the north might envy. There is, only to begin with, Don Horn, who in his first year as a starter last season completed 123 of 206 passes for 1,688 yards and 21 touchdowns. As Coryell puts it, "There's really no telling what he'll do now that he has some experience." What he most likely will do is rely even more than he did last year on a withering running game. Nate Johns and Don Shy, who combined for 1,796 yards on the ground, are back and, what's more, neither is as good as Ted Washington, a newcomer, who was the Aztecs' best ballcarrier in the spring game. Craig Scoggins (48 catches for 597 yards and eight touchdowns) and Tom Nettles head up a fine set of returning receivers which will not be hurt in the least by the presence of 6-foot-1, 218-pound Ren Flesher, a tight end who blocks with authority. And the line is its customary big, fast self. Guard Dennis Aiken, in his second year, will play alongside 6-foot-3, 216-pound Dave Ogus. Jeff Staggs, 232, has switched from defense, where he starred at linebacker, to offensive tackle, where he'll team with 6-foot-3, 233-pound Steve Duch, a junior with an exceptional hankering to do well.

But with the points coming freely—ostensibly always do at San Diego—it still will be up to the defense to carry this Aztec band over North Dakota, North Dakota State and the rest of the best of the small colleges. Coach Coryell at last appears to have the players he needs. Bob Howard, Hershel Whitefield and John Williams all played together in the secondary last year. They will be joined by Ambrosius Jacobs, who may be the best of all. Up from there will be four new faces, all impressive in the spring, to help the defensive end, 6-foot-6, 250-pound Leo Carroll. The linebacking will be there to smooth over any mistakes of the newcomers, with most of the leveling to be done by smart, experienced Jon Wuttler and Ray Schartz.

With that much talent it is only right that

State will be playing its toughest schedule in years. The Aztecs meet four teams that finished in the nation's top ten last year—North Dakota State, Los Angeles State, Weber State and Long Beach State.

What makes San Diego State's picture risier and LOS ANGELES STATE's dimmer is the defection of Coach Homer Pearty, who led the Diablos to three California Collegiate Athletic Association titles and 25 wins in 27 games. Homer walked out of his coaching job because, as he put it, "I've never seen an athletic department that was so apathetic to athletics. Around here they don't seem to care whether you win or lose."

To further complicate life for the new coach, Red Williams, he will be without the services of Quarterback Ray Jones, Fullback Ray Chover and Tackle Don Davis, who graduated. Jones passed and ran for 1,159 yards last year. Slight Alex Sotomayor, a transfer from Arizona State via East Los Angeles JC, will try to fill his shoes. Other help must come from Fullbacks Phil Spiller and Tom Ramey and Tackles Rich Cooper, 260, and Ernie Horn.

FRESNO STATE, in the now-happy CCAA, has Quarterback Dan Rehmeyer. He probably was the most effective sophomore on the West Coast last year when he completed 117 of 211 passes for 1,177 yards and seven touchdowns. For targets he has Gil Mendoza, a big end with fine hands, and Bill Aston, who switched from fullback. Tackles Gary Cohen, 245, and Bill Valoff, 225, are tough. The Bulldogs are defense-poor, however. If they get enough good junior-college transfers, they have a chance to win the title.

So has LONG BEACH STATE, which, except for a loss to LA State last year, would have won it. Quarterback Jack Reilly, who led the team to a 9-1 record while having receivers for 2,602 yards and 21 touchdowns, is around for more throwing, especially to Wingback Jack Tucker, who caught 27 for nine touchdowns. All-Coast Middle Guard Bob Johnson and All-CCAA Guard Joe Young are back. The 49ers' weakness is a shortage of running backs and offensive linemen. If they find them, watch out.

"Again, our strength will be in the line," predicts SAN FERNANDO VALLEY STATE Coach Sam Winningham, and that may be the bravest statement of the new season. Nine of the Matadors' opponents scored at least three touchdowns against them last year (three hit 50 points or more), and they were shut out six times.

SAN FRANCISCO STATE, in the Far Western Conference, was a pleasant surprise in 1965 when it took the championship in what was to have been a rebuilding year. Fully rebuilt, the Golden Gators should repeat. Coach Vic Rowan has eight starters from last year's defensive team, led by Tackle Terry Dukes, End Bill Peters and Middle Guard

continued

Lyle Buncom. Defensive Backs Harry Gualco and Jim Gray are smart and fast. Offensively only two starters return, but, happily—for the Gators, anyway—Little All-America Guard Elmer Collett (a San Francisco 49er future) is among them. Jim Patterson and Bill Pollock are fine receivers, although Rowen is still looking for someone to throw the ball to them.

Should the Gators slip, NEVADA and SACRAMENTO STATE expect to be close enough to step ahead. Nevada's Wolf Pack ran second in the FWC last year, and among some fine returnees are Quarterbacks Chris Ault and Nick Walters, Backs Art Bayer, Dan Anderson and Lou Cooper and Ends Brian Hardy and Mike Strimwick. Sacramento State, though 23 lettermen are in camp, needs some muscle at the tackles in order to spring a swift backfield. Quarterback Larry Zenker looks good. He will be abetted by little Rick Falk, who, at 155 pounds, led the Hornets in rushing last year, and Mike Clement, an All-FWC fullback two years ago who is well again after sitting out last season with an injury.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT DAVIS has 23 lettermen back, "and that makes us feel good," says Coach Herb Schmalenberger. Among them are Quarterback Dennis Bunting, Halfbacks Dick South (All-FWC) and Glen Dufour and Fullback Jack Edwards, which is backfield enough, and the defense isn't all that bad with Tackle Tom Russell and Linebacker Paul Faack. A break here, one there and the Aggies could move up in a close Far Western Conference race.

Frank (Bud) Van Doren has moved from the University of California at Berkeley, where he was offensive line coach, to HUM-BOLT STATE, where he'd like to be offensive. He may be in time, but right now he is looking for a few more backs like Mel Oliver.

Tough little LINFIELD began last season with only seven starters, but the Wildcats hunched up their hip pads and went all the way to the NAIA finals. This year they have 16, including four All-Northwest Conference players. Quarterback Terry Durham completed 59 of 124 passes for 767 yards, most of them to Roger Ishino (34 catches for 381 yards). Tackle Gene Forman is big (255) and fast, as is his defensive counterpart, Jack Ostlund, 6 feet 4, 260. Everything will be decided, however, when powerful WILLAMETTE comes to McMinnville, Ore. on Nov. 5. The pride of the Beavers is a superb offensive line built around Center Wayne Looney and Guards Walt Looney and Gary Hertzog. With two sophomore passers, Mike Shinn and Terry Harrison, Willamette will throw more than it did in 1965. Little All-America Tackles Bruce Anderson and Rob Burles will be missed defensively, however. Just how much should determine the conference champion.

Although its schedule is much, much tougher, look for WEBER STATE to repeat as Big Sky titlist. In his first year at Ogden, Utah, Coach Jack Arslanian took the Wildcats to an 8-1 finish, and this year, with 27 lettermen, his team is even better. Henry Owens, the Big Sky scoring leader with 17 touchdowns, is back, as is Fullback Lee White. Quarterback Tim Jones was the best in the league, and he should have another year of fun throwing to Lawrence Hunsaker and Tony MacKinnon. Bruce Handley returns at guard. IDAHO STATE has defensive nees like John Momes and Rich Carrillo, MONTANA STATE 22 lettermen and MONTANA a good freshman crop, but not one of these threatens Weber State.

A wide-open race is in store for the Evergreen Conference, with WHITWORTH and its fine end, George Elliott, awarded as good a chance as any. Among the best of the independents are California Lutheran, the University of California at Santa Barbara and the University of San Francisco. CALIFORNIA LUTHERAN has exceptional balance and fine players in Tim Roetiger, Pete Ohen and Mike McLenn. SANTA BARBARA's Jack Curtice was voted the College Coach of the Year when the Gauchos won eight of nine for the second best season in the school's history. Twenty-five lettermen should improve on SAN FRANCISCO's 3-5 record. WHITTIER is expecting big things from its sophomore quarterback, Roy Scalfidi, and Linebackers Mike Younger and Norm Lytle will head up a good defense.

The Midwest

NORTH DAKOTA STATE meets North Dakota at Grand Forks on Oct. 22 in a game that should decide the North Central Conference championship and possibly clarify the national picture as well. State, unbeaten in 10 games, was the nation's No. 1 small-college team last year. The Bison seem to be missing too many all-conference players to match that performance, but who knows? Coach Ron Erhardt again has that crunching ground game which features the belts of Halfback Ken Rots, who carried for 857 yards last year, scored 16 touchdowns and was voted the best back in the Pecan Bowl. Split End Lowell Linderman was the best lineman in that game and he's still around, as is Defensive Tackle Walt Odgaard, and Bob and Dick Seacoe, one of the better sets of pulling guards in the country. Indeed, the only newcomer to crack the offensive line is Larry Anderson, a 220-pound junior. If the Bison have a visible weakness, it is in the defensive backfield, which lost two top linebackers.

That may be the only edge NORTH DAKOTA needs. Corey Colchour will be running the Sioux again this fall, and all he did

last year was throw for 1,832 yards and 10 touchdowns as North Dakota won nine of 10. The loss? To State, of course. Pete Porinsch is probably the best back in the conference, and he'll run alongside another good one, Jerry Quaderer. Roger Bonk, 225 pounds, is back, and he was the team's best lineman last year. Colchour will miss his three favorite receivers, Dave Linee, Ron Green and Dennis Olson, but North Dakota is deep in likely replacements and Tackle Wayne Welter, 6 feet 2, 235 pounds, is back to lead a rugged defensive unit that is largely intact.

The only possible conference threat to the northern Dakotas—and it is not a serious one—will come from SOUTH DAKOTA STATE. "We have a young squad, and it's eager and has a lot of enthusiasm," says SD State Coach Ralph McGinn. With only 11 lettermen, so does he.

Stan Sheriff has his youngest team in seven years at STATE COLLEGE OF IOWA. To make things worse, Little All-America Fullback Randy Schultz is gone. SCI will have to count more heavily than ever on Rky Pederson, who could be the best guard in the league, and Rick Price, the fine senior end.

ST. JOHN'S OF MINNESOTA, the maverick outfit that does everything wrong, or differently, and wins, must again be ranked as the favorite in the Minnesota Intercollegiate Conference. But close behind will be CONCORDIA, with End Paul Sannes, and ST. THOMAS.

AKRON has the look of a football team that is finally ready, but, unfortunately, the Zips have no place to go. This year Akron decided to drop out of the Ohio Conference because the school has grown too big for it. In previous years the Zips came up with speedy backs and impressive linemen, but they always found a way to lose when they should not, rather like Purdue. Last season, for example, for the first time in seven years Akron defeated Wittenberg, the OC's perennial winner, and achieved this by holding the Tigers to a mere 34 yards on the ground, where Wittenberg has always been able to make yards. After that dreamy 17-0 victory, what looked like a big year became a nightmare the very next Saturday. The Zips failed to score from inside the 13-yard line three times and lost to Ball State 16-14. They had four plays from the six against Capital the following week, gained nothing and lost 15-6. As an afterthought, Akron won its last four in a row.

This year everything will be different, claim 29 lettermen. Quarterback Mike Martin, who ran and passed for 1,274 yards in 1965, can't wait for the opener against Northern Michigan and Fullback Ron Tyson, 6 feet 2, 205 pounds, who is a freshman wound up with 484 yards rushing (best on the team), is eager even for a sophomore. End Craig Hartz (26 passes for 241

yards) and Flanker Wayne Fox (17 passes for 278 yards) expect more of the same. In the line, knowledgeable every place but at center, there are no problems, offensively or defensively.

With Akron out of the way, look for WITTENBERG to be at the top of the Ohio Conference for the fourth time in five years. The Tigers feel they belong there, even though Coach Bill Edwards expects to field his smallest team in five years. Nineteen of 22 Tiger starters who won six of eight games are back again, including Quarterback Gene Laughman, who took over for Chuck Green, the Little All-America of two years ago, and threw for 1,083 yards. Halfback Bob Harvey carried for a 4.8 average, caught 23 passes and ran back punts and kickoffs, and Fullback Octavian Pecher led the team in scoring with 42 points. They return, too.

The offensive line could use a little work, but a gutsy defensive team, which allowed only 58 points, recorded four shutouts and picked off 15 enemy passes, is just about intact.

MUSKINGUM would like nothing better than to repeat as DC champ, but few think it can. Coach Ed Sherman has too much patching to do in the offensive line. Also, he must find a running mate for Rick Harbold, who, after missing the first six games with an injury last season, scored seven touchdowns in the Muskies' last three. But Sherman is high on men like Carl Lambert, Mark DeVilling and Steve Alier, who led the league in interceptions. Though two all-conference selections have graduated, Muskingum's strength will be on defense.

BALDWIN-WALLACE, as always, will be representatively dangerous. Twenty-five lettermen have returned at Berea, but the team's two best linebackers and two best defensive backs are not among them. Coach Lee Tressel has made some sweeping position changes, the biggest of which sent Quarterback John Terakidis to halfback, where he will start alongside Fullback Joe Yore, a power runner who can block. But players, not changes, make winning football teams, and the Yellow Jackets could use some of the former.

DENISON's offense will again center around Fullback Eric Ivory and Quarterback Dan Birkley, but the Big Red is weak at the tackles. Halfback Jim Meigs and Tackle Bob Chisholm will be missed the most, although 34 lettermen could bring Denison a season much like last year's 6-3.

The only thing HILLSDALE really needs is a place-kicker, and whoever winds up with the job will keep busy. The Dales, the winningest team in Michigan for the last 10 years, never seem to recede under Coach Muddy Waters (188-21-4), even though the schedule gets progressively meaner. Hillsdale won its last five in a row in 1965 and, with 31 lettermen in camp, the momentum

could well carry into this fall. Little All-America Bruce McLenna is gone, but sophomores Jimmy Jackson, Joe Brown and Fred Wicht, who averaged 6.2 yards per carry last year, are well equipped to take over. Senior Ed Larry Fowler will start breaking school career receiving records, making the quarterback job a laughing for Bill Taylor. Center Jerry Rigdman, 280-pound Middle Guard Les Mallery and Defensive Tackle Pat O'Toole are back, as is just about everybody else.

The best team the Dales will meet is NORTHERN ILLINOIS on Oct. 22 at Hillsdale, and Huskie Coach Howard Fletcher promises, "Everywhere we go, we'll throw the ball." With a quarterback like Mike Griesman, he should. Griesman stepped right in when Ron Christman was hurt in the Mineral Water Bowl game and promptly completed four of seven passes for 81 yards. There is no telling what he will do now that he has full command of the Huskies. There is a raft of talented runners (Tom Baumgaertl, Russell Dudley, Jerry Nicolas, Pete Parker and Fullback Lyle Gilbert) and all the Huskies need really do is add strength at the defensive tackles and replace Corner Back Bill Kessler.

CENTRAL MICHIGAN is the favorite in the Interstate Intercollegiate Athletic Conference since Northern Illinois resigned—that is, if the Chippewas come up with a quarterback to replace Pat Boyd. Coach Bill Kelly has 38 lettermen, including two-way Paul Verska, who could be a Little All-America. Lyle Teal and Jim Acetelli will run from the halves, and Wally Hampton is a superb flanker. Defensively, the Chippies will again be stout, with Lyle Spalding, Don Krueger and Verska the stoutest of all.

ALBION has 29 lettermen, and that fact just about assures the Britons of another Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association championship. Co-captain Barry Siler is a fine two-way performer at end, and Bill Wentworth is coming off a good sophomore year at defensive tackle. Lloyd Harper, Siler's counterpart, is so versatile he also runs back punts and kickoffs. KALAMAZOO and HDPE are the only MIAA teams with a chance of catching the Britons—and, in both cases, the chance is slim.

BALL STATE, 9-0-1 last year, looks to be the best team in the Indiana Collegiate Conference again. Ray Louthen had to hurry to replace Jim Todd, the ICC's MVP the past two years, but he came up with two prizes in Amos VanPelt and Don Kostler. The offense as a whole is big and fast, and Quarterback Frank Houk knows how to run it. Louthen must strengthen his defensive secondary, but the line and linebacking are in the good hands of Chuck Streetman, 272 pounds, Tim Freeman, John Hostawaser and Bob Burkhardt.

INDIANA STATE will be right there be-

hind Ball State and Albion, with End John Truitt, Halfback Rich Bortone and Tackle Dave Matz leading the way—perhaps all the way to the ICC championship. Improvement is expected from Quarterback Mike Hoke, and the defense is backed up by Bob Pychanka and Don Wright, both rugged and capable. Tony Hinkle at BUTLER is still moping over the loss of Quarterback Joe Purusha. However, Dan Warfel is back at fullback and End Steve Sedler could be in for a sparkling year if the Bulldogs come up with a quarterback.

Back at ILLINOIS WESLEYAN is Steve Laub, and that just about assures the Titans of another College Conference of Illinois title. In two years Laub has passed for 2,934 yards and 34 touchdowns, leading Wesleyan to 15 wins against a loss and a tie.

KEARNEY STATE's five top scorers and four of the five top ground-gainers return, including Quarterback Neil Karp and Halfback Lennie Sheldamire. So whom must Laub beat? Kearney State, most likely.

RIPDND, defending the Midwest Conference championship, will count on Guard Scott Mathert and a passing attack built around Quarterback Dick Kuchel. GRINNELL has improved offensively and defensively, and this year has experience. Fullback Dick Lamb could be in for a fine year, and so could Halfback Bob Watt and Defensive Ends John Lawson and Nord Brue. ST. OLAF is fast, but it should be because the Oles, for a change, are not big. Dave Kohn carried for 942 yards in six games last year, and Mike Gorton was all-league as a sophomore center. Paul Anderson can run and throw, especially to End Steve Refsell. CARLETON must find a quarterback, and it looks like Prince Gary, a flanker last year, will get the nod. This is not one of those miracle years for the Carls.

Marlin (The Magician) Bruce should again take OMAHA to the Central Intercollegiate Conference title. A fine scrapper who could play quarterback for many a major school, Bruce passed and ran for 2,181 yards in total offense last year and, with 28 other lettermen returning, he has what little help he needs. Also look for good performances from Fullback Bill Dodd, Tackles Bill Jensen and Dave Rik and Linebacker Larry Von Tersch. Little KANSAS STATE COLLEGE at Pittsburg does not have enough to challenge Omaha for the title, but the Gorillas have spirit and Fred Hild and Jerry Hudson are among the finest running backs in the school's history.

NORTHEAST MISSOURI STATE TEACHERS will have to go some to repeat as Missouri Intercollegiate Athletic Association champs, but Coach Maurice (Red) Wade thinks the Bulldogs are the going kind. Rich Gorzynski was an all-league quarterback last year, and speedy Sharron Washington is still around. What Wade must do

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is refurbish his offensive and defensive lines.

All of the College Athletic Conference coaches believe CENTRE, under new Head Coach Steele Harmon, is the team to beat this fall, although WASHINGTON AND LEE and single-wing SEWANE, CAC titans the last four years, will be in hot pursuit. Fullback Geoff Monge is the only regular in WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY's backfield, while Gordon Ankey, Bill Howland and Mike Busenhart are strong defensive holdovers. The Battling Bears, with a serious depth problem, will have to play End Terry Stenicoetter and Guard Paul McKee both ways.

The WILLIAM JEWELL-Missouri Valley game has decided the Missouri College Athletic Union championship for the last 16 years. It will again when the two close out the season against each other. Jewell has 24 lettermen back from the Cardinal team that whipped Missouri Valley last fall. Among them is Halfback Terry Bashor, a tough, smart runner and single-wing Fullback Phil Colwell, whom Coach Norris Patterson calls the best he's had in his 16 years at WJ. Gary Peets returns at blocking back, and T. J. Brown and John Moeder are both top hands up front. All in all, it appears that the 22 returning lettermen at MISSOURI VALLEY are destined for second place again, even though Tom Yenick and John DeMuzio, two players who make the defensive unit one of the better ones in the area, once more are aboard. Richard Bittle is a good end, and Bob Thomas has the size and speed to make a fine halfback.

PARSONS won eight of nine last year and again should be hard to handle. Quarterback Dayton Prince and runners George Smith, Allen Marcelin and Charles Moore form a potent offensive backfield and the Wildcats' defense is always tough.

BRADLEY is without Bob Carey, and he finished fifth, sixth, second and first among the nation's small-college posers in his four years at Bradley. His absence portends a long season for the Braves.

Even though Allen Smith, the nation's leading scorer last year with 146 points, is gone, FINDLAY has enough talent parcelled among its 16 returning lettermen to be optimistic. Jim Culler will be in his fourth year at quarterback, and By Morgan Jr. and Bill Bingle are strong up front. Dave Bethany returns to the defensive team.

Lack of reserves at guard and tackle is a problem at GEORGETOWN, but 275-pound Tom Seals, who tied the NAIA field-goal record, will go both ways, and Jim McKenzie and Willis Tolliver can run. At player-poor NEBRASKA WESLEYAN, Coach Ray Westover would gladly settle for another 7-2 record like 1965's.

Both lines will be stronger at YOUNGSTOWN and Jake Ferro, who plays offensive guard and defensive tackle, is as good

as they come. An inexperienced secondary could hurt ST. NORBERT, maybe too much for the play of Tackle Tim Houston and Al Groves to bail the Knights out. NORTHERN MICHIGAN has a lot of ability in the line, but no speed in the backfield or a proven quarterback.

SOUTHERN COLORADO STATE lost 14 lettermen and must now depend more heavily than ever on Tackle Dan Godnez and Halfback Frank Hester. NORTHEASTERN STATE in Oklahoma has its best offensive line in years, so Quarterback Dale Runyan can expect a splendid season of passing and running.

The South

In a preseason poll conducted by the Gulf States Conference, every coach except SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA's Russell Faulkinberry voted for Southwestern Louisiana—Faulkinberry was not allowed to vote for himself. It is no secret in and around Lafayette, La. that the Bulldogs have their best, though smallest, team in 10 years. A grand total of 26 lettermen are back, and Faulkinberry says, "We'll be awfully good on offense and awfully good on defense. We should only lack depth." With players like Quarterback Bill Bayard, Halfback Gerald Landry, Split End Leonard Klempeter and Guard Brad Hamilton on offense and Mike Neustrom, Jimmy Edney, Edward Pratt and Brad Hamilton on defense, it is hard to understand what the Bulldogs would do with depth if they had it.

Everything went wrong at LOUISIANA TECH last year. But if Southwestern Louisiana becomes overconfident, Tech will be right there to pick up the Bulldogs' ungrazed pieces. Tech's only trouble is its new stadium. It isn't quite ready yet, and Joe Aillet's team will play eight of its 10 games on the road. The worst will be the second one—Alabama, yet, at Tuscaloosa. All will be downhill after that for Tech's fast running backs—Robert Brunet, Lynn Cavanaugh and Richie Goldman. A good secondary is back, but help is needed in the defensive line or strong Linebackers Joe Peace and Bob McKinnon may collapse from overwork.

SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA is set everywhere in the line except at guard, where Fred Gary is the only returnee. Coach Pat Kenelly will go with a wide-open attack, featuring the passing of Quarterback Bobby Cotten and the catching of Duane Floyd, Tommy Arbour and Wayne Sullivan. McNEESE, bitten into deeply by graduation, will not be its old Wild West self. Most missed will be Merlin Wicket, the Cowboys' finest runner last year, and Quarterback Rich Gulliford, a two-year starter.

"We're going with two units this season

instead of three," says FLORIDA A&M's Jake Gaither, and that means no more Tears, just Blood and Sweat, as Gaither labels his units. A&M, says Gaither, does not get the players it used to. Preston Johnson and Henry Scott will tote the leather this fall, however, and they are not bad. Neither are Tackles Don Smith and Freddie Woodson. TENNESSEE STATE cannot wait to get started, mainly because Quarterback Eldridge Dickey will be running the Tigers again. There are runners, too, in Halfbacks Gene Bowen and Bill Tucker, and Tackles Claude Humphrey and Tommie Davis to spring them loose.

Unbeaten MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE will defend the Ohio Valley Conference title it won on the passing of Teddy Morris. Larry Mathews, Bob Hodson and Pat Morrison seem up to the assignment. WESTERN KENTUCKY should finish a step behind the Raiders. The Hilltoppers need help at linebacker and offensive halfback, but the return of Dickie Moore, Jim Garrett, Jim Old and Walt Heath should help. AUSTIN PLAY cannot be ignored. Fullback John Ogles was an all-conference pick last year, as was End Ronnie Parson. And the Governors, with good defenders on hand, will not be easy to score on.

LENOIR RHYNE lost only three lettermen, 35 are back, and the Bears are defending Carolinas Conference champs. Look for Wayne Bell, Mike Campbell, Sam Hokoome and Eric Vivian to lead the team to the top of the conference again and close to the top of all small-college teams.

GRAMBLING's schedule gets harder every year, and so does Grambling. Eddie Robinson, who always has the athletes, now has Norman Davis ("The best college lineman I've seen in 10 years," says Scout Em Tunnell of the New York Giants) as ball players, LeRoy Carter and Jimmy Harris are not far behind Davis.

DELTA STATE will go with a tough defensive team led by Linebacker Joe DeMott. FAIRMOUNT won eight games, the West Virginia Conference title and went to the NAIA playoffs, where it lost to St. John's, Minn. 28-7. Coach Harold Duval has 21 lettermen back, including most of his best ones. A repeat performance seems likely.

The Southwest

"Everybody's going to be after us," warns SUL ROSS STATE Coach Dave Slaughter—and why not? The Lobos won out in the extraordinarily proficient Lone Star Conference and went all the way to the NAIA semifinals last year. Slaughter knows Sul Ross will sorely miss Quarterback Luc Pedraza; so he will rely heavily on his team speed which, with Jacob Henry and Elliott Wright, is exceptional. Coach Ernest Hawkins says

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Yes.



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he has one of his finest teams at EAST TEXAS STATE, primarily because of a powder-berg backfield headed by Tailback Curtis Grinton, who could well be better than Sid Blanks, a conference star a few years ago. Jerry Reeder and Mike Kline are ready to go, as is Quarterback Jim Adams.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS will have speed and experience in the backfield with Jesse Perkins and Fred Freleng, but the Bobcats will be weak in linebacks and defensive backs. **STEPHEN F. AUSTIN** also must be reckoned with, while **TEXAS A&M** has, in the words of Coach Gil Szeank, "its biggest rebuilding job in years." With Randy Johnson gone to the Atlanta Falcons, that comes as no surprise. Halfback James (Bear) Brown also graduated, and he was the LSC's leading rusher, so the Javelinas will try to regroup around Guard Carl Smith, Tackle Eugene Uphaw and Halfback Herb Penick.

If it can get its offensive line rebuilt in time, **SAM HOUSTON STATE** will throw more, mostly with Quarterback Dennis Gannapiching to John Matthews. If not, Billy Arlen will run. The defense is outstanding, as usual. **PRAIRIE VIEW A&M**, with End Ray Scott and Linebacker Ken Houston, will be respected.

LAMAR TECH, which won its second straight Southland Conference championship last year, will go for No. 3 with Quarterback Phil Primm, and runners Darrell Johnson, Tom Smiley, Ken Montgomery and Lee Spears leading the way. **ARKANSAS STATE** lacks experience, and that means a lot will depend upon Safety Dick Richey and Guards Truman Moore and Bill Bergey.

ABILENE CHRISTIAN, 4-5 last year, hopes to improve with All-Conference Halfback Mike Love and Quarterback Jacky Roland doing the most work.

The East

ITHACA can rest over and through some of the best small-college teams in the East in 1965, ruing up 204 points and was unbeaten in eight games. With 26 lettermen back and most of last year's best among them, the Bombers could wreak more havoc. In fact, Coach Dick Lyon cannot wait to see what Frank Slattery, an adept passer and field general, can do in place of Quarterback Jim Harris, last year's MVP. Slattery has a wealth of targets to shoot at, including Al Guenther and the team's leading scorer, Frank Fazio, both of whom run as well as they catch. A big, strong offensive line, led by Tackle Bob Burnham, should give Slattery the time and Bomber runners the holes they need. End Bob Congdon heads up a stiff defensive platoon. But Ithaca is in for three searing Saturdays with West Chester, Bridgeport and Cortland.

WEST CHESTER's Rams, the last team to defeat Ithaca (in 1964), have a small defensive line that capitalizes on exceptional quickness and pursuit. Brian Mulhern and Ray Kurowski are sure, hard-hitting tacklers. Quarterback Jim Haynie is smart and throws well enough to complement perfectly the power smashes of Fullback Burt Nye.

BRIDGEPORT was 3-6 last year, but the Purple Knights play as many good small colleges as any team in the East. One touchdown was the difference in losses to Ithaca, Southern Connecticut and Montclair State. If little (5 feet 3, 140 pounds) Paul Mandeville, who sneaks by tacklers before they can see him, has another fine year, the Knights may turn the tables on the others.

CORTLAND's Red Dragons will fill the air with footballs, with Quarterback Dick Speckmann doing the filling and Ron Verkey doing the catching. The defensive end of the game will be Cortland's strongest suit, with Jim Okesson and Dick Rowcroft leading the way.

C. W. POST needs only to refurbish an offensive line to spring loose Bob Archer, who ran for 922 yards last year, Saul Sindell and Chuck Spear. Jim Stewart, who started five games at quarterback, should enjoy throwing to Split End Tom Cassee and John Rustmann, an exceptional sophomore flanker.

Up in Boston, **NORTHEASTERN's** Bob Cappadona, All-New England fullback, is around no more, and that means the Huskies are minus at least 500 yards rushing and an armful of touchdowns that Cappadona supplied gratis each of the past three years. Joe DeBella, a sturdy senior who ran for 327 yards, moves from halfback to Cappadona's old slot, leaving the sprinting to Jack Martinelli, Don Mills, Bill McCarthy and Paul McAllister. The Huskies will throw more, too, the combinations being Quarterbacks Lou Tomasello and Mike Rodgers to Ends Dick Wilcox, Fran Haugh and Paul Donnelly and Craig MacDonald.

RPI beat Middlebury 28-14 to snap its losing streak at 43 last year, and now the Engineers are greedily looking forward to more successes. Twenty lettermen have returned, including Quarterback Bob Nicotera (17 for 33 against Middlebury) and Halfback Roger Sundin, the team's best runner.

EAST STROUDSBURG, out for its third straight Pennsylvania State College Conference championship, will have to work for it. Gone is the whole Warrior backfield, including all-conference Quarterback Glen Ray.

UPSALA is not as deep as was hoped, but Halfback Richie Davis and Guard Sibby Sica are capable of leading the Vikings to the Middle Atlantic Conference northern division title.

DREXEL was stripped of some key performers in its offensive line, but Quarterback John Kuzan is back along with End

Tony Godonis and stalwarts like Larry Colbert and Tony Stonis. Seko Mureno is no longer quarterback at FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL, and that is too much of a loss for the Diplomats to overcome.

SOUTHERN CONNECTICUT's new coach, Harry Shay, has 24 lettermen in camp from last year's Eastern Conference champs, and the best of them all, Dick Nocera, was fourth in the nation in rushing with 1,166 yards. Shay will enjoy his new association. **MONTCLAIR STATE** was hit hard at halfback, so Tony Canzoso, Bill Neal and John Harrington will have to pick up the slack in front of Quarterback Jim Caravillano.

ALBRIGHT could return to its former heights on the arm of Quarterback Roy Shalhammer and the hands of End Carmen Comanek. **WILKES** won the northern division MAC title last year and is again a threat. **JUNIATA** may have the MAC's best quarterback in Don Weiss, but **MORAVIAN** will be hurt with so many of its players going both ways. It really doesn't matter that **SUSQUEHANNA** is not eligible for the conference title again (not enough league games)—the Crusaders are rebuilding after 1965's 0-9 performance.

Otto Graham left the **CDAST GUARD ACADEMY** football team to Line Coach Frank Kapral and enough lettermen are around (31) to hope for something better than last year's 4-4. Quarterback Ron Sharpe can pass, and Halfback Steve Schlemmer heads up a fine running attack.

When the Alabama-LSU score is in and digested, along with Michigan-Michigan State, Arkansas-Texas, UCLA-Southern Cal, etc., everybody wants to know what happened to old **SLIPPERY ROCK**. The answer this year will be lots. The Teachers, 4-3-1 last season, are looking for even better things, particularly from Quarterback Greg Klen, a transfer from West Texas State, Linebacker Mike Colvin and Halfback Tim Wilt.

Because Dave Bennett, **SPRINGFIELD's** All-New England quarterback, is still around, the 9-0-0 Maroons of last fall expect something similar this year. Because Bob Post, the U.S. **MERCHANT MARINE's** own prize quarterback, is not around, the 4-4-1 Cadets expect only trouble, even though 24 lettermen return. **TRINITY** will miss Quarterback Rick Russel and his prime target, Bill Gish.

"I know this job is a real challenge, but I'm confident I can meet it," says **TUFTS'** new coach, Rocky Carzo. A challenge it is. The Brown and Blue were 1-7 last year, and the team lacks the depth to play two platoons. But Carzo is high on sophomore Ken Rosenthal and veterans Ed Sevetz and Frank Hekman, an All-New England center. It should not take a jumbo-sized effort to win two games.

END

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Chevy's Camaro begins chasing a hot hoss

What's good for Ford is sometimes good for General Motors, it seems, as the giant Detroit automaker brings out a new four-seater of sporting character with a strong family resemblance to Dearborn's sweet-seller

Nearly two and a half years after the Ford Motor Company began carving out a rich new market with the Mustang, the Chevrolet Division of General Motors retahated this week with a high-volume, low-priced sporty car of its own. It is called the Camaro, which means comrade in vernacular French, and it comes in with the promotional muscle of the world's largest manufacturing corporation behind it.

In basic dimensions the Camaro and the Mustang are nearly identical. The Camaro's wheelbase is 108 inches, same as the Mustang's, and the car has the long-hood, short-deck look popularized by its predecessor. The engine is conventionally located in front. At the roofline, the car is Mustang-high—51 inches. A significant difference is the Camaro's wide-hipped look, which first appeared on GM cars in 1963 and has been well received. The overall effect is of a cross between a Corvair and a Mustang, handsomely executed.

The Camaro comes in a coupe and a convertible. Bucket seats in the front are standard equipment, and both

models have seats in the rear for two. However, the riders in back should be somewhat smaller than candidates for the National Basketball Association; elbow and leg room for an extended trip are sharply limited.

The top of the Camaro line is the SS 350, powered by a 350 cu.-in. V-8 engine that develops 295 horsepower. That should be enough for all but the most power-happy sports-car enthusiast, although hotrodders undoubtedly will drop even larger engines into the car. General Motors is not, of course, involved in racing competition, but will not be distressed if private owners find a way to campaign the Camaro within the guidelines of the various racing organizations. Three transmission setups are available on any model: a three-speed manual, a four-speed manual and Chevy's Powerglide automatic. Controls for the three-speed and the automatic may be either console-mounted or on the steering column, but the four is strictly on the floor.

The exterior of the SS 350 features narrow trim lines down each side, plus

a wide competition stripe across the nose that is both distinctive and appealing. More important, the SS 350 is a real performer. It accelerates from 0-to-60 mph in 7.9 seconds, 0-to-100 in 21.3 seconds and through the quarter-mile in 16 seconds, while attaining a speed of 86 mph. Not surprisingly, the suspension is stiffer and the steering quicker on the 350 than on tamer models. The 350 corners well, thanks in part to the extrawide tires that are stock.

One can choose any of five Camaro engines, ranging downward from the 350 to a 230 cu.-in. in-line 6. Models with engines smaller than the 350 are not as racy, but the handy feel is not entirely sacrificed.

Safety features, many of which will be standard on all 1967 GM cars and, indeed, throughout the industry, include a collapsible steering column, a heavily padded dashboard, a recessed instrument panel and lock-in front seats. Ironically some of these may cause discomfort: for example, recessed knobs on the radio and inside door latches that will result in broken fingernails until riders get the hang of them. But safety takes second place to styling in the coupe's sheet metal above the belt line, which creates a blind spot obscuring overtaking cars. An outside rearview mirror is standard, and you need it.

"Let's face it," says a Chevy spokesman, "the other fellow showed everybody that the market exists for this type of car." It is a market composed of young, mobile Americans who want a car that fits the contemporary style of living. They admired Chevy's Corvette and Ford's Thunderbird but could not afford them. The Mustang's price (\$2,500 to \$3,500) was right. The Camaro, priced in the same range, should be a very strong competitor. **END**



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A forgotten Aussie refreshes the memory

Unseeded by the tournament committee at Forest Hills, Fred Stolle led a horde of fellow Diggers up from down under to make a shambles of the nationals and wipe out all five members of the U.S. Davis Cup team

A couple of boys from Sydney were hanging the ball around at Forest Hills last Sunday. It was a friendly game between nonseeds—"hackers" they call each other—and during the match the wife of one of them left to call the babysitter back at the hotel. She returned just in time to see her husband, Fred Stolle, crowned champion of Sydney, of nonseeds and of the United States.

Stolle has made a successful career of finishing second, but it was only natural that when he finally won a big one it would be the U.S. nationals. Lock up enough monkeys with typewriters and one of them will write *Hamlet*; unleash enough Australians with rackets at Forest Hills and one will win the tournament. Stolle's win over his Sydney neighbor, John Newcombe, was not, however, a particularly inspiring one. Both their powerful services were too dominant. During one stretch, service was held for 30 straight games and for 30 of 31 points. Newcombe weakened slightly, though, and Stolle's mastery of lob and overhead was enough for him to win 4-6, 12-10, 6-3, 6-4.

In women's play, Maria Bueno of Brazil won her fourth U.S. title, this time over Nancy Richey of San Angelo, Texas. Nancy's grudge match with the other top U.S. woman, Billie Jean King, never transpired, because Mrs. King was beaten by a young Australian, Kerry Melville. Nancy beat Miss Melville in the semis to give her a TKO over Mrs. King, but in any case neither of them was the best U.S. girl. That honor went to 17-year-old Rosemary Casals, who lost in the semis to Miss Bueno after taking her to three sets. Miss Casals, who is only 5 feet 2, looks like the best young prospect since Maureen Connolly.

In the men's division there were no bright new U.S. faces like Miss Casals, and no bright old ones either. It was the same old result, except that to break up

the tedium the Australians every now and then get someone new to sing *September Song*. This year their domination—and the U.S. inadequacy—in the U.S. Nationals was more pronounced than usual. By the quarter-finals five Australians and only one American—Clark Graebner—were left, and Graebner was staggering with the flu. Stolle expeditiously eliminated him in straight sets, thus completing a neat rout of the U.S. Davis Cup team by its Australian counterpart. Previously Owen Davidson had beaten Cliff Richey, Roy Emerson had beaten Marty Riessen, Newcombe had trounced Arthur Ashe and Stolle had dispensed with Dennis Ralston.

Yet another Aussie, Bill Bowrey, reached the quarters. He defeated last year's runner-up, Cliff Drysdale, and went out only after five sets against the defending champion and the world's top-ranked player, Manuel Santana. The only Australian disappointment was

left-handed Tony Roche. He lost to Mark Cox, a blond, curly-haired Briton who recently graduated from Cambridge and is just beginning to fully concentrate on tennis.

But Newcombe rallied to take care of Cox in the quarters. Indeed, once he had dispatched Ashe, Newcombe became the Aussie in charge of conquering the world. Besides Cox, he also eliminated Wilhelm Burgert of Germany and then, in the semifinals, Santana of Spain.

Stolle's victory continued an impressive tradition of Australian clutch wins. In the millennium that the USLTA swears has been only 11 years—since Tony Trabert won the nationals by beating Lew Hoad in the semis and Ken Rosewall in the finals—20 Aussies have reached the semifinals at Forest Hills, and not one of them has lost either his semifinal or final match except to another Australian. During the same period, 11 Americans have reached the semis, and only one of

continued



PLAYING AT HIS CAREER BEST, FRED STOLLE LOST ONLY ONE SET AT FOREST HILLS

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TENNIS *continued*

them—Frank Froehling in 1963—gained the finals, where he lost, of course.

The cold figures of U.S. frustration and Australian glory are overwhelming. Consider these simple statistics: 12.5% of all players who participate in the round of 16 (the fourth round) will qualify for the finals. But in this Dark Age of U.S. tennis hardly 1% of U.S. players who have made the "16s" have lasted to the finals. In short, we are 1 for 83. On the other hand, of the 38 Aussies who have made this round, 17 of them, 44.7%, have won their way to the finals.

The statistics of head-on combat are even more embarrassing. Counting all matches since 1956 in the fourth, quarter-final, semifinal and final rounds. U.S. and Australian players have met each other 49 times. The Australians have won 38 of these, for a devastating .775 win percentage, which is good enough in most years to win the American League, the National League, the Run for the Roses and Cook County, Illinois. Moreover, the later the round, the better the Australians. They are 12-3 over us in the quarters, 7-0 in the semis.

Despite these devastating statistics, the USLTA persists in overlooking most Australians, while seeding Americans on a first-star-I-see-tomorrow basis. This year Ashe, Graebner and Richey were seeded fifth, seventh and eighth, while Stolle, Newcombe and Davidson were all ignored. (In 1957, the last time a non-seed—Australian Mal Anderson—won, U.S. players were seeded 2, 4, 6, 7, 8.) But in proving once again that they cannot evaluate players any better than they can produce them, the USLTA succeeded in getting the Aussies hopped up for the event.

Both Stolle and Newcombe politely stopped gloating once they made the point that they should have been seeded. They are mature and personable athletes, who speak as well as they play. "Most Americans have the idea that all Australian players left school at about 14," Newcombe says. "But that's less and less the case. Right now seven of our top 10 players have graduated from high school. And our high school is different from yours. Our last year of high school is the equivalent of your first year in college." There is less emphasis on liberal arts in Australia than in the U.S. For instance, until he was selected for the Australian team after graduating from Sydney Church of England Grammar

continued

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TENNIS continued

mar School, Newcombe had intended to go on to a "technical" college for a degree in accounting.

Newcombe is employed by Slazenger Sports Goods. He was married in February to Angelique Pfannenber, a pretty German player who already speaks English with a down under accent. A six-foot 22-year-old, Newcombe seldom exhibits much emotion, and indeed, since his shirt almost invariably pulls out of his shorts after a few hard serves, he presents a sort of disheveled boy-next-door appearance. His serve can carry him, as it did against Santana in the semis. He hit 20 aces in that match and kept his opponent on the defensive, so that Manolo was never able to relax and confidently explore Newcombe with his cuts and chops. When he serves, Newcombe emits a quick, shrill whistle (unintended, he says), but it gradually deepens as a match progresses and eventually becomes a grunt.

Stolle's serve is better than Newcombe's—if with fewer sound effects. He uncoils to bomb it, for he carries his 6 feet 2 and 162 pounds on muscular but gimpy legs that are precariously balanced on dainty little size-9 1/2 "sand shoes" ("sneakers" in the U.S.). "My little daughter Monique, poor thing, is 21 months now and already walks just like me," he says. "That bloody awful walk of mine. Luckily for her, though, she also looks like me." Actually, Pat Stolle, who has traveled all over the world with her husband and child, is a very striking brunette. Stolle, who will be 28 in three weeks, turned down a \$60,000 pro offer last January mostly because it would have meant much more traveling and time away from his family. And not that much more money, either. Stolle works for Rothman's Cigarettes, and is glib with a plug. Financial aid from Rothman's aside, he attributes the Aussies' collective success at Forest Hills to: 1) the USLTA seeding committee and 2) The West Side Tennis Club's foresight this year in stocking plenty of Foster's Export Lager Beer, a favored Australian brand.

His victory was a popular one, for Stolle is as well-liked and as well-respected as any tour player. Also, despite the fact that he is ranked third in the world, he has had a history of playing Avis to Emerson's Hertz. His victory over Emerson in the semis—a merciless



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6-4, 6-1, 6-1 slaughter—marked the first time Stolle ever defeated his favorite doubles partner in an important match.

Australian Cup Captain Harry Hopman has never had much faith in Stolle. He calls him "Ferry Fred" in derision, and in 1963 he ignored Stolle and picked Newcombe to play second singles and Neale Fraser the doubles with Emerson in the Davis Cup Challenge Round. It was one of the few mistakes Hopman has ever made, and it cost Australia the cup. For six months, anyway.

Even before Stolle and Newcombe were through divvying up the silverware on Sunday, the U.S. Davis Cuppers had fled from Forest Hills, off to the hinterlands to play a series of matches against the Aussie second-stringers. It is a discouraged group that Captain George MacCall must somehow rally and take to Brazil for the next Davis Cup battle this fall.

The situation was not at all helped by MacCall's decision to suspend Clark Graebner from the team for 30 days for using poor court manners in the national doubles in August. It is certainly MacCall's right to suspend a player if he sees fit, but he showed questionable judgment and taste in informing Graebner he was no longer on the team just as he was leaving the court after his crushing defeat by Stolle at Forest Hills on Friday. Monday morning, the day after the tournament, would have been kinder. Unfortunately, the announcement was made at a time when it received maximum attention.

With Graebner temporarily out, the cup team is down to live. The picture is not bright. Charlie Pasarell, who spent the summer going to school, has just returned and will need work. So does Ashe, who has not regained the form he had before he went to Army camp for six weeks. At Forest Hills, Ratches again looked inadequate on grass (and the Challenge Round is played on grass), while Ralston again showed he cannot beat Stolle. Riessen had Emerson on the ropes in the fourth round but let him get away—an old story. "I don't know what it is, but I know they're different," Riessen says. "What is it that's different about the Australians?"

No one has yet answered the question satisfactorily. Aside from the fact that they drink Foster's Export Lager Beer and win all the time, they seem like a pretty normal lot.

END

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Czech refugee Mira Slovak may think himself timid. If so, his record as the nation's top hydroplane racer proves that he is the

Toughest chicken afloat

Hydroplane Driver Mira Slovak is first and foremost a flyer, and a good one. Slovak, a Czechoslovakian refugee who escaped from behind the Iron Curtain 13 years ago in a hijacked C-47, spends his working hours in the pilot's seat of a Continental Airlines Boeing 707 jetliner, flying by the book and conscientiously getting his passengers to and from their points of arrival and departure. But when Slovak gets weary of the responsibility of his job, as every hard-working businessman must, he likes to take a break. What makes Slovak a little different is the fact that his breaks take odd forms, such as flying his own stunt plane upside down only 50 feet

above the ground with his hands dangling down beneath it.

"Doing stunts relaxes me," explains Slovak. "I'm able to unwind and stop being a part of a computer. It makes me a better pilot when I get back to the 707." It also helps counteract what Slovak considers a major flaw in his character: being a born coward. "Yes, sir," he said last week as he sat on a pier at Madison, Ind., waiting to drive a boat down the Ohio River at more than 150 miles an hour. "I'm a born chicken, absolute chicken." Slovak, who is now the top hydroplane racer in the nation, was once chicken about the very thought of entering this lethal sport. "Forget it,"

he said some years ago, when William Boeing suggested he race the powerful *Mira Hahis*. "It's too scary."

But Boeing persisted and somehow Slovak, who had never piloted any boat faster than a kayak, found himself a hydroplane driver. He has been one ever since. So far the sport has cost him a broken leg, a broken arm, a broken back, 23 teeth and a pair of badly damaged kidneys. It has not, however, as it did Chuck Thompson, Ron Musson, Rex Manchester and Don Wilson earlier this summer, cost him his life. Slovak himself was racing for the President's Cup in Washington last June when Musson, the then champion, was killed. Mira dived out of his own boat in a vain effort to pull Ron to safety. He was contesting a tight turn with Chuck Thompson two weeks later when the latter was killed, racing for the Gold Cup in Detroit.

Slovak is a realist about these fatalities. "I'm in love with one person," he says. "That's Mira Slovak. I don't want to kill myself, but things can happen when you play around with speed. The law of averages catches up. All of us have been banged up, burned and bounced around. We're all prepared to face the consequences. I have and I am, but I always come back for more."

And so, over the Labor Day holiday, back he was again—this time driving Bill Harrah's *Talve Mira* for the Governor's Cup in the last big summer race of the fatality-marred 1966 season. As far as Mira is concerned, nothing much has changed in hydro racing. "There's no better boat in this race than Harrah's," he said as he sat watching a team of mechanics tuning up his huge thunderboat, "and no better crew. They're a bunch of pros amongst pros. Out of the 10 crewmen here I consider myself No. 11. But you know," he added, nodding at the boat, "it's a machine and I'm a human being. Things can go wrong."

In their first heat, things did indeed go wrong for Slovak and *Talve Mira*. Snaking upriver the hydros grouped into a ragged line, then roared for the starting line. As the gun fired, they zoomed at full tilt for the first turn just beyond the pty. There in front, as expected, flew *Talve Mira*, but high on top of the air-conditioned trailer from which the Harrah crew watched its charge, a top mechanic suddenly cupped his ears with his hands. "What's the mat-

ter?" asked someone. "You hear something?" The crew chief had indeed. Above the roar of the engines, the howling crowd, and the high speed slap of hulls he'd spotted the sound of two misfiring cylinders. By the time Slovak got them firing again, a boat called *Miss Lapeer* had grabbed the lead and Slovak had to settle for second place.

Between heats the *Tahoe* Miss crew worked feverishly to clear the trouble. Deceptively relaxed about his chances, Slovak claimed he would be content to earn just enough points to protect his lead in the championship. "I used to drive a boat with a lead foot," he explained gently. "Then I began a little bit using my head."

In heat 2A, Slovak's boat ran flawlessly, pounding around the turns behind a curtain of spray, roaring down the straightaways at 150 mph. Driving as though not only his foot but his ankle, shin and thigh bone were all made of lead, Mira won the next race at an average 101.294 mph, acquiring 400 more points to tie *Miss Gypsy* and *Miss Lapeer*. Never before in the 19-year history of the Governor's Cup had three boats entered the final heat tied for first place, but the tie was short-lived. By then Slovak had *Tahoe* *Miss* running over the choppy water as precisely as if she were on rails. Round the corners he cut closer than anyone else, and down the backstretch his boat's rooster tail arced high, wide and far back, a certain sign of peak performance. Building a 10-second lead over *Miss Lapeer*, by the fifth and final lap Slovak could afford to loaf along well under his top speed. He crossed the line just lazily along and finished with a 95.049 mph average, more than 10 mph slower than last year's time.

Five thousand dollars richer and the permanent winner of the Governor's Cup (*Tahoe* *Miss* had won the race twice before with the deceased Chuck Thompson driving), Mira Slovak the chicken was a happy man. He'd taken care of the present nicely, and ahead lay a future full of promise. First there was a flight across the Atlantic Ocean in a World War II German Messerschmidt owned by his good friend and fellow flying buff, Actor Cliff Robertson. Then he planned to have a go at the world water-speed record driving a jet-powered boat on Lake Tahoe. It sounded very relaxing.

END

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Pot of gold for a nervy Cajun

Harvey Peltier is a roly-poly, twinkly-eyed operator out of Thibodaux, La., which, in case you've bypassed it, is some 50 miles west of New Orleans. "I'm 66 years young," says Harvey with a broad grin, "and I guess I'm sort of a jack-of-all-trades. I mean I go to my office every day. I have a lot of things going for me." When Harvey Peltier wants to elaborate on what he has—or has had—going for him, he can bring out quite a varied portfolio. Once the partner and campaign manager of Huey Long and a state legislator from 1924 to 1940, Harvey is a lawyer, a banker, a dabbler in sugar, oil and quarter horses and the sort of confident guy who says, "I may have less money than some people, but I have more nerve than most."

This past winter, no doubt feeling that his nerve required some new expression, Harvey Peltier got together with a 37-year-old trainer, Johnny Meaux, who has learned more than a little about the horse business over 13 years, seven of them under the late Tennessee Wright. The pair of them moseyed on over to the Florida Breeders' sales at Hialeah and sat down to do a little business. "My trainer," says Peltier, "knows what to look for in a horse, and I know how to read a pedigree." They agreed that a bay colt by Nashua out of the Princequillo mare Jandy was the most likely prospect. He was knocked down to them for \$67,500, and they had acquired five newly turned 2-year-olds for \$161,900. "By buying five," observed Harvey, "we figured we might get one good one."

Last Saturday at Chicago's Arlington Park, with all the Peltiers on hand who could possibly escape from Thibodaux (and with 200 pounds of Louisiana shrimp flown up to make them all feel

relatively at home), the \$67,500 Nashua colt, now named Diplomat Way, made last winter's nervy move look completely logical. As Bill Shoemaker turned in one of his very top rides, Diplomat Way won the fifth running of the Arlington-Washington Futurity, that seven-furlong midwestern classic which prides itself on being the richest race in the world—at least the richest for Thoroughbreds. Certainly nothing can approach Arlington's gross pot of \$367,700, from which Pelrier, Meaux and Shoemaker neatly extracted a winning purse of \$195,200 for the 1:22 3/5 that it took Diplomat Way to win by a desperate head over long shot Wilbur Clark.

It is too early to jump up and down and holler that Diplomat Way is another Nashua, or even that he should become the 2-year-old champion, for he was life-and-death to achieve this victory in a 15-horse field more notable for its speed than for its quality. Before last week's race, for example, the sturdy bay had won only two of eight starts. In his last one Shoemaker, aboard for the first time, got him home second in the Futurity Trial to Lightning Orphan, but Shoe came back with a smile "He's green, but he'll do," said the champ.

In the Futurity Diplomat Way ran with much the same determination that his sire, Nashua, used to demonstrate when he felt in the mood. "We broke on the lead," said Shoe afterward, "and were either on it or right with it the rest of the way. He may not be a great one, but he must have something to him to put out like that." Unfortunately, there is not a whole lot to be said for the also-rans. Wilbur Clark, a 20-to-1 shot, ran the best race of a mediocre career, and it was good enough to beat the third horse, Lightning Orphan, by a hefty seven lengths. Favorable Turn, who had beaten the Hopeful winner, Bold Hour, by seven lengths in the Saratoga Special last month, showed nothing in finishing 12th, while Wheatley Stable's Top Bid ran a nice steady ninth.

Diplomat Way, whose bankroll of \$219,525 now makes Pelrier's winter expenditure look like a grand coup, may wind up as the best of his generation, but it could be that another Florida-bred, Dr. Fager, is the colt to beat. The same afternoon at Atlantic City, N.J. he captured the World's Playground Stakes by twelve lengths. Still, the self-proclaimed "Cajun Bum," Harvey Pelrier, sure has the politician's luck to match his politician's nerve.

END

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 2 oz. Pineapple Juice
 1/2 oz. White of Egg
 1/2 oz. Lemon Juice
 Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and do couple with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
 1 oz. Galliano
 1 1/2 oz. Brandy
 Shake well with crushed ice, serve in cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
 1 oz. Galliano
 1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
 1 oz. Cream
 Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for about five until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
 (Prize Winning Recipe—
 Sunset Kingdom)
 8 oz. Brandy
 1/2 oz. Galliano
 1/2 oz. Orange Juice
 1/2 oz. Cream
 Shake in cocktail glass, strain into cocktail glass.

GALLIANO MIST
 1/2 oz. Galliano & 1/2 oz. Brandy
 1/2 oz. Pineapple Juice
 1/2 oz. White of Egg
 1/2 oz. Lemon Juice
 Shake well with crushed ice, serve in cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
 (Prize Winning Recipe—
 Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
 1/2 oz. Galliano 1/2 oz. Rum
 1/2 oz. Fresh Lime Juice
 Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (some frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with mint or lime peel.

MILANO
 1 shot Whisky
 1 shot Pineapple
 1 shot Orange
 1 shot Galliano
 1 part Fresh Lime Juice
 Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
 (Prize Winning Cocktail Milan, Italy)
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 2 oz. White of Egg
 1/2 oz. Lemon Juice
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MUSLIM MINISTER

Continued from page 21

and there is a thin scar under his left eye. Clay broke the latter wide open just before the bell rang to end the fifth round. Later he opened the brow above it. It was clear then that Mildenberger, who is not known as a puncher, could not hope to win even with his desperate attempts at a knockout, but it was also clear that he was making a far better fight than anyone had looked for.

Mildenberger had been led into the ring by a man waving a German flag, and Clay was similarly honored with an American flag. The crowd, less inclined to be solemn about the occasion, chanted something that translates roughly as, "Dear Ali, please let him last for three." Clay was, in fact, quite popular with the Germans, and there were only scattered hoos, all but drowned by applause, when he was introduced.

A fair contingent of U.S. military was present. The soldiers were drawn from bases scattered for 100 miles around Frankfurt and occupied, for the most part, the cheapest seats. They may have been responsible for the boos. At the Frankfurt post it was clear that Clay was not popular, but that is not surprising since he is not popular among civilians. The resentment of the GI, it was made clear on a visit to the Frankfurt post, is not provoked by Clay's effort to avoid the draft but by his insistence on being mouthy about it and, for such a long time, about everything else. Few have understood that Clay's mouthiness has been compounded in part of showmanship and in great part of sheer high spirits, now low in proof.

"More power to him," said one GI, when asked about Clay's debate with his draft board. Others at a table in the post's snack bar echoed the sentiment. Military service is not, and never was, a popular institution. But many expressed a wish that Clay be beaten badly. They regard him as a braggart and, in truth, he has asked for it.

There is little doubt that Clay approached the fight with a clear intent to punish Mildenberger severely. A newspaper dispatch had quoted the German as saying that Negroes have a special difficulty dealing with southpaws, and whereas Joe Louis laughed when he read it at breakfast one morning, Clay took it seriously as a racial slur. Furthermore, some of Mildenberger's entourage hold to the ancient boxing cliché that Negroes

continued

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are relatively unaffected by head blows, which is something that Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston should have been told before they engaged each other and Clay. The glare that Muhammad flashed to Mildenerger at the weigh-in, when he turned out to be a trim 204 pounds to Mildenerger's 196, probably was not put on for photographers. It had a genuine look to it.

Clay may have felt some honest concern on the southpaw question since he really does have trouble with left-handers, though no more than the average right-handed, orthodox boxer. Mildenerger was, of course, advertising his best punch, a "left to the liver," and during the fight he tried to deliver it, with minimal success.

In the sixth round, with Mildenerger bleeding profusely, Clay came out quite obviously determined to demolish his opponent. For the first time in the fight he was persistently aggressive, but he also was overanxious. He missed repeatedly, and though he was driving Mildenerger about the ring at the end of the round, he was punching wildly. He did much the same in the eighth, at the end of which Mildenerger was most unsteady as he walked back to his corner. But in the ninth, surprisingly, Mildenerger came out with renewed vigor and won the round. After Clay knocked his opponent down with a right in the 10th round, however, he was laughing in his corner. He knew the end was near now, and so did everyone else. It came two rounds later.

Clay's next opponent, the indications are, will be Cleveland Williams, once a most dangerous puncher but a poor shadow of himself since he was shot in the belly by a policeman a couple of years ago. This presumes that Clay will still be a civilian when the light comes off and so does his plan to take on Ernie Terrell—master of the long jab and of little else—once he has disposed of Williams. As it stands, Clay would appear to be running out of suitable opposition. The fields of boxing are less than fertile these days and crops are poor, especially among the seasoned heavyweights.

But this fight, in the chilly mists of Frankfurt's stadium, did establish that somewhere in Nat Fleischer's *Ring Record Book* there just might be a young fellow who, in a year or so, could give the world heavyweight champion a proper test.

END

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The Great Mexican War of 1946

Baseball still shudders when it recalls the year that big-league stars, seduced by money, fled to the turmoil and excitement, the fights and riots of the Mexican League. The fiery Jorge Pasquel lost his battle with the majors—but, eh, how he fought them.

CONTINUED

It was easy to pick him out of the luncheon crowd at Toots Shor's. Squat, dark-haired, dressed in a black "best" suit (dark tie, white shirt) that emphasized his broad shoulders, he moved uncertainly through the assured, successful groups around the bar—this lost and frustrated little man who had pursued his trade in corners of the hemisphere that most Shorians had never reached, and never intended to. Steered in the right direction by a *maitre d'*, he walked up to the reporter who had been waiting for him. "I am Danny Gardella," he said.

Twenty years have passed since Danny Gardella breached that maximum-security compound raised by Organized Baseball out of tradition and the reserve clause. A pistol-packing Mexican millionaire and his ragtag "outlaw" league defied the astounded world of *yanki* baseball. Inflated salaries and bonuses stirred discontented big-leaguers. There were dreams of a new Goleonda. Danny jumped, others followed.

But the mountains of gold turned out to be molehills; the only diamonds they touched were dusty enclosures. The benefits that accrued to the rest of the big-league players are apparent today, but other traces of the Mexican adventure are to be found only in the memories of those free-enterprisers who paid dearly for their sin.

"I've never had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Shor's establishment," said Gardella, whose most casual comment is delivered in the style once cultivated by candidates for county attorney. His eyes roved over the tables in the dining room.

"On my way over here today," he said, "I was composing a song. Its theme was *The Boulevard of Broken Dreams*. I suffer from a reflective neurosis, you know. I often reflect on my life, the places I've been, the chances I've missed. I have been a man driven by the winds of circumstance."

Gardella was an outfielder with the Giants at the end of World War II. He hit 18 home runs in 1945, but his deficiencies as an outfielder were more notable. Of Gardella circling around under a fly ball Dan Parker wrote that "the more casual fans hoped that Danny wouldn't drop the ball, while connoisseurs prayed that he wouldn't get killed."

During the winter of 1945-46, while Danny waited to go south with the Giants, he kept himself in shape at Al Roon's Health Club in Manhattan. It was there that he met Jorge Pasquel, who happened to be in New York on a business trip. "Pasquel was very vain about his body," Gardella says. Danny soon learned something about Pasquel's background. He and his four brothers were among the wealthiest men in Mexico. Jorge dabbled in almost every area of Mexican life—customs brokerage, imports and exports, cattle, publishing, shipping and automobiles. He was a close friend and financial supporter of Miguel Alemán, who was to become, within the next few months, the President of Mexico. It seemed that Pasquel was a sort of president himself—president of the eight-team *Liga Mexicana de Baseball*.

BY FRANK GRAHAM JR.

Illustration by Michael Ransaw

Pasquel, Gardella also learned, was looking for American players. Danny was not interested. He was a member of the Giants, had already received (but had refused to sign) a contract calling for \$5,000 a year and would leave with the team in a day or two for Florida. But when Danny presented himself at what he thought was the appointed departure time, he was informed that the Giants had left the day before. When he finally arrived in Miami, he was not allowed to register with the team at the Hotel Venetian because he was still a holdout. To support himself, Danny joined a local aquacade, singing "I'm forever blowing bubbles," while a young lady dressed in a brief bathing suit swam up and down the pool.

One evening Danny, apparently dressed like a beatnik, met his teammates for dinner at the Venetian. Eddie Brannick, the Giants' road secretary, was a member of the old school. Disapproving of Gardella's attire, he ordered him to find a necktie. Danny told him to mind his own business. Harsh words flared between them. Gardella was barred from both the hotel and the Giants' practice field.

"This fellow has to be taught," Manager Mel Ott said, "that players of his type aren't very important today. The war is over." But a new war was beginning.

The owners of the big-league teams had never sat so securely in the driver's seat. Baseball, like almost every other business, looked forward confidently to the big postwar boom that economists had predicted. Beyond the rosy financial outlook, the unprecedented flood of players coursing into their training camps elated the owners. The heroes of prewar baseball were returning from the armed services: Feller, Musial, DiMaggio, Williams, Mize, Henrich. And every camp harbored at least a couple of the young players who were soon to become stars themselves: Duke Snider, Yogi Berra, Ralph Kiner.

Thus there had grown up among big-league officials an attitude of "Who needs you?" when a journeyman player asked for a modest raise and the player had no recourse within the rules of Organized Baseball. The "reserve clause" in the standard player contract gives the team sole and exclusive right to the player's services for the rest of his athletic life. If he is traded, that right passes to his new club. Most of the time the player hardly notices the reserve clause. When he does, when it effectively hampers an effort of his to improve his financial position, he resents it deeply. In 1946 a few players saw a chance to escape it. Gardella was it first.

Jorge Pasquel, through a representative, approached Gardella again in Miami and offered him a contract to play in Mexico. It called for \$8,000 a year plus a \$5,000 bonus for signing. About the same time, Mel Ott called the sports-writers together at the ball park to announce that the Giants would dispose of the unruly Gardella as soon as they could arrange a deal for him.

On leaving the park a few minutes later, the writers were

confronted by Danny himself. "You may say for me," he told them, "that I do not intend to let the Giants enrich themselves any further at my expense by selling me to a minor league club. They have treated me shabbily. I have decided to take my gifted talents to Mexico."

Gardella went on to say that two other Giant players, Nap Reyes and Adrian Zabaleta, and Dodger Outfielder Luis Olmo also had signed with Pasquel. Danny left promptly for Mexico City, where he became Pasquel's house guest for a few days before being assigned to Veracruz. During his first week there Danny lost two fly balls in the tropical sun and cost his team both games.

The echo of Gardella's move was causing more consternation back in Florida. There were rumors that Pasquel was sounding out other big-leaguers. A handful of Latin-American players of doubtful ability accepted the bonuses to which their big-league status entitled them and ran for Mexico. The Giants' camp, where 60 players competed for 25 places on the roster, continued to be in an uproar. One vulnerable Giant was an obscure pitcher named Sal Maglie. He had never been very successful in the minors, but he had won 5 and lost 4 with the Giants late in 1945.

"I'd pitched in Mexico during the winter," Maglie, today the pitching coach for the Boston Red Sox, recalls, "and I met Pasquel there. I turned down an offer to sign with him then. But halfway through spring training I began to wish I hadn't. In one intrasquad game I struck out seven batters in five innings, but Ott just ignored me."

"Then one day at the hotel I got a call from Gardella. He said they needed players down there, and he wanted me to suggest some Giants who might be willing to go."

Maglie mentioned George Hausmann, the Giants' regular second baseman, and Roy Zimmerman, a first baseman who was about to lose his job to the returning Johnny Mize. The three players did not commit themselves but continued to talk over Pasquel's offer of a \$5,000 bonus and a salary double what they were making with the Giants. "The Giants gave me \$6,000 in 1945," Maglie says, "and I had a hard time getting \$7,000 for 1946."

Rumors reached Ott that Pasquel's agents were in touch with several of his players. He called a clubhouse meeting and asked Maglie if he was involved. Sal replied that he had made up his mind to go to Mexico. Ott was furious. While the tension mounted, Bill Vosselle, a pitcher who was hard of hearing, remained blissfully in the washroom, shaving. He had not heard the summons to a meeting. Suddenly the strained silence in the clubhouse was broken by Vosselle, cheerily whistling a popular song of the day, "South of the border, down Mexico way."

The meeting broke up in a roar of laughter, but Giant President Horace Stoneham called Hausmann and Zimmerman to his office. The two players admitted they would go to Mexico "if the price is right." "Then you're through with the Giants," Stoneham growled.

continued

Maglie telephoned Pasquel and told him the three Giant players were on their way. "He sent us \$1,000 so we could fly there," Maglie says. "But we couldn't get plane reservations, so we went to Mexico City by train. And when we got there we had to pay the expense money back."

Pasquel, meanwhile, had other irons in the fire. Despite his fatal error in the 1941 World Series, Mickey Owen was considered one of the best catchers in baseball. In the early spring of 1946 he was at the Sampson, N.Y. Naval Training Station, awaiting his discharge. Like most sailors, Mickey whiled away the long hours on the base by writing letters. These letters tended to have a financial tone. One, to his friend Luis Olmo, asked the former Dodger outfielder if all those rumors he had heard about high Mexican salaries were true. Another, to Dodger President Branch Rickey, asked if the contract he had signed for \$14,500 a year before entering the Navy could be adjusted.

Olmo proved to be the more faithful correspondent. He answered promptly, advising Owen to contact Pasquel directly. The response from Brooklyn was vague.

"The idea of going to Mexico appealed to me," says Owen, who is now the sheriff of Greene County, Mo. "Now and then a man wants to go somewhere else and do something new. Especially if he can get paid for it."

Owen entered into a detailed correspondence with Pasquel. Pasquel's final offer was very attractive to a Rickey employee: a bonus of \$12,500 to sign a five-year contract at \$15,000 a year, the payment for the fifth year to be made in advance. Pasquel also agreed to pay Owen's income taxes in both countries and provide him with an apartment.

In early April, with his discharge in his pocket and his wife in the car beside him, Mickey headed for Mexico. In San Antonio, there occurred one of those frantic and confusing incidents that undermined the illusion of stability

upon which Pasquel hoped to build his league. Waiting there for Owen were Jorge's brother, Alfonso, and a message to call Branch Rickey.

Pasquel was anxious to hustle his prize across the border. Owen insisted on returning Rickey's call first. The Pasquels, threatening, charming, or writing checks, were never a match for Rickey's stern but fatherly moral lectures. Owen, tempted by Pasquel yet yearning for the moral fragrance symbolized by that marvelous voice on the telephone, was reduced to a nervous wreck.

"The Pasquels even offered to bring my mother down," a distraught Owen told reporters at the time. "But I started out with the old man, and I wouldn't like to go back on our friendship."

"I'm not so sure I want him to drive," Mrs. Owen said of her shaky husband as they got into the car to head back to Brooklyn.

Owen hadn't driven very far before he learned that the fold to which he was returning was simply a shipping pen. That evening's newspapers contained an interview with Rickey, who said that Owen did not fit into the Dodgers' plans and would be traded. The old man had neglected to mention this detail to Mickey on the phone. Owen turned his car around again and crossed the border. In Mexico City a relieved Pasquel explained by saying it had all been "a ruse to throw the agents of Organized Baseball off the track."

On the West Coast an even weightier drama had been played out. Vernon (Junior) Stephens, a shortstop with the St. Louis Browns and the reigning home-run champion of the American League, fretted about his contract. The \$1,500 raise he had asked from the Browns had been denied him. At breakfast one morning he received a long-distance phone call from Mario Pasquel, another brother.

"Would you be interested in coming down to Mexico and talking to us?" Mario asked.

Stephens considered for a moment, and then made his decision. "Since my wife and I had been talking about holding out, why not listen to Pasquel?" says Stephens, now sales manager of a Los Angeles trucking firm. "What did I have to lose? I told Pasquel O.K., and he said there'd be a \$500 money order waiting for me at the local Western Union office to cover my expenses."

Stephens, too, stopped in San Antonio, where he was met by Mario Pasquel and two burly, unidentified men, whose suitcoats bulged at precisely the spot where 45s traditionally nestle in the shoulder holsters of bodyguards. The quartet flew to Mexico City. When the plane set down, Stephens stepped out. There, at the bottom of the ramp, his chauffeur limousine only a few feet away on the airstrip, another brace of bodyguards behind him, waited the smiling, mustachioed, ruggedly handsome Jorge Pasquel.

Pasquel was 39 years old in 1946, when he and his dashing brothers (Bernardo, Mario and the twins, Gerardo and Alfonso) discovered the ramshackle Mexican League. His family had owned a prosperous cigar factory, but he made his

continued



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own opportunities as a young man by marrying the daughter of Plutarco Elías Calles, President of Mexico, and having himself appointed a customs broker for the Mexican government. His career was tempestuous. He left his wife, killed a man with the pistol he always carried and made enemies as well as a fortune.

"Pasquel liked baseball," Mickey Owen says, "and he liked being in the limelight. The league gave him a lot of publicity, and it was closely tied in with his pal Aleman's presidential campaign that spring. Raiding the big leagues was a way of showing up the juvies."

Pasquel became the league's president and its chief scout, and he held a strong financial interest in at least two of the teams—Mexico City and Veracruz. Puebla, Tampico, Monterrey, San Luis Potosí, Nuevo Laredo and Torreón completed the eight-team league. Fifty-five percent of all receipts were thrown into the pot and distributed evenly among the eight teams at the end of the season.

There is a type of executive who prefers to rule behind the scenes, laying down a broad program within which his subordinates keep the operation going, putting on pressure subtly but firmly when he wants to change course and seldom baring the iron under the velvet glove. Jorge Pasquel bore not the slightest resemblance to this type. Once, when a no-hitter was broken up in the sixth inning, Jorge summarily restored the prize to the pitcher by overruling the official scorer and calling the play an error. The crowd was as overcome by this gallant gesture as if Pasquel had redeemed a lady's chastity. It accorded him a standing ovation, while Jorge beamed in his private box.

The American players marveled at the things they saw. Each team played four games a week from Thursday through Sunday. Parque Delta, the stadium in Mexico City where both the local team and, for some reason, Veracruz (the city of Veracruz is 200 miles to the east) played their home games, was a reasonably modern one, ornamented across the outfield with advertisements for soft drinks and whiskey. But in the other cities the players found skinned and bumpy infields enclosed by rickety

wooden stands. Dust storms frequently halted the games. In Tampico a spur of the local railroad ran across the outfield.

The crowds were noisy and colorful. Shouting vendors sold tortillas and enchiladas. Gambblers roamed through the aisles placing bets, and cops, armed with tear-gas guns, stood watchfully by. One American reported that the wealthy Mexicans in the stands "wore guns like we wear key chains or jewelry."

The fans were ardent if unsophisticated. They cheered a *jit*, accused the enemy pitcher of throwing an *esquadrado* and never referred to the man who called balls and strikes as anything but an *alvoro*. A sacrifice delighted them as much as a home run, and they were so enchanted by dazzling catches that it was suspected some of the players shoveled for their benefit.

The players' lives were not without hazards. Loco Torres, a Tampico pitcher who apparently merited his nickname, refused to leave the mound one day when his manager thought he had lost his stuff. The manager, whose name was Marsans, shrugged and returned to the dugout. When Torres walked the next batter, Marsans trotted back out to the mound. Torres insisted on staying. Marsans ranted, and the crowd shrieked for a new pitcher. But Torres stayed.

When Marsans made his third appearance on the field, he carried a *fango* hat with him. Waving it at Torres, he drove him off the field. Each time Torres stopped to argue, Marsans whacked him across the buttocks, driving him finally into the waiting arms of the local police, who dragged him off to jail.

Gardella and Owen seemed to possess similar properties for attracting trouble. Danny, finding himself alone in Pasquel's office shortly after his arrival, picked up a pistol he saw lying on a filing cabinet. "I wanted to see if it worked," Danny says. He pointed it out the window and pulled the trigger. It worked.

As soon as he arrived, Owen was named manager of the Veracruz Blues. His tenure was brief and stormy. One day Babe Ruth, who had been fishing in Mexico, agreed to put on a batting demonstration before a game. Ramón Bragado,

(continued)

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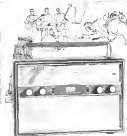
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Mexican War *continued*

a Veracruz pitcher, was assigned to serve them up to the Babe. The great slugger, 10 years out of the majors and badly out of shape, huffed and puffed but could not get a piece of the ball. On the sidelines the manager of the Mexico City Reds began to heckle the sweating Bragaña, who was doing the best he could to let the Babe hit one.

When the Red manager went to the mound to tell Braggs that he wanted to bring in a pitcher of his own, Braggs shoved him away. The manager, angered because he had lost face in front of the crowd, came to blows with Braggs in the dressing room after the game. Owen broke up the fight by pushing the Mexico City manager out of the clubhouse. But in a moment there came a loud banging on the door.

"Somebody wanted in pretty bad," Owen recalls. "The hsp went flying off and in ran this character with an old-fashioned six-shooter. He turned out to be the manager's brother. He forced Bragaglia to get down on his knees and told him to apologize. I guess he got the apology. I didn't wait around to see."

Trouble lurked everywhere. Once when Owen believed the umpire, who was a Cuban, had missed a close play at the plate, he rushed toward him to complain. "Don't go too close, Mickey!" yelled outfielder Bobby Estalella, another former major leaguer. "He'll crack you over the head with his mask."

Suddenly Mickey found Jorge Pasquel, who had rushed out onto the field, arguing at his side. The umpire threatened to bring down his mask on Jorge's head, and the omnipresent bodyguard pulled a knife. The umpire left the field and, that evening, the country.

If the umpire thought Caha looked better than Mexico City, Vern Stephens made a similar comparison between the St. Louis Browns and Mexico. His short happy Mexican life began when Pasquel whisked him from the airport to the ball park, where he introduced his latest acquisition to the cheering crowd. After the game, Pasquel asked Stephens to be his house guest. The "house" proved to be a palace five stories high, one of which was a gymnasium and another a gigantic closet containing Jorge's wardrobe.

Stephens was quartered in a room above the seven-car garage, which also housed Pasquet's bodyguards.

"I slept under velvet sheets," Stephens says. "The rugs were so thick you couldn't see your toes when you walked around barefoot. It was like out of the *Arabian Nights*."

That night Pasquel took Stephens and Gardella to dinner at a luxury hotel. The inevitable bodyguards trailed along. "When we walked in, the head waiter literally ran toward the door," Veen recalls. "Some people hadn't even finished their dinner at the best table, but the waiters hustled them right out of there. We sat down, and the bodyguards eased the .45s out of their holsters and plunked them down on the table alongside the silverware."

The next morning Stephens agreed verbally to a five-year contract that he claims totaled \$250,000. Pasquel mailed a certified check for \$25,000 to Vera's wife in Long Beach and put the rest in escrow in a Mexico City bank. In his first game Stephens singled to win the game in the ninth inning. The spectators carried him off the field triumphantly.

"But I could see that the thing wasn't going to work out financially," he says. "It was a wonderful dream but the people Pasquel was appealing to couldn't afford it, no way. I knew that when I wanted the \$250,000 it wouldn't be there—or I couldn't get it."

Stephens was treated as something special. He did not travel with his team but flew around the circuit in a private plane with one of the Pasquel brothers. His special treatment included a body-guard, who went everywhere with him and who apparently opened his letters before they were passed on to him.

"I knew after three days I wanted to go home," Stephens says. "But the question was *how*?"

On the other side of the border there were interested parties who asked themselves the same question. One morning when Stephens arrived in Monterrey, near the American border, he was met in the hotel lobby by an American friend. "The Browns say they'll give you what you're asking for," he told Stephens. Vern could not help looking over his

shoulder. "Now listen to this. Your dad and Jack Fournier [a scout for the Browns] are in a bar close by. Go two blocks down the street to your left and two bars on the right."

In a few minutes Stephens was joined for breakfast, as usual, by his bodyguard. Fortunately, the bodyguard was nursing a hangover and abruptly asked to be excused.

"When he went in the men's room door," Stephens says, "I went out the front door. In 10 minutes we were on our way. It's about a three-and-a-half-hour drive to the border, and we knew that if Pasquel realized what was going on he had the power to have us stopped. They checked cars, anyway, at the border, and if there were more people in one than the permit listed, you might be in trouble."

Two blocks from the border Fournier stopped the car and Stephens got out. He put on Fournier's hat and his father's coat and walked gingerly across the bridge to Laredo, in Texas.

"That ended Mexican ball for me," he says. "All I had were the clothes on my back. The rest of my things were still in the hotel. Even my spikes and glove."

Though Stephens returned the check

for \$25,000, Pasquel was furious. That players he had befriended and paid generously were betraying him was bad enough. He was even more affronted by American baseball officials who called him an "outlaw." He complained that it was he, and not they, who was being harassed. As evidence, he cited the fact that he was not able to buy American-made bats and balls because the manufacturers feared a retaliatory boycott by Organized Baseball.

"When our league was struggling to get started," Pasquel said, "major league scouts came down here and stole our players. Why? Because they offered them more money. We're giving those people a dose of their own medicine."

Pasquel stepped up his raids on the major leagues. Bob Feller rejected his offer. Ted Williams ignored the blank contract Pasquel sent him. But other American stars wavered in the face of temptation. Bernardo Pasquel entertained Yankee Shortstop Phil Rizzuto and his wife at dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria, offering him a long-term contract at \$12,500 a year and a \$15,000 bonus. Rizzuto promised to think it over. Before Pasquel received an answer, the Yankees brought suit to keep

continued



The manager's brother burst into the dressing room with a gun, forced the pitcher to kneel down and apologize.

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Mexican War *continued*

him from tampering with their players.

Later Alfonso Pasquel visited Stan Musial in his hotel room. While Musial, who was making \$13,500 a year with the Cardinals, watched in astonishment, Pasquel spread five cashier's checks, each for \$10,000, on his bed. This, Pasquel told him, was merely a bonus. While Musial turned the offer over in his mind, Cardinal Manager Eddie Dyer (an old Rickey man) effectively intervened.

"Stan, you've got two children," Dyer said. "Do you want them to hear someone say, 'There are the kids of a guy who broke a contract'?"

Musial declined to go to Mexico, but the Pasquels scored their most dramatic coup by hijacking three other Cardinals, Pitchers Max Lanier and Fred Martin and Second Baseman Lou Klein. Lanier was the prize. Considered by some baseball men to be the best pitcher in the National League, he had a 6-0 record with St. Louis when he left for Mexico in June.

The uproar took on special overtones. In Washington, a State Department official wished Organized Baseball would show a desire to clean up its differences with the Mexicans. "Baseball is making it tough for us," the anonymous official said. "We try to build up good will, and this sort of thing tears it down." In Cincinnati, Baseball Commissioner A. B. (Happy) Chandler replied that "the State Department has enough to do without meddling in baseball."

But the Mexican problem was beginning to solve itself. Attendance, after the novelty of new faces had run its course, quickly declined. There were heavy rains that summer. At critical moments during a night game the electricity would fail. Both the playing fields and the equipment were inadequate (American players often referred to their "drugstore bats").

As conditions deteriorated tempers grew shorter. The Mexican players (making about \$250 a month) resented the high salaries paid to foreigners. American players complained about the food and climate. Travel was arduous at best, and sometimes hazardous. Landing strips in a few towns were simply open pastures. "It was unnerving," Mickey Owen says. "Coming in for a landing we'd look out and see eight or 10 of those big black

Mexican vultures waiting for us. That's one of the things I remember best about Mexico—those vultures."

Yet the planes came to look awfully sweet to Sal Maglie, who was the only American player assigned to Puebla. "I didn't care much about flying," Maglie says, "but the only other way to get in and out of Puebla was by bus over the mountains. The buses were driven by madmen. They used to push those old wrecks as hard as they could on the narrow, winding roads in the mountains." Sal, too, has alarming memories of vultures.

Nor did the American players prove to be the superstars Pasquel thought he had bought. When Veracruz, which Pasquel had stocked with the best players because it was his favorite team, sank into fourth place, Jorge took matters into his own hands. He fired Owen as manager and named as Owen's successor —Jorge Pasquel!

"It's quite possible I did a lousy job of managing," Mickey says. "But I think the main thing was that Jorge had a sneaky ambition to be the manager himself."

Pasquel, in uniform, took his place in the third-base coaching box. When he waved his arms, which he did frequently, his 12-karat diamond ring glittered in the sun. The crowd roared its appreciation. Between innings Pasquel retired to the dugout, where a valet, a napkin draped over one arm, served him steaming cups of vegetable juices and platters of chicken or crabs. When he had finished eating, his valet produced a tooth brush, with which Jorge cleaned his teeth. At the end of 10 days, Veracruz still languished in fourth place, the cheers for its gallant leader were not so delirious, and Jorge stepped aside in favor of a man named Chili Lopez.

Meanwhile Owen was growing restless. "Mickey came to me one day looking very worried," Maglie recalls. "He'd heard somewhere that I was going to leave Mexico. I told him there was nothing to the rumor. 'That's good,' Mickey said. 'We've got to stick together.'"

A day or two later Danny Gardella called at Owen's apartment to drive him to the ball park. It was his usual pro-

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cedure, but Mickey did not appear in response to Danny's horn. Finally, the landlady came out and said that Mickey had gone off in a cab.

"I knew I'd made a mistake, and I wanted to go home," Owen says. "I was afraid if I tried to leave by train or plane Jorge would find out and have me quarantined. I took the cab to Brownsville, Texas, and it cost me \$250. It was the biggest cab fare I ever ran up."

Though the league lingered fitfully for one more season and part of another, Owen's defection was its death blow. The illusion of stability, which had been Pasquel's biggest selling point, was shattered. A few Americans returned to Mexico in 1947 because they had no place else to go. In most cases their salaries were cut, and only a handful of players lasted until the end of the season. Pasquel lost interest and turned his attention to other things, like big-game hunting in Africa. Several years after the great raids, he was killed when his private plane crashed in the Mexican hills.

There were no outstretched arms awaiting the prodigals in their native land. Organized Baseball had imposed a five-year suspension on all the "contract-jumpers" except Stephens, who had returned to the Browns before opening day. With the collapse of Pasquel's league, the 18 suspended players sought jobs outside of Organized Baseball. They played in Cuba during the winter and in Canada during the summer. In 1948 they formed a team called the Max Larnier All-Stars and barnstormed across the United States. Barred from stadiums owned by teams in Organized Baseball and able to play only against semiprofessionals, the All-Stars won all of their 81 games but arrived home broke.

Players like Gardella, who had a family and no savings, were in trouble. "On Sundays I pled my trade with a team on Staten Island," Gardella says. "One day a wire came from the Commissioner's office informing our opponents, a Negro team called the Cleveland Buckeyes, that none of their players would be allowed into Organized Baseball if they played against me. I was an outlaw!"

"Nobody would have me. God invests

continued

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Mexican War *continued*

himself in every atom of the universe, but I was cast out. Finally a friend of mine sent me to his dentist's brother, who was a lawyer. I gave him earnest ear."

The lawyer was Frederic A. Johnson, who had been a baseball fan since childhood, a classmate of Happy Chandler at Harvard Law School and the author of an unfavorable treatise on baseball's reserve clause. Johnson and Gardella sued Organized Baseball for \$300,000 in damages. Shortly afterward, Lanier and Fred Martin, having retained their own lawyer, sued baseball for \$2,500,000, charging that it was in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

With its sacred reserve clause under fire, baseball grew jittery. Branch Rickey, speaking before an advertising club, charged that the clause was opposed by persons of "avowed Communist tendencies." But for the first time communication lines were opened between baseball and the outcasts. They were made to understand that if they dropped their lawsuits, their applications for reinstatement would be given, in the Gardellian phrase, "earnest ear."

Owen and several other players visited Gardella at his home in Yorkers in an effort to persuade him to drop his suit. On the advice of his attorney, Danny declined. "I hope Gardella loses his suit," Owen told reporters. "Baseball didn't force us to go to Mexico. We went because of our own weaknesses."

In June 1949 the courts refused to compel Organized Baseball to reinstate the suspended players before their cases had been tried. Baseball was now free to move without losing face. The players were welcomed back and guaranteed fair trials with their old teams. At least four of the players were paid off secretly to drop their lawsuits.

Gardella, the fellow who had set off the uproar three years earlier, remained the lone holdout. He refused to drop his suit, threatening to carry it all the way to the Supreme Court. In the fall of 1949 Danny finally came to terms with Organized Baseball, at a figure astronomically higher than the few hundred dollars that the Giants had denied him in 1946 when they pushed him toward Mexico.

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Baseball chose to make the announcement under the protective bubble of the World Series, the traditional period for firing beloved managers and consummating other moves club owners are ashamed of. All parties insisted that Danny's sole reward for dropping the suit was a contract to play with St. Louis. Lanier, Martin and Klein had been reinstated in time to take part in their unsuccessful pennant drive that year, and apparently the Cardinals showed their gratitude by accepting Danny.

At any rate, the suit was settled and an audible sigh of relief escaped baseball headquarters in Cincinnati. "If I was a drinking man," Happy Chandler said, "I'd go out and get drunk."

A friend of Danny's explained the settlement. "Danny sued for damages, but he would have been awarded very little in court. He was only a wartime ballplayer, and he made more money in Mexico and Cuba than he would have playing in the minor leagues those years. So baseball paid him off with \$60,000, and it was a good deal all around."

Danny's comment is more succinct. "I was merely an ant on baseball's behind," he says solemnly.

What did it profit the renegades? In most cases they did more good for the colleagues they had left behind than for themselves. The owners, having had the wits scared out of them, began to make concessions to the players. They agreed to the formation of a player-management committee. Each team was permitted to elect its own player representatives to the committee. Each player was guaranteed both a minimum salary and, in the event of a poor season, a salary cut of no more than 25%. A pension fund for the players was established.

The consequences of the Mexican Odyssey for those involved were varied. Vern Stephens, who barely got his feet wet, not only escaped punishment but extracted from the Browns a pay raise and a promise to trade him. The trade brought him to the greener fields of Boston's Fenway Park, where he starred with the Red Sox for several years.

Maglie perfected his skills in Mexico. Throwing in Mexico's rare air, he developed a curve that Roy Campanella

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Mexican War

was later to describe as "just different from anybody else's." Using the curve ball and the savvy that he had acquired under Puebla Manager Dolt League, Magler jumped back to almost instant stardom with the Giants.

Both Lamer and Owen had passed their peaks when they returned to the big leagues. Owen, like most of the others, admits the escapade was a great mistake and the punishment, though harsh, not completely out of line. His one complaint is that baseball has not responded to his request for all the pension money due him.

"Chandler promised me I would get credit toward my pension for every year I played in the majors, before and after my suspension," Owen says. "But now the commissioner's office is stalling me off. They're willing to give me credit for my time in baseball after my reinstatement, but they're not making good on the promise Chandler gave me when I promised not to sue. There's about \$175 a month involved."

About half of Gardella's \$60,000 settlement apparently went for lawyers' fees. Danny's comeback was not a success (he got into only one game), and he dropped out of baseball late in 1950. Since then he has had trouble finding work and he insists that in several cases prominent breweries have refused to hire him as a salesman because of pressure from baseball, whose games they sponsor. He has loose ties to a building company in Yonkers, N.Y., and occasionally picks up a weekend engagement to sing at a local nightclub.

The luncheon crowd had left Shore's by the time Danny finished talking about Mexico. "Memories," Danny sighed. "That's about all that's left. I don't even have any press clippings. They've all been taken by agents who were going to promote my singing career."

Then something else came back to him. "I was married in Mexico, you know. My girl friend flew down from New York, and we decided not to wait. Her maiden name was Bonaventura. A melodious name. It means happy adventure."

END

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A Lively Traffic in Worms

Thousands of hard-working Maine diggers, packers and dealers turn ugly-looking sea worms into dollar signs by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

Among the floral wreaths on view at a recent funeral near the Down East locality where I live was one whose attached card read "With Deepest Regrets from the Wormers." This inscription was neither a macabre joke nor a melancholy reference to man's fatuous pride. It was a simple and sincere expression of sympathy sent by a prominent segment of the community.

A wormer is a man who digs worms. His is as noble a calling as that of the turge cutter on Upton Heath, and far more profitable. His labors help to support his family and the local grocer in a good many depressed Maine coastal towns where the non-worming citizens frequently ride out the hard times on salt cod and last year's potatoes. He also provides saltwater sport fishermen in distant parts of the country with a product they find as desirable as Maine lobster—fresh bait in the form of succulent (a fish's view) and mean (a man's view) marine worms.

Worms are numbered among Maine's vital natural resources, like pulpwood and seascapes painters. When the weather is favorable, a strong-armed wormer should be able to earn \$200 a week. Though a man hardly ever gets rich banking on the unpredictable Maine weather, the sale of worms last year brought nearly half a million dollars into Washington County (where I live, which is the easternmost point in the U.S.) and adjoining Hancock County.

Maine's mud flats abound in two different species of marine worms. Though both are prized as bait, biologists know very little about their lives and habits. One is the bloodworm (*Glycera albibranchiata*), a darkly mottled pink annelid six or eight inches long, which vaguely resembles a night crawler. It derives its name from the bloodlike fluid contained in its body cavity. At rest, the bloodworm's mouthparts are soft and ballooning, but when this structure is inverted, it displays four tiny pincers. Upon piercing the human skin, these

pincers inflict a sharp pain which then victims compare to a bee sting. Though some biologists incline to the belief that the bloodworm is a vegetarian, the venom it injects in the human hand, causing a rather spectacular swelling and discoloration, suggests that it paralyzes small sea animals before devouring them.

The other species is the sandworm (*Nereis virens*). Its flat body, eight to 18 inches long, is composed of a hundred or more segments. Tiny "paddles" project from the body to propel it through the water although, like the bloodworm, it spends most of its life burrowing in the mud.

To sponsor further research on these curious commodities, the state raised the price of worming licenses this year from \$3 to \$10. (Maine had 1,015 licensed wormers last year, compared to 5,842 lobster fishermen.) The added revenue will be matched by a Federal grant.

In my part of the state we are nearly 150 miles along the coast from Wiscasset, a town which is the Wall Street of wormdom. There, worming has been carried on commercially for four decades. The important dealers who set the prices are clustered around Wiscasset and often import the more productive wormers from other points on the coast.

One often learns the ropes more quickly in the provinces, however, and it was with this in mind that I paid a visit to Addison, a Washington County town noted for its boatyards, sandline factories and worm dealers. The dealers are subsidiaries of the large combines around Wiscasset and Newcastle, I went to Addison chiefly to see Warren Dorr, who runs the local dealership for his father, Warren Sr., the biggest dealer in Wiscasset. Young Warren's home, a neat frame building, is not only his castle but his countinghouse. In the yard stood a toy pond (alive), a couple of small tricycles and other indices of middle-

• continued

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The Wormers

class success. Warren himself stood waiting for me on the porch. He is a stocky man of about 30, crew cut, horny-handed and sparing of speech.

We descended to his cellar, a fittingly damp enclave whose darkness was relieved by a couple of electric bulbs hanging from the ceiling. Long trays covered several tables, and long, narrow cardboard boxes were stacked everywhere. At one of the tables a man was kneading a spongy, glistening mass. On closer inspection I saw that the mass consisted of hundreds of worms. He was counting them into the cardboard boxes with all the dexterity of those ladies who used to ladle out nickels in the Automat.

"When the diggers bring in the worms they count them out into the trays," Door said. "There's a screen in the bottom of the trays, and that drains the water off them. We pay the diggers \$16 a thousand for sandworms, and \$22 a thousand for bloods. We don't get many bloodworms in this particular area anymore. I don't know where they went. Maybe these biologists will use the extra money to find out."

Each wormer is beholden to a single dealer, who keeps varying numbers of them on his payroll, according to the current demand for bait. In the spring, when the weather is bad and the demand low, a wormer may take only 1,000 worms off the flats on any one tide. Later in the season he will double that figure. Having counted the product of his day's labor into the trays, the wormer will advise the dealer of his total. Usually the man's word will be accepted, but in some cases an audit is indicated. A man caught cheating on his count may be told to peddle his worms someplace else.

The worms are then packed into the cardboard shipping boxes, which are lined with a cool, moist seaweed called rockweed. One box holds 125 sandworms or 250 bloodworms.

"That's because the bloodworms are much harder," Door said. "The sandworms are made up of all those segments, and they break up if you're not careful."

Door has learned from the wholesalers in New York, Florida or California just how many worms he will have to ship out each day (they are in touch with each other regularly by telephone). His wife takes the boxes of worms by pickup truck

to the airport at Bangor, which is about 75 miles from Addison. There she supervises the loading of the worms aboard the regular flights to Boston and New York.

Dorr gets \$22 a thousand for the sandworms, and about \$30 for the bloodworms. The city wholesalers pay the freight. In New York the wholesalers distribute the worms to the smaller bait shops, who sell them to the fishermen. Costs are variable, according to the season and the demand, but a fisherman on Long Island Sound may pay 70¢ a dozen for his worms. Since flounders, stripers and whitefish seem to relish either species, the fisherman keeps calling for more.

To dig marine worms requires a certain initial investment. The complete wormer will need a hoe, a bucket or other container, a pair of hip boots and access to a small boat and motor to take him to the more isolated mud flats around the islands. The "hoe" is really a short-handled rake made of spring steel.

It costs about \$22 and, with good care, will serve the active wormer for three years.

The techniques for harvesting sandworms and bloodworms differ as widely as those of fishing for trout and catfish. Since the bloodworms are found just beneath the surface of the mud but do not congregate as thickly as the sandworms, the digger must move rapidly, covering a great deal of ground, to meet his quota. He works with a wide hoe, or "chopper," that has eight tines. The sandworms burrow deeper into the mud, sometimes 12 to 15 inches, and the digger combs away the mud and bites down into the hard clay or sand with his narrower, six-tined chopper.

The worms are dropped into wooden buckets or boxes and carried about the flats. In addition to his hoe and bucket, the serious wormer may own a light, which he clips to his cap for night digging. The light consists of a strong flashlight bulb operated by a six-volt storage battery kept in a case on his belt. It is a

queer sight to peer offshore on a dark night and see dozens of tiny lights bobbing up and down on the mud flats one supposed were inhabited only by herons.

The wormers earn their money. Like Olympic swimmers, the big-money wormers hurt themselves out quickly. "There was a fellow at Wiscasset who dug 3,750 worms on one tide," Dorr said. "But one day this year they had to haul him off the flats. He just toppled over." The act of making one's way, bent at right angles from the waist, through acres of gulping mud without occasionally taking time to straighten up is, understandably, devilishly hard on backs and stomachs.

Worm dealers have found another outlet for their product in the firms dealing in biological specimens. The current education boom has stimulated the market for marine worms. Because it has arteries, the sandworm is especially sought after by college laboratories, and Ben Emmens, a New Jersey dealer in biological specimens, makes his head-

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The Wormers *continued*

quarters at Jonesport, Maine during the summer.

What does the future hold for worms—and wormers? Testimony is contradictory. On some mud flats along the coast heavy worming has apparently depleted the supply. Yet there are other flats in Wiscasset which have been dug heavily for 30 years without any significant change in worm populations. "Sometimes we've wormed a flat steadily for a few days until it didn't look like there was one of them left," a Wiscasset digger says. "And then we've come back there a day or two later and found them thick as ever."

One of the purposes of the study just begun by the Department of Sea and Shore Fisheries is to learn something about the movement of worm populations. Biologists mark the worms with silver nitrate pencils to keep track of them, just as they have banded migratory birds. Biologists also want to know what heavy worming does to the mud flats.

"When you keep turning over the mud," one of the department's wardens says, "you're likely to smother the clams and other small invertebrates that ground-feeding fish and small crustaceans live on. Algae gets turned over, too, and it decays and forms acids in the mud."

In 1963 concerned people in the business founded the Maine Marine Worm Conservation Committee, but it remains to be seen whether this group will effectively police the flats. An area's long-range interests are often obscured when dollar signs keep flashing on and off. Last year some 1,508,000 pounds of worms (or about 65 million individuals) were harvested along the Maine coast, bringing the dealers' gross sales to \$1,206,923. So the state will remain the bait capital of the U.S. for the foreseeable future. Its vast mud flats, uncovered twice a day by the considerable tides in the Gulf of Maine, provide the worms. Its economy, marked by the scarcity of other gainful employment along the coast, provides the labor.

Having devastated its great stands of pine, polluted its clam flats and overfished its lobsters, Maine now has a chance to redeem itself. If not—well, as Dorothy Parker reported after stepping on a worm:

"Aha, my little dear," I say.

Your clan will pay me back one day."

END

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